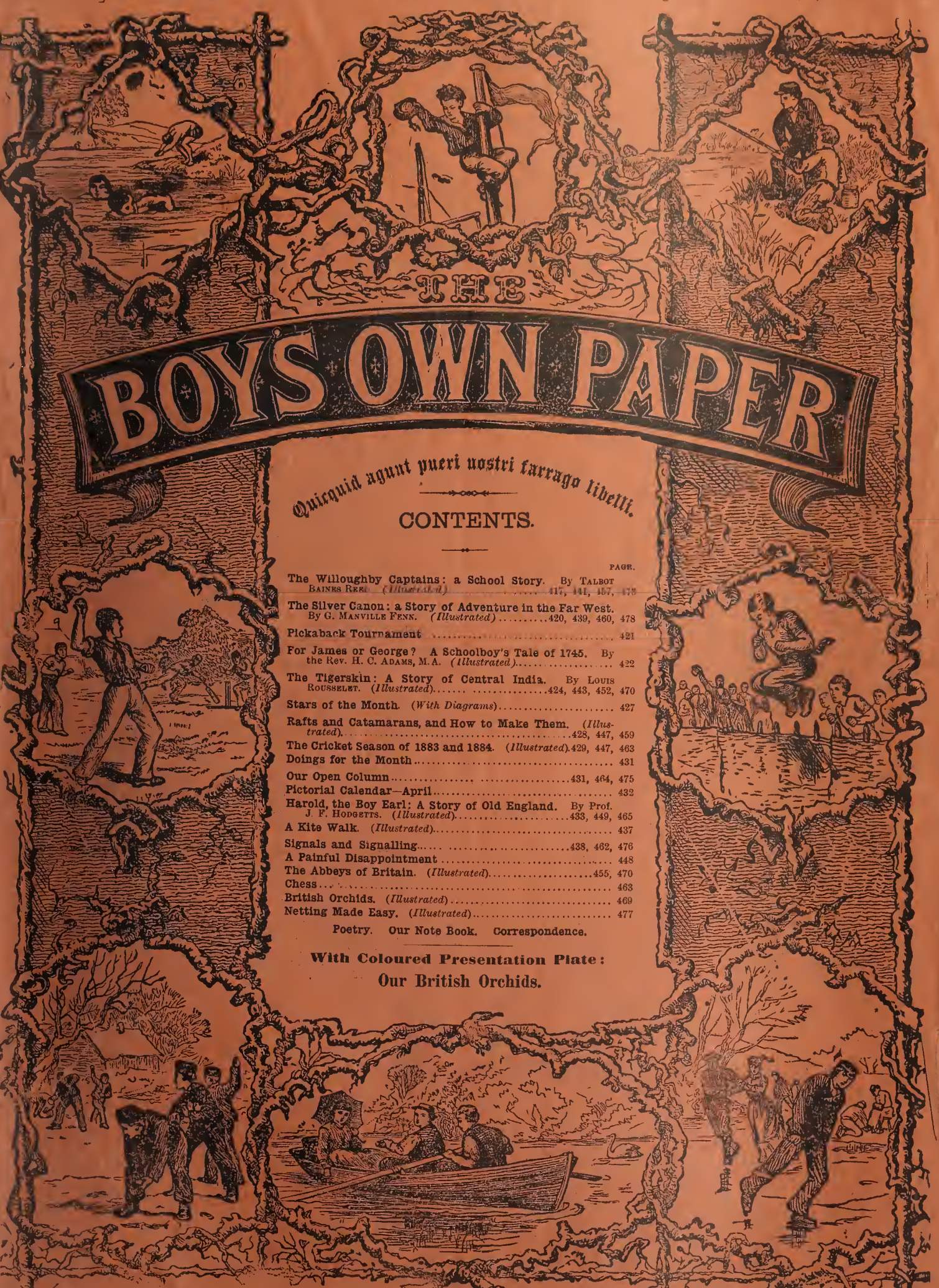




THE BOYS OWN PAPER

Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.
CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
The Willoughby Captains: a School Story. By TALBOT BAINES REE. (Illustrated).....	417, 441, 467, 478
The Silver Canon: a Story of Adventure in the Far West. By G. MANVILLE FENN. (Illustrated).....	420, 439, 460, 478
Pickaback Tournament.....	421
For James or George? A Schoolboy's Tale of 1745. By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS, M.A. (Illustrated).....	422
The Tigerskin: A Story of Central India. By LOUIS ROUSSELET. (Illustrated).....	424, 443, 452, 470
Stars of the Month. (With Diagrams).....	427
Rafts and Catamarans, and How to Make Them. (Illustrated).....	428, 447, 459
The Cricket Season of 1883 and 1884. (Illustrated).....	429, 447, 463
Doings for the Month.....	431
Our Open Column.....	431, 464, 475
Pictorial Calendar—April.....	432
Harold, the Boy Earl: A Story of Old England. By Prof. J. F. HODGKINS. (Illustrated).....	433, 449, 465
A Kite Walk. (Illustrated).....	437
Signals and Signalling.....	438, 462, 476
A Painful Disappointment.....	448
The Abbeys of Britain. (Illustrated).....	455, 470
Chess.....	463
British Orchids. (Illustrated).....	469
Netting Made Easy. (Illustrated).....	477
Poetry. Our Note Book. Correspondence.	

With Coloured Presentation Plate:
 Our British Orchids.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL REPORT.

Your Directors experience great satisfaction in meeting the Policyholders and Shareholders in the Twelfth Annual Meeting with a report which indicates so entirely the continued success and progress of the Association. Nothing could more thoroughly attest the popularity with the insuring public, and the confidence which the Association enjoys, than the large share of new business secured during the year, and the eminently satisfactory state of the business at its close.

These facts will prove a source of gratification and pleasure to the Shareholders and Policyholders as well as to all the other friends of the Association.

During the year, 1786 applications for assurance, amounting to \$2,776,163, were received and considered; 1659 for \$2,540,163 were approved, and 127 for \$236,000 were declined or withdrawn. Including 13 revived cases, 1672 policies for \$2,558,163 of assurance were written; and the year closed with 7,292 policies, insuring the sum of \$11,204,534 on the Register.

The death claims for the year were 41, calling for \$73,712.75 under 42 policies. Bonus additions had accrued under three policies, making a total of \$73,914.75. This shews a very favorable death rate, which fact pays a fitting tribute to the care exercised in the admission of persons into the Company, and to the wisdom of adhering strictly to the rule to exclude all lives, which from residence, occupation or habits present an abnormal or extra hazard.

The Financial Statements call for no explanation. It has been the constant aim of the Directors to have them in such a shape that they will exhibit clearly and precisely the affairs of the Association, and it is believed that they will be found to have placed it in the power of each Policyholder to see for himself what has been done with his money, and what is the standing of the Association.

The Auditors have, as formerly, made their audit monthly. The check made by these officers is a most thorough and complete one, as their certificate following the Financial Statements will indicate.

The Actuary has made the valuation of the policy and annuity liabilities in accordance with the severe rule of the Association, and while it may be contended by some that it would be sufficient to conform to the requirements of the Government standard, instead of assuming a liability in excess of what that standard calls for, it has to be borne in mind that our rule provides greater safety, and anticipates what must eventually come, a reduction in the rate of interest from four and a half per cent. to four per cent.

The substantial increase to the surplus will be noted with satisfaction, and will justify the anticipation of satisfactory results to the Policyholders.

Your Directors have a pleasing duty in testifying to the continued faithfulness of the Office, Agency and Medical Staff.

J. K. MACDONALD,
Managing Director.

W. P. HOWLAND,
President.

BALANCE SHEET.

Assets.		Liabilities.	
Dec. 31st, 1883.		Dec. 31st, 1883.	
Debentures. (Market value, \$98,722.48)	\$93,884 00	Assurance Fund (including bonus ad- ditions)	\$905,628 49
Mortgages	817,608 68	Annuity Funds	9,171 72
Real Estate	20,988 19		\$914,800 21
Loans on Stocks	7,891 26	Less for Policies re-assured	16,151 44
Govt. 5 p. c. Stock and Savings Bank Deposit	4,616 10		\$898,648 77
Loans on Company's Policies	29,367 03	For Temporary Reductions	32,915 17
Special Loan	400 00	Lapsed Policies, value on surrender	4,782 10
Sundry Accounts	1,816 46		936,346 04
Furniture, \$2,479.77, less 10 per cent. written off for year	2,231 80	Loss by death, not due (since paid excepting \$1,857.50 waiting completion of papers)	8,835 25
Disbursements repayable by Mortgagors	446 07	Premiums paid in advance	145 74
Cash on hand	44 40	Profits to Policy-holders	1,529 96
Cash in Banks	54,885 12	All other accounts, including Medical Fees, Directors' Fees, &c.	4,758 40
Premiums in course of collection (reserve thereon included in Liabilities), of this the sum of \$35,634.95 is covered by short date notes	61,675 09	Sinking Fund to meet maturing Debentures	462 71
Quarterly and half-yearly premiums on existing policies due, subsequent to Dec. 31st, 1883. (Reserve thereon included in Liabilities)	19,719 50	Surrendered Policy waiting majority of beneficiary	187 96
Interest due, and accrued	37,154 68	Paid up Capital Stock	80,000 00
		He'd to cover cost of collecting premiums outstand- ing and deferred on Dec. 31st, 1883	8,139 46
		Surplus	1,232 86
	<u>\$1,152,728 38</u>		<u>\$1,152,728 38</u>

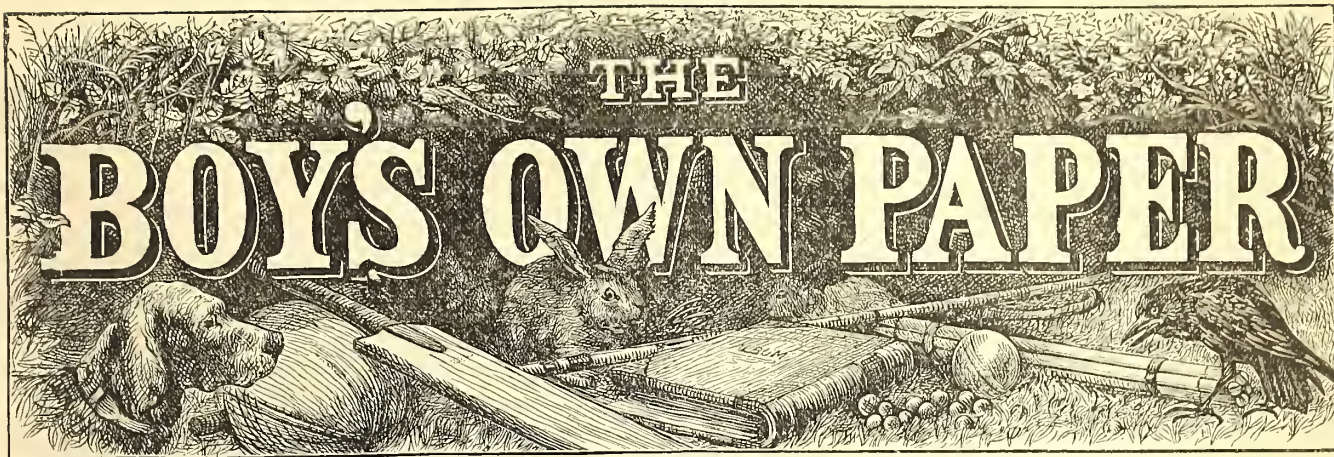
J. K. MACDONALD,
Managing Director.

We have made the usual thorough audit of the Books of the Association for the year ending 31st December, 1883, and have examined the Vouchers in connection therewith, and have compared the above Statement and Balance Sheet with the same, and found the whole correct.

We have also examined each of the securities represented in the Assets, which are safely contained in the vaults of the Association (excepting the Securities held by the Dominion Government amounting to \$83,770.00 par value), and found them in good order.

TORONTO, 7th April, 1884.

JOHN LANGTON, }
JOHN M. MARTIN, } *Auditors.*



No. 273.—Vol. VI.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1884.

Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE WILLOUGHBY CAPTAINS.

A SCHOOL STORY.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's,"

"My Friend Smith," etc.



CHAPTER XXVII.

EVERYTHING GONE WRONG.

RIDDELL was fairly committed to his task now. Like the old general who burned his ships when he landed on the enemy's shores, he had cut off from himself the slightest possibility of a retreat, and must now either go right through with the matter or confess himself a miserable failure.

The consciousness of this nerved him with unlooked-for courage, and he walked from the Parliament that afternoon a very different being from the boy who had entered it. He had entered it cowed, irre-



"I'll go," said Wyndham, hurriedly.

solute, wretched; he left it wretched indeed still, but with his spirit roused and his mind made up. His duty lay clear before him, and whatever it cost he must do it.

Whether Wibberly was himself the writer of the mysterious letter, or whether some one had prompted him to ask the question, or whether his asking it just at this time was a mere coincidence, he did not trouble to decide.

He felt rather grateful to him than otherwise for having asked it, just as one is occasionally grateful to the thunderclap for clearing the air.

The first thing without doubt was to find Wyndham, and come to a clear understanding as to whether or not he was the culprit; and the captain lost no time in attempting to put this resolve into practice.

It would not do, he knew, immediately after the scene in the Parliament, when everybody would be on the tiptoe of curiosity, to be seen holding a secret interview with any particular boy, and he therefore decided wisely to wait till the usual time when Wyndham was in the habit of coming to his study to do his lessons. Meanwhile, to make sure of his coming, he sent him a message by Cusack to tell him to be sure and turn up.

Cusack, little suspecting the importance of this simple message, delivered it glibly, and being of course brimful of the excitement of the hour, he remained a little to regale Wyndham with a history of the afternoon's events.

"Oh, I say," said he, "you weren't at Parliament this afternoon. There was no end of a shine on."

"Was there?" asked Wyndham.

"Rather. What do you think? those young Parrett's cads came down in a body and kicked up the biggest row you ever saw—said they were a club, and made no end of beasts of themselves, and got kicked out at last, and serve them right too."

"They're always fooling about at something," said Wyndham.

"That they are. They want a good taking down, and we mean to do it next week in the junior House match."

"Ah," said Wyndham, who amid all his recent troubles could never forget that he was a second eleven man. "Ah, I heard the juniors' match was to come off. What day is it to be?"

"Thursday."

"Oh, I must come and have a look at you. Is Welch's going to win?"

"Going to try, and I fancy we're pretty fair. They've been lazy, you know, in Parrett's, and so we get a pull there. Oh, but I was saying that row with the kids wasn't all this afternoon. Just at the end that cad Wibberly got up and asked Riddell some more about the boatrace—they're always hammering away at that, and what do you think Riddell said—guess!"

"I can't," said Wyndham.

"Why he said he knew who the chap was who had cut the strings, or fancied he did!"

"Who is it?" exclaimed Wyndham, excitedly.

"That's what he won't say. And of course there's an awful row on. They say they'll make him tell, or kick him out of the school or something. They're in no end of a rage."

"Why doesn't he tell who it is?" asked Wyndham.

"Oh, he says he's not sure, or something like that. But I dare say he'll tell you all about it this evening. You're to be sure and turn up, he says, at preparation time."

And off went this vivacious messenger, leaving Wyndham in a considerable state of astonishment and perturbation.

What did Riddell want him for? He had not seen him since that evening, a week ago, when he had so nearly confessed to him about Beamish's. He hardly liked not to go now, although he knew it would be hard to avoid letting out the wretched secret which he had promised Gilks and Silk to keep.

Besides, uneasy as he was about this, he could not help feeling excited about what Cusack had just told him of the boatrace affair. And most likely, when he came to consider, Riddell would be so full of that that he might perhaps not say any more about Beamish's.

So Wyndham decided to go, and in due time presented himself with his books at the captain's study.

He could see at once that Riddell was in one of his serious moods, and his heart sank, for he had no doubt what was coming, and felt that, unless he were to break his promise, matters were sure to be made worse.

"I'm glad you've come," said Riddell; "you went off so suddenly the other evening."

"Yes," said Wyndham; "the lock-up bell rang, and I was bound to be in my house before it stopped."

"You know what I want to see you about now, Wyndham?" said the captain, nervously.

"Yes," replied the boy, doggedly; "I suppose I do."

There was a long, uncomfortable pause, at the end of which Riddell said, "Surely, Wyndham, you are not going to leave it to me to clear up this matter?"

"What do you mean?" asked the boy, burying his face in his hands, and utterly unnerved by the tones of his friend's voice.

"I mean this," said Riddell, as firmly as he could, "that there are only two courses open. Either you must confess what you have done, of your own accord, or it will be my duty to do it for you."

"I don't see how it's your duty to tell everybody," said the boy. "I should get expelled to a dead certainty!"

"It must either be one or the other," said the captain.

"Oh, Riddell!" exclaimed the boy, springing to his feet, "don't say that! I know I've been a cad, and let myself be led into it; but surely it's not so bad as all that! You've always been a brick to me, I know, and I've not been half grateful enough. But do let us off this time! please do! I can't tell you anything; I would gladly, only I've promised. You wouldn't have me break my promise? If you tell of me I shall be expelled—I know I shall! Do help me out this time!"

"Poor fellow!" said Riddell, who was not proof against this sort of appeal from any one, least of all from one he loved.

The boy was quick in the energy of his despair to follow up his advantage.

"I'd make it good any other way—any way you like—but don't have me expelled, Riddell. Think of them all at home, what a state they would be in! I know I deserve it; but can't you get me out of it?"

"If you were to go to the Doctor and tell him everything—" began Riddell.

"Oh, that's just what I can't do!" exclaimed Wyndham. "I'd do it like a shot if it was only myself in it. I don't know how you found it all out, I'm sure; but I can't go and tell the Doctor, even if it was to get me off being expelled."

It was no use going on like this. Riddell was getting unmannered every moment, and Wyndham by these wild appeals was only prolonging the agony.

"Wyndham, old fellow," said the captain, in tones full of sympathy and pity, "if I had dreamt all this was to happen I would never have come to Willoughby at all. I know what troubles you have had this term, and how bravely you have been trying to turn over a new leaf. I'd give anything to be able to help you out of this, but I tell you plainly I don't see how to do it. If you like, I'll go with you to the Doctor, and—"

"No, no!" exclaimed Wyndham, wildly, "I can't do that! I can't do that!"

"Then," said Riddell, gravely, "I must go to him by myself."

Wyndham looked up and tried to speak, and then fairly broke down.

"If the honour of the whole school were not involved—"

Wyndham looked up in a startled way. "The honour of the school? What has it got to do with my going to—"

What strange fatality was there about Riddell's study door that it always opened at the most inopportune times?

Just as Wyndham began to speak it opened again, and Bloomfield, of all persons, appeared.

"I want to speak to you, Riddell," he said.

The words were uttered before he had noticed that the captain was not alone, or that his visitor was young Wyndham, in a state of great distress—hardly greater than that of Riddell himself.

As soon as he did perceive it he drew back and said, "I beg your pardon; I didn't know any one was here."

"I'll go," said Wyndham, hurriedly, going to the door, and hardly lifting his eyes from the ground as he passed.

Bloomfield could hardly help noticing his strange appearance, or wondering at it.

"Anything wrong with young Wyndham?" said he, not sorry to have some way of breaking the ice.

"He's in trouble," said the captain. "Won't you sit down?"

It was a very long time since the head of Parrett's and the captain of the school had met in this polite way. But Bloomfield for some time past had shown signs of coming round to see that the position which had been forced upon him, and which he had been very ready at first to accept, was not a satisfactory one. And, greatly to the disgust of some of his fellow-monitors, he had shown this more than once by friendly advances towards his rival. But, so far, he had never got to the length of calling upon him in his study.

Riddell was scarcely surprised to see him, although he was quite unprepared for the very amicable way in which he began.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you," said Bloomfield, "but I've been intending to come over the last day or two."

"It's very good of you," said Riddell.

"The fact is," said Bloomfield, a little nervously, "ever since that debate in Parliament some weeks ago, when you spoke about all pulling together, I've felt that our fellows haven't done as much as they ought in that way—I know I haven't."

Riddell did not exactly know what to say. He could not say that the Parrett's fellows had "pulled together" for the good of the school, so he said nothing.

"I'm getting rather sick of it," continued Bloomfield, digging his hands in his pockets.

"So am I," said the captain.

"You know," said Bloomfield, "it was that wretched boatrace affair which made things as bad as they were. Our fellows wouldn't have kept it up so long if that hadn't happened."

Riddell began to get more and more uneasy. He had expected this was coming, and there was no escaping it.

"It was an awfully ugly business, of course," continued Bloomfield; "and though no one suspected fellows like you and Fairbairn of such a thing, our fellows, you know, were pretty sure some one was at the bottom of it."

Riddell could not help thinking, in the midst of his uneasiness, how very sagacious the Parrett's fellows had been to make the discovery!

"And now," said Bloomfield, looking up, and feeling relieved to have his speech nearly done—"now that you've found out who it is, and it's all going to be cleared up, I think things ought to come all right."

It was a painful situation for the captain of Willoughby. The bribe which Bloomfield offered for his secret was what had been the wish of his heart the whole term. If he accepted it now there would be an end to all the wretched squabbles which had worked such mischief in the school the last few months, and the one object of his ambition as head of the school would be realised.

Surely, now, he could hold back no longer. His duty—his interest—the honour of the school—all demanded his secret of him; whereas if he held it back things would be worse than ever before.

And yet he hesitated.

That last wild half-finished exclamation of Wyndham's lingered in his mind and perplexed him. Suppose there should be some mistake? With that knife in his pocket, and the poor boy's whole conduct and demeanour to corroborate its story, he could scarcely hope it. But *suppose* there was a doubt, or even the shadow of a doubt, what right had he to accuse him, or even to breathe his name?

"I hope it will be cleared up before long," said he.

"Why, you said you knew who it was!" said Bloomfield.

"I said I suspected somebody."

"Who is it?" asked Bloomfield.

"I can't tell you," replied Riddell. "I'm not sure; I may be wrong."

"But surely you're not going to keep a thing like this to yourself!" exclaimed Bloomfield, warmly; "it concerns everybody in the school. I've a right, at any rate, as stroke of the Parrett's boat, to know who it is."

"Of course you have; and if I was quite sure I was right I would tell you."

"But you can tell me whom you suspect," said Bloomfield, who had not anticipated this difficulty.

"No, I cannot," replied the captain.

"In confidence, at any rate," said Bloomfield.

"No, not till I am sure. I really cannot."

Bloomfield's manner changed. This rebuff was not what he had expected. He had come here partly out of curiosity,

partly from a desire to be friendly, and partly owing to the eagerness of his companions to have an explanation. He had never doubted but that he would succeed—nay, even that Riddell would be glad to meet him more than half way. But now it seemed this was not to be, and Bloomfield lost his temper.

"You mean to say," said he, angrily, "you're going to keep it to yourself?"

"Yes, till I am sure."

"Till you are sure! What are you going to do to make it sure, I'd like to know?"

"Everything I can."

"You know, I suppose, what everybody says about you and the whole concern?" said Bloomfield.

"I can't help what they say," said the captain, calmly.

"They say that if you chose you could tell straight out like an honest man who it is."

Riddell looked quickly up at the speaker, and Bloomfield felt half ashamed of the taunt directly it escaped his lips.

"I say that's what the fellows think," said he, "and it's in your own interest to clear yourself. They think you are shielding some one."

The captain's face changed colour rapidly, and Bloomfield was quick enough to see it.

"It's hardly what fellows had been led to expect of you," said he, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice. "Anyhow it knocks on the head any idea of our pulling together as I had hoped. I certainly shall do nothing towards it as long as this ugly business is going on."

"Bloomfield, I've told you—" began Riddell.

"You've told me a great deal," said Bloomfield, "but you can't deny that you are sheltering the cad, whoever he is, under the pretext of not being quite sure."

Riddell said nothing, and Bloomfield, seeing nothing could come of this altercation, left the room.

At the door, however, a thought struck him. Could that agitated scene between Riddell and young Wyndham, which he had interrupted by his arrival, have had anything to do with this mystery?

He recollected now what a state of distress both had been in; and now he thought of it, surely he had heard Wyndham's voice saying something in tones of very eager appeal at the moment the door was open. Besides, Wyndham had been very "down" for a week past. Bloomfield had noticed it at the cricket practices; and more than one fellow had spoken of it in his hearing. He knew too how thick he was with the captain, and with what almost brotherly concern Riddell watched over all his interests; every one in Willoughby knew it.

Bloomfield was only a moderately clever youth, but he knew enough to put two and two together; and as he stood there at the door the state of the case flashed across his mind. He might get at the secret after all!

"You forget that other people can suspect besides you, Riddell," he said, turning back. "Suppose I was to suspect that precious young friend of yours who stood blubbing here just now?"

It was well for the captain that his back was turned as Bloomfield said this, otherwise the least doubt as to the correctness of his guess would have been instantly dispelled.

The last strait in which Riddell found

himself was worse than any that had gone before. For he could not deny, and to say nothing would be the same as assenting. The secret was out, and what could he do? The only thing seemed to be to appeal to Bloomfield's generosity, to explain all to him, and to implore him, for a day or two at least, to keep sacred the confidence.

And yet—it was the old question—suppose he were wrong, and suppose after all Wyndham were not the culprit, what grievous wrong would he be doing him by admitting even his suspicion! He composed himself with an effort, and turning, replied,

"Excuse me, Bloomfield, I've told you I can say nothing at present, and it is really useless to say any more about it."

Bloomfield departed, perplexed and angry. His anger was partly because he could not help feeling that Riddell was in the right, and desperately perplexed to know what to think of it all, and whether his guess as to young Wyndham was near the mark or not.

"Well," inquired Game, who with one or two of the most ardent Parretts was eagerly waiting his return. "Have you got it out of him?"

"No," said Bloomfield, "he won't tell me."

"The cad!" exclaimed Game. "Why ever not?"

"He says he's not sure, that's why," said Bloomfield; "but it's my private opinion he's shielding some one or other."

"Of course he is," said Ashley. "I shouldn't wonder if he's known who it is all along."

"Anyhow," said Tipper, "he ought to be made to clear it up, or else pay up for it. I know I'll cut him dead next time I see him."

"So shall we," replied one or two others.

"He won't afflict himself much about that," said Bloomfield; "if I were sure he didn't want to shirk it I'd be inclined to give him a day or two before doing anything."

"What's the use? Of course he wants to shirk it," said Game, "and thinks it will blow over if it goes long enough. I'll take precious good care it doesn't, though."

"Upon my honour," said Ashley, "I never expected Willoughby would come to this pass. It was bad enough to have a coward and a fool as captain, but it's rather too much when he turns out to be a cheat too!"

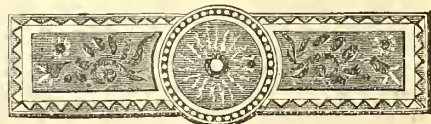
"And to think that he ever got stuck in the first eleven," said Tipper. "I told you, Bloomfield, he'd be no credit to you."

"He caught out that best man of theirs," said Bloomfield.

"Bah! I'd sooner have lost the match twice over," exclaimed Game, "than win it with his help!"

And so these estimable young gentlemen, satisfied that they alone were the glory and support of Willoughby, disposed in their own minds of their wicked captain, and thanked their lucky stars they were made of nobler stuff and loftier principle.

(To be continued.)



THE SILVER CAÑON: A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

By G. MANVILLE FENN,

Author of "In the King's Name," "Nat the Naturalist," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE BEAVER SNIFFS DANGER.

"THERE'S something wrong, Master Bart," said Josés, that evening, as Bart, rejoicing in the luxury of well-dried clothes, sat enjoying the beauty of the setting sun, and thinking of the glories of the cañon, longing to go down again and spend a day spearing trout and salmon for the benefit of the camp.

"Wrong, Josés!" cried Bart, leaping up. "What's wrong?"

"Dunno," said Josés, gruffly; "and not knowing, can't say."

making his men drive all the cattle into the corral, and that means there's something wrong as sure as can be. Injun smells danger long before it comes. There's no deceiving them."

"Let's go and see him, Josés," cried Bart; and, shouldering their rifles, they walked past the drawn-up rows of empty waggons, whose stores were all high up on the mountain.

As they reached the entrance to the corral the Indians had driven in the last

The Beaver smiled with a look of superior wisdom.

"The Beaver-with-Sharp-Teeth," said the interpreter, coming up, "hears the Indian dog, the enemies of his race, on the wind; and he will not stampede the horses and cattle, but leave the bones of his young men upon the plain."

"But where are the Apachés?" cried Bart. "Oh, he means, Josés, that they are out upon the plain, and that it is wise to be ready for them."

"Yes; he means that they are out upon the plain, and that they are coming to-night, my lad," said Josés. Then, turning to the chief, he patted the lock of his rifle meaningly, and the chief nodded, and said "Yes."

"Come," he said, directly after, and he led the frontiersman and Bart to the entrance of the stable, where his followers were putting the last stones in position. Then he took them to the corral, which was also thoroughly well secured with huge stones; and the Indians now took up their rifles, and resuming their ordinary sombre manner, stood staring indifferently about them.

Just then there was a loud hail, and turning quickly round, Bart saw the doctor waving his hand to them to join him.

"Indians are on the plains," exclaimed the doctor. "I saw them from the top of the castle"—he had taken to calling the mountain rock "the castle"—"with the glass. They are many miles away, but they may be enemies, and we must be prepared. Get the horses secured, Josés; and you, interpreter, ask the Beaver to see to the cattle."

"All safely shut in, sir," said Bart, showing his teeth; "the Beaver felt that there was danger an hour ago, and everything has been done."

"Capital!" cried the doctor; "but how could he tell?"

"That's the mystery," replied Bart; "but he said there were Indian dogs away yonder on the plains."

"Indian dog, Apaché," said the Beaver, scowling, and pointing towards the plain.

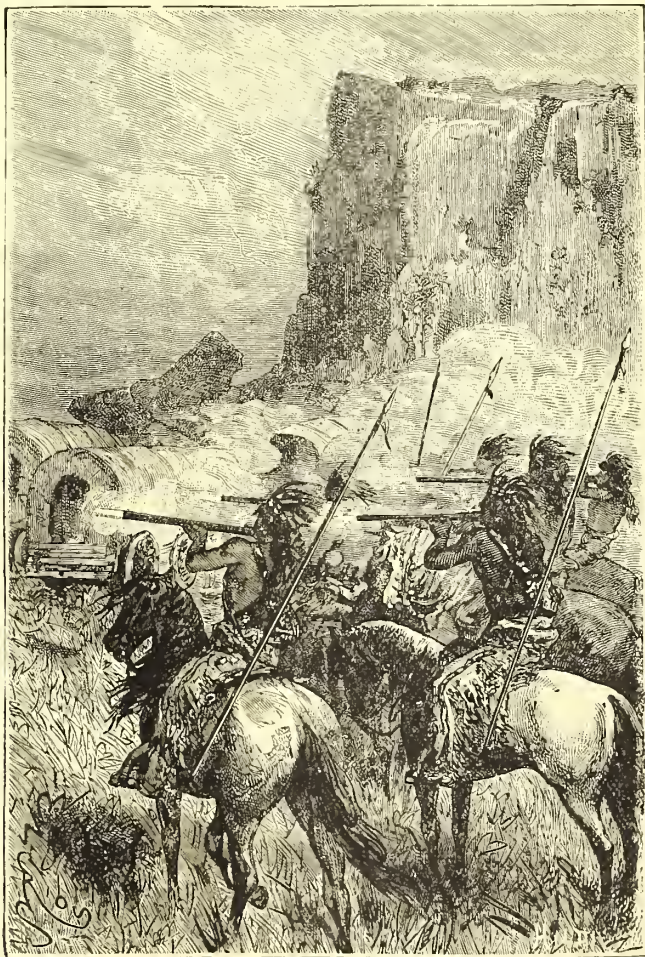
"Yes, that's where they are," said the doctor, nodding; "he is quite right, and this being so, we must get up into our castle and man the walls. Let me see first if all is safe."

He walked to both entrances, and satisfied himself, saying,

"Yes, they could not be better; but, of course, all depends upon our covering them from above with our rifles, for the Apachés could pull those rocks down as easily as we put them there. Now then, let us go up; the waggons are fortunately empty enough."

The doctor led the way, pausing, however, to mount a waggon and take a good look out into the plain, which he swept with his glass, but only to close it with a look of surprise.

"I can see nothing from here," he said, "but we may as well be safe;" and entering the slit in the rock they called the gateway, he drew aside for the last few



"Fired a volley."

"Have you seen anything, then?"

"No."

"Have you heard of anything?"

"No."

"Has anybody brought bad news?"

"No."

"Then what is it?" cried Bart. "Why don't you speak?"

"'Cause I've nothing to say, only that I'm sure there's something wrong."

"But why are you sure?"

"Because the Beaver's so busy."

"What is he doing?"

"All sorts of things. He hasn't said anything, but I can see by his way that he sniffs danger somewhere. He's getting all the horses into the cavern stable, and

pair of oxen, while the horses and mules were already in their hiding-place.

"Did the doctor order this?" asked Bart.

"Not he, sir: he's busy up above looking at the silver they dug out while we were down in the cañon. It's all the Beaver's doing, Master Bart, and you may take it for granted there's good cause for it all."

"Ah, Beaver," said Bart, as the chief came out of the corral, "why is this?"

"Indian dog, Apaché," said the chief, pointing out towards the plain.

Bart turned sharply round and gazed in the indicated direction, but he could see nothing, neither could Josés.

"greasers," who had been tending the cattle, to mount before him; then Joses, Bart, the Beaver, and his followers came in. The strong stones kept for the purpose were hauled into place, and the entry thoroughly blocked; after which the various points of defence were manned, the doctor with several of the Englishmen taking the passage and the gate, while the Beaver, with Joses, Bart, and the Indians, were sent to man the ramparts, as the doctor laughingly called them—that is to say, the ingeniously contrived gallery that overlooked the stable cavern and the great corral.

"You must not spare your powder if the cattle are in danger," said the doctor for his last orders. "I don't want to shed blood, but these savages must have another severe lesson if they mean to annoy us. All I ask is to be let alone."

Bart led the way, and soon after was ensconced in his rifle pit, with Joses on one side and the Beaver on the other, the rest of the party being carefully arranged. Then the doctor spread the alarm up above, and the men armed and manned the zigzag way, but all out of sight; and at last, just as it was growing dark, the great plain fortress looked as silent as if there was not a man anywhere upon its heights, and yet in their various hiding-places there were scores, each with his deadly rifle ready to send a return bullet for every one fired by an enemy.

"No firing unless absolutely necessary," was the doctor's whispered order, and then all was silent, while they waited to see if any enemy would really come.

They were not long kept in doubt, for just as the heavens had assumed that peculiar rich grey tint that precedes darkness, and a soft white mist was rising from the depths of the cañon, there was seen, as if arising from out of the plain itself, a dark body moving rapidly, and this soon developed itself into a strong band of Indians, all well mounted in their half-

naked war costume, their heads decked with feathers, and each armed with rifle and spear.

They were in their war paint, but still they might be disposed to be friendly; and the doctor was willing to believe it till he saw through his glass that they wore the skull and crossbones painted in white upon their broad, brown chests, and he knew that they were of the same tribe as had visited them before, and gone off after so severe a lesson.

Still he hoped that they might be friendly, and he was determined that they should not be fired upon without good reason.

A few minutes later he changed his opinion, for, evidently well drilled by their chief, the Indians charged towards where the tilted waggons were drawn up in the shade of the rock, riding with as much precision as a well-drilled body of cavalry. Then, at a sign, they drew rein in a couple of ranks, about fifty yards from the waggons, and presenting their rifles, without word of warning fired a volley.

Another volley followed, and another, the thick smoke rising on the evening air, and then, apparently surprised at there being no replying shot, about twenty

galloped up with lowered spears, thrust two or three times through the canvas tilts, and galloped back, the whole band sweeping off the next moment as swiftly and as silently as they came, gradually becoming fainter and more shadowy, and then quite disappearing from the watchers' sight.

"They're gone, then?" whispered Bart, drawing a breath of relief.

"Yes; they're a bit scared by the silence," said Joses; "but they'll come back again."

"When?" said Bart.

"Sneaking about in the dark, to stampede the horses and cattle, as soon as ever they know where they are, my boy."

"Yes—come back," said the Beaver, in a low tone, and he whispered then to the interpreter.

"Apaché dogs will come back in the night when the moon is up," said the interpreter. "They will steal up to the camp like wolves, and die like dogs and wolves, for they shall not have the horses and oxen."

And just then the Beaver, who seemed to comprehend his follower's English, said softly, "It is good."

(To be continued.)

PICKABACK TOURNAMENTS.

A PICKABACK tournament, such as is now frequently organised at military meetings, forms a by no means inappropriate ending to a long afternoon of school sports. Though the fun of flour *versus* soot is not very refined, it is at least as commendable as the three-legged racing, wheelbarrow running, sack jumping, greasy-pole climbing, and general clowning that at one time were so popular; and the exercise affords far more scope for dexterity and variety.

The general idea of the game is not very obscure. The sketch shows the combatants ready for action. They are mounted pickaback on their comrades' shoulders, and armed with soft mops or rag Turk's-heads fixed on to poles in such a way as to render it impossible to be hurt by a thrust or blow. The mops are used fully charged. One of the "pickabackiers" gets his ammunition from a barrel of flour or whitening, the other loads his weapon from a bucket of ochre or soot. At the commencement



of hostilities the contending knights are scrupulously clean in their bright-coloured garments; when the fight ends the colours are somewhat mixed and spread about with much liberality. Any number of players can enter in this tournament, and the battle, which begins with a grand charge from some distance apart, can be as keenly fought out as the *mêlée* in the lists of old. The object is not to hurt but to besmear, and the besmearing assumes truly alarming proportions as the excitement grows.

For a breaking-up entertainment, or an

evening's amusement for friends and relations, a burlesque version of the celebrated tournament at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, with the full *Ivanhoe* characters, on boyback instead of horseback, and armed with ochre, flour, and mops instead of tilting spears, would prove perhaps a welcome novelty, though it would be as well to have the lists specially draped and carpeted. Many other incidents will suggest themselves as perhaps more suitable for similar treatment. It is as an out-of-door pastime, however, that pickaback tournaments have gained their repu-

tation, and as such they are oftenest met with.

Our artist has depicted a recent rally at the meet of the Royal Dragoons, amongst whom the game has been fitted with a code of rules, which require a couple of umpires to see to their enforcement. Although but few can hope in manly appearance to equal these spruce and natty soldierly figures "before the battle," yet a fair proportion may congratulate themselves at the finish that in the "mimic marks of this wild war" they have run them very close.

FOR JAMES OR GEORGE: A SCHOOLBOY'S TALE OF 1745.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.,

Author of "*Tales of Charlton School*," "*Schoolboy Honour*," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AND so the question, "For James or George?" was finally determined so far as Hugh de Clifford was concerned. But the reader may desire to learn somewhat of how it fell out with the other characters who have borne their part in this chequered history.

And first of the unfortunate Prince, who had been so very near winning the great stake for which he played, but who nevertheless lost it, wholly and irrecoverably, when the Highland army turned back at Derby. He continued his retreat almost uninterrupted into Scotland, and arrived at Dumfries with undiminished numbers. But the favourable hour had gone by; the charm was broken. His foes grew bold, his friends faint of heart. The incapacity of Hawley, who by a strange fatuity had been left in command of the English forces when the Duke of Cumberland returned to England, enabled him to obtain a transient gleam of success at Falkirk, but it soon died out. Misfortune followed misfortune. His subsidies were intercepted, his supplies cut off; his followers, driven from one place of shelter to another, were reduced with every successive month to greater desperation, until on Drumossie Moor the last throw was made, and went against him. During the five months which ensued he was a fugitive and a vagabond in the wildest recesses of the Western Highlands; till, after encountering unheard-of perils and sufferings, he succeeded at last in effecting his escape to France. The history of his subsequent career is even more melancholy than that of his disasters in Scotland. Finding his path beset by continual disappointment, he sought to deaden his sorrows by wine, and gradually sunk into the condition of habitual drunkenness which hastened his death.

Colonel Warton accompanied the English forces into Scotland, and was present at both Falkirk and Culloden. A few weeks after the latter battle he returned with his regiment to Peneshurst. The reason alleged for his withdrawal was that, the rebellion having now been completely crushed, his services were no longer needed. But in the privacy of his family the colonel told a different story. The campaign had been to him one continued scene of vexation and disgust. Hawley's misconduct, and the poltroonery of the English dragoon regiments at Falkirk, had filled him with indignation. His own men, indeed, had behaved with the greatest bravery, and had been of material service in averting defeat; but that could not oblite-

rate the shame which attached to the whole army. When the Duke of Cumberland had resumed the command, this reproach had not again been incurred. At Drumossie the English troops had fought with their national bravery; and their victory, though gained over an enemy inferior in numbers, and exhausted by fatigue and hunger, was nevertheless fairly won. But the scenes which followed filled up the cup of Colonel Warton's indignation to the brim. Cumberland, who had hitherto showed himself forbearing and moderate, became in the hour of triumph cruel, vindictive, and brutal, to an extent which the colonel would utterly have refused to believe, if the evidence of his own senses had not proved it to him.

Every possible enormity of which humanity could be guilty was perpetrated by his soldiers in open day without compunction or reproof. Men were everywhere seized in what were regarded as the disaffected districts, unarmed and helpless, and shot upon mere suspicion, without any form of legal inquiry. Women were outraged and then murdered; children stabbed and thrown over precipices—officers and men alike standing by and revelling in the horrible sight. The whole country for fifty miles round was reduced to the condition of a wilderness. Every house was levelled to the ground, every field laid waste; every man, woman, and child, who had not effected their escape, mercilessly massacred.

Colonel Warton had more than once presumed to remonstrate with his commander-in-chief, but his interference was sternly repressed. The Duke had become possessed by the idea that a terrible example was necessary in order to put down the spirit of disaffection towards the reigning family, by which, in his opinion, that portion of the Highlands was possessed. At length one day there had come an open rupture. Colonel Warton's regiment had been ordered to take possession of a narrow pass, through which one of the Highland clans charged with disloyalty were to be driven, and their orders were to shoot down, without distinction, every man, woman, or child who endeavoured to pass that way. Colonel Warton had remonstrated against the order, and finding his representations disregarded, at last refused to obey it. He pointed out that his was only a volunteer regiment, which had joined the Royal Army for the sole purpose of putting down the rebellion. That object having been completely effected, their term of service

was at an end, and he requested permission to return home.

The Duke was greatly provoked; but it was impossible to gainsay the justice of Colonel Warton's demand, and the character of the latter stood too high with the Government, and his services in the late campaign had been too valuable, to allow of his being treated with harshness. He was told, though with scant courtesy, that he and his men were at liberty to leave the camp; and Colonel Warton began his march homeward on the following day.

The story soon became known in the neighbourhood of Peneshurst, where it produced a great effect. Mr. Warton had always been respected, though disliked and feared, by his aristocratic neighbours. But his honest and fearless refusal to abet the brutalities of the "Royal Butcher," as Cumberland thenceforth was popularly styled, produced a marked change of feeling towards him. He was received at the meetings of the magistrates, and on other public occasions, with marked respect and cordiality, to which he readily responded. A few years afterwards, when the writs were issued for a new election, Sir Everard Holmes even went the length of riding over to Wyndford Abbey and offering to surrender the representation of Peneshurst to him as a mark of the high respect he entertained for his character. Mr. Warton expressed his acknowledgments with all due courtesy, but replied that he had now withdrawn himself altogether from politics, and had no wish to enter Parliament.

Hugh's schoolfellows grew up and prospered after the fashion of the day. Maynard followed his father's profession, and became one of Wolf's most distinguished officers. Charlie Mostyn went to London, where he obtained a post in the household of the Prince of Wales, the least objectionable member in the eyes of the Tory gentlemen of any of King George's family. After a few years the death of his elder brother, and not long afterwards of his father, put him in possession of the family honours. He returned to Edburton and married Aurelia Grantley. It had been an old engagement that Honoria Darnell should be her bridesmaid, but it could not be carried out, as Honoria had in the previous year become the wife of Aubrey Holmes. As for Farrell, he was received as a clerk into the house at Boston to which Mr. Warton had recommended him, and continued for many years in the same service. He was ultimately received as a partner, and would

have thriven in life, if he had not, at the outbreak of the War of Independence, played his old game, shifting from side to side accordingly as he thought either party likely to get the upper hand. But the result of his manoeuvres was that the American Government, after the final severance from England, confiscated his property as that of a spy and traitor, and he only escaped hanging by a precipitate flight into Canada, where, at five-and-forty, he had to begin his career in life anew.

As for Dr. Oakes and Dr. Kingsford, they pursued the even tenor of their way, after the manner of the schoolmasters and parsons of their day. They ate, they drank, they prosed by day and they slept by night, until the time came when they prosed no more, and slept for good and all. To us, in the present day, it appears as though they did little more in life than has been imputed to them in the last sentence. But it is difficult for one generation to judge fairly of another. Those were times when religion and learning among the clergy were both at the lowest ebb. Judged by the standard of their day, they were honest, worthy, and serviceable men. It is unfair to judge them by any other.

Dr. Mole—we must not pass him over—married his Annabella, and in due course of time was appointed by his former pupil to the living of Edburton, where he vegetated to an advanced age. Lord Rydesdale, little changed from the Charlie Mostyn of old times, always treated him with respect—frequently asking him to remain to partake of the pastry and the sweets, after the removal of the first course, while Lady Rydesdale would occasionally send for Annabella on gala days to assist in the confectionery or the preparing of the young ladies' dresses, and bestow upon her perhaps a new gown—or an old one, as the case might be—in requital of the service.

We have left John Warton and De Clifford to the last. Hugh had received, as the reader knows, a pardon from the Duke of Cumberland; but the latter had required that some security should be found for the young man's good behaviour until the troubles caused by the young Pretender's invasion of England were at an end. Some papers, it appeared, had been laid before him a day or two previously—doubtless by Bates—which represented Hugh's conduct in such a very unfavourable light that it was necessary for such a guarantee to be given by some responsible person. Colonel Warton accordingly had promised to be his surety. He undertook that De Clifford should remain at Wyndford Abbey during the absence of the colonel in Scotland—engaging also after his return to keep an eye upon him until his character as a loyal subject should be fully re-established. The Duke had accepted Colonel Warton's proposal readily enough; but the abrupt departure of the latter from Scotland altogether changed his superior's feeling towards him. A hint was given him, through Sir John Ligonier, that the Duke would not be satisfied with leaving Lord de Clifford—Hugh had become Lord de Clifford by the death of his father early in the spring of the year—entirely in his hands for the future.

"He is very angry with you, Warton," said Sir John, in a private interview with the latter on the evening after his fracas with Cumberland, "and does not know how to show it in any other way than by making you this intimation. But never mind, I am going to join the Prince of

Lorraine's army in the Low Countries, where we mean to try if we can't regain some of the laurels we have lost against Marshal Saxe. Let young De Clifford come and serve with me. I suppose he has now quite recovered his health?"

"So my son informs me," returned Colonel Warton. "John writes me word that he is a sound man again."

"Very good," said Sir John. "Then he ought to find some employment, and from what I remember of him on the memorable day of our first visit to you, I should think soldiering would exactly suit him. Serving in a campaign or two with the royal army will set at rest all doubt of his loyalty to the House of Hanover for ever."

Colonel Warton assented, and undertook to lay the matter before Hugh and advise him to accept the offer.

On his return home he found additional reasons for urging the course proposed on the young man. He found—what the reader has probably suspected, though the colonel himself did not—that a mutual liking had for some time past subsisted between Hugh and his daughter Lucy, to which his son had given all possible encouragement. If he had surmised this, he might perhaps have disposed of Hugh differently during the campaign in Scotland; but even that was doubtful. Colonel Warton had come to know and appreciate Hugh's character rightly; and the fact of his being the head of an ancient and noble, though impoverished, family, did not weigh more unfavourably in the minds of manufacturers belonging to the Liberal school in that day than it would in the present. But whatever might have been his feeling on the subject, it was now too late to interpose a veto. Hugh and Lucy had passed the four months of his absence in each other's society, and what had been little more than a mutual fancy when he took his departure, had become a devoted attachment before his return.

"Well, Hugh," he said, on the day after his arrival, when the young man, with many blushes, had laid the matter before him, and asked his permission to be a suitor for Lucy's hand—"well, Hugh, or I suppose I ought to say now, my Lord de Clifford—"

"Hugh, sir, if you please, if you will call me so," interposed the young man. "Do I not owe my life to you?"

"Ah, no, you do not. I could wish, for more than one reason, that you did. I should like to have requited in kind the service you once rendered John. I could wish also to be able to remember that our side had shown the same ready and generous mercy to a helpless adversary as yours did. But let that pass. Have you my daughter's consent to this engagement if you have mine?"

"I think I may venture to say so," answered Hugh, colouring. "Though, of course, I have not presumed to ask her the question."

"You are an honourable young man; but in any case you are too young—not, I think, yet twenty years old?"

"No, sir," replied Hugh, "not for eight or nine months yet to come."

"Ah, I thought so. Well, Hugh, if in two years' time from the present you are both still in the same mind, I shall not refuse my consent. But it is undesirable you should remain here with no employment to engage your time; and, besides, I am afraid you might be troubled by the Government, who will not probably any longer regard my guarantee in your behalf

with the same confidence that they did before my rupture with his grace of Cumberland. I have an offer to make you from our mutual friend, Sir John Ligonier. You remember him, I doubt not?"

"Surely, sir," interposed Hugh, "excepting yourself, there is no one to whom I owe so deep a debt of gratitude."

"Right," said Colonel Warton; "and he is specially ready to befriend you in your present difficulties. He is about to make a campaign in Flanders under the Prince of Lorraine. My son John has beset me with entreaties to be allowed to serve for a few years under him, and I have thought it wise to consent. His military ardour is in no way abated by his exclusion from the Scotch campaign, which he has good reason, if he only knew it, to be thankful for having escaped. Suppose you go and serve with him."

"Nothing would be more welcome to me, sir, than to serve under Sir John Ligonier," answered Hugh. "But under the Duke of Cumberland—"

"Ah, but the Duke of Cumberland is not to have the command," interposed Colonel Warton. "If it had been so I do not think John would have wanted to go, nor if he had would I have permitted it. The Duke has been refused the appointment, greatly, I am told, to his chagrin. Prince Charles will have the chief command, and the English troops will be under the leadership of General Ligonier."

"Then I will willingly go, sir," said Hugh. "John and I will be good brethren in arms, I doubt not."

Early in the summer, accordingly, the two young men took ship for the Netherlands, having obtained commissions in Ligonier's own regiment. They were present at the battle of Roucoux, and the terrible storming of Bergen op Zoom, winning laurels for themselves, though it is to be feared England herself reaped but little honour in the field. Soon afterwards Cumberland obtained the command he had so persistently demanded; and after that the disasters of the English army seemed to be ever on the increase. In the bloody battle of Lauffeld, in which their regiment suffered terrible slaughter, John Warton was wounded, and both he and De Clifford were taken prisoners along with their general, Ligonier. Fortunately for England, the French were desirous for peace, and in April, 1748, the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed. The prisoners of war were then released. John Warton and De Clifford returned to Peneshurst, and the marriage of the latter with Lucy Warton shortly afterwards took place.

Peneshurst Castle, restored to its ancient proportions, and reunited to its ancestral domain, once more became one of the great houses of the country.

(THE END.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

QUITE A SQUARE.

R O T A S

O P E R A

T E N E T

A R E P O

S A T O R

THE TIGERSKIN: A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA.

BY LOUIS ROUSSELET,

Author of "The Two Cabin Boys," "The Drummer Boy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.—THE PASSENGER BY THE EXPRESS.

THE Paris express, puffing and panting as if out of breath, came slowly into the station at Marseilles. The porters lightly

and seizing hold of the bags, hatboxes, rugs, umbrellas, and hundred and one paraphernalia carried by paterfamilias

frequently occupied by invalids whose rest requires respect.

Besides, there had been no movement in the car. The green-silk blinds had remained carefully drawn; the mysterious occupant or occupants did not care to be disturbed.

However, a servant, in black livery, stepped up to the compartment, and, quietly opening the door, put his head inside and in a low tone asked,

"Does my lord require breakfast?"

"Where are we, John?" asked a voice from the depths of the semi-darkness in the carriage.

"At Marseilles, my lord," said the servant.

"Oh! already!" said the voice.

And then there was silence.

"The train only stops twenty minutes," said the servant, timidly; "what shall I get for your lordship?"

"Nothing!" was the curt reply of the noble unknown.

"Does not your lordship wish for any breakfast?" continued the servant, without losing courage.

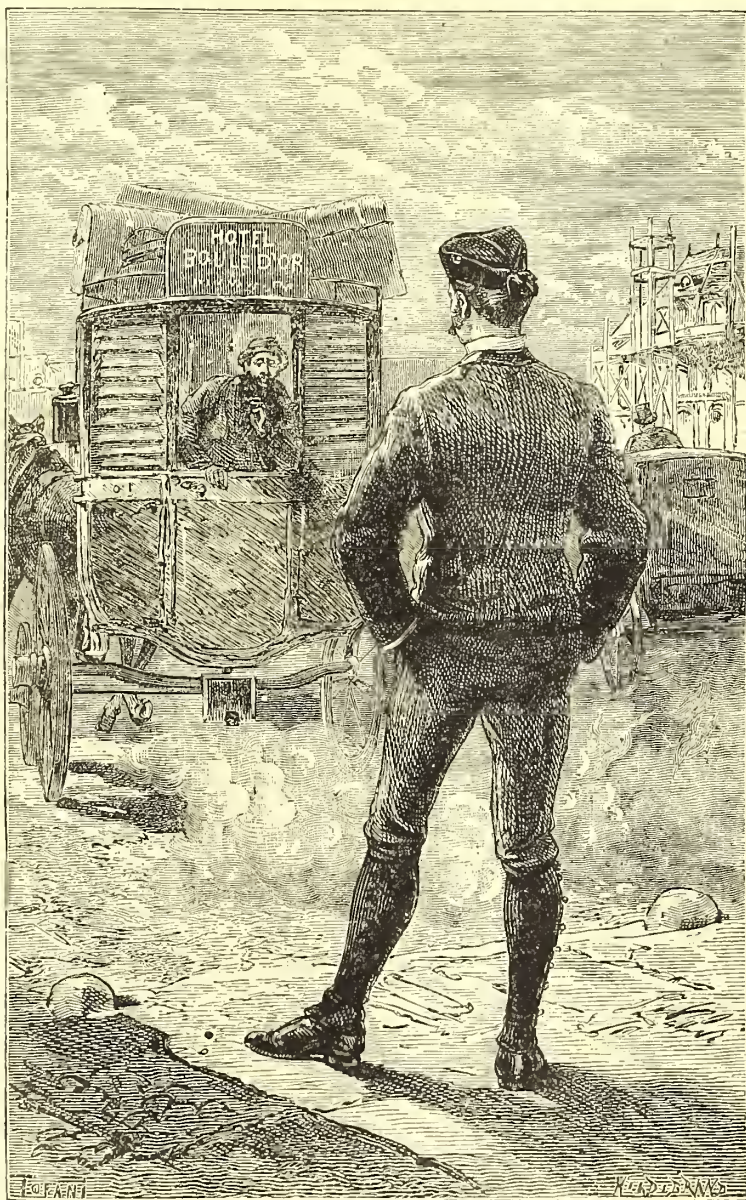
His urgency, however, seemed to quite wake up the occupant of the car. The voice this time answered with a slight appearance of irritation.

"Leave me in peace, John; if I feel hungry I will go to the bar myself."

The servant stepped back, for the door, with a gentle push from the inside, opened wide, and his master appeared in the doorway.

The mysterious passenger was a young man; but nothing about him betrayed the consumptive invalid that we would have expected him to be from his peculiar style of travelling. Tall, broad-shouldered, well-knit, he wore one of those grey knickerbocker suits so dear to English tourists, and its peculiar cut showed off to perfection the nervous elegance of his figure. His clear, fresh face, almost ruddy in colour, told of health and strength. After a more attentive examination, however, this strapping, sturdy fellow did appear to be really ill, for his eyes had a look about them of grief and weariness, and gloomy melancholy.

Standing up in the doorway of the car, he looked vacantly about him, utterly indifferent to the noisy tumult by which he was surrounded. At length he leisurely



"I beg your pardon, Sir!"

sprang upon the footboards, and, throwing open the carriage doors, gave forth in their professional sing-song the usual chorus of,

"Marseilles! Marseilles! Twenty minutes here! Passengers do not change for Toulon, Cannes, Nice, and the Italian frontier!"

In a few moments the train was discharging its load on to the platform. The passengers who had come to their journey's end were hurriedly jumping out, reaching their hands to help their ladies through their ungraceful gymnastics, picking up the children in their outstretched arms,

when on his travels. Those who were going farther by the train bounded out of its compartments as if distracted, and tumultuously crowded into the bar to avail themselves of the famous twenty minutes for refreshment, which the station clock was so rapidly devouring.

In the midst of the general hubbub, so much like the opening of a sheepfold, one of the compartments seemed to have been forgotten by the obsequious porters. Probably they had been stopped by the words "sleeping car" written along the door, knowing that on the road to Nice and Mentone the sleeping carriages are

descended, and as he set foot on the platform he sighed deeply.

After a minute's hesitation he walked towards the refreshment room, but on his road he caught sight of the way out. Again he seemed to hesitate, and finally he strolled towards the exit.



As he reached the gate a collector stopped him and asked for his ticket, and on its being shown informed him that the train would start in ten minutes. The young man, without heeding what was said, crossed the outer hall and found himself at the station steps.

The passengers arrived by the train were crowding into the omnibuses of the different hotels which were here in waiting for them. The porters were passing up to the conductors the heavy trunks, which they noisily lumped on to the roof as if with the intention of flattening in at one blow both the carriage and its occupants. Then each omnibus, having received its cargo, started off with a noisy cracking of whips and sparks of fire struck out by the horses' hoofs on the stones of the roadway.

The last vehicle was just moving off when a belated traveller, bag in hand, appeared on the steps. Seeing himself about to be left behind, he rushed down them so hurriedly as to almost upset the noble lord; but, without showing any concern at collision, with one stride of his long legs he caught the omnibus and jumped in.

The door shut, and as the vehicle again



started the young passenger by the express beheld at the window a bright-red beard and a bronzed face that seemed not unlike that of an Indian idol, and the bronzed face shouted to him, with an unmistakable southern accent,

"I beg your pardon, sir!"

The stranger understood that the red man was apologising for having cannoned against him a few minutes before, and this retrospective politeness somewhat astonished him. With strange curiosity he was anxious to see what hotel in Marseilles was to have the happiness of receiv-

vehicle, which at full speed dashed down the steep slope that leads from the station to the town. The space in front of the station was now empty. The fine grey dust so characteristic of the Provençal soil,

mysterious fate which has brought me hither!"

And at the moment the servant ran up, looking quite alarmed, and said, "I did not see you go out, my lord,



"The train only stops twenty minutes."

stirred up for a moment by all this agitation, danced in the warm May-day sun and gently settled on the agaves and aloes that the railway company has placed round the square as an attraction to tourists who are athirst for tropical scenery. Beyond the stone balustrade which surrounds the station yard there appeared the tiled roofs and lofty trees in the avenues of the Phocæan city, whose busy hum mingled with the gentle murmur of the waves on the Mediterranean shore.

Silent and thoughtful, the young traveller remained there watching with vacant look the unattractive panorama, which gave him no hint of the hidden beauties of the gulf of Marseilles. But that mattered little to him. With strange tenacity only one thing remained before his eyes, and this thing was no less than the figure of the "red man" whom he had seen but a moment before. He could not have explained why he was struck with this apparition, nor why the sight of the unknown should send a thousand mournful thoughts coursing through his wearied brain. But there he remained with his eyes fixed on the point where the omnibus

and I have been looking for you everywhere. The train is going to start, and the people are already in their seats. You must be quick."

"We will remain here," was the curt answer of the young Englishman.

"But, my lord," said the servant, bewildered—"the luggage!"

"You must manage to get it out. I tell you I am going to stay here."

At this peremptory order the man disappeared at a run into the station, while his master calmly resumed his examination of the dusty aloes, and wondered if they were genuine plants from the hands of nature, or simply triumphs of zinc from the workshop of man.

An instant afterwards a prolonged whistle re-echoed through the station, and then came a dull, heavy rumble. The train was off again, to Nice. Before the sound had died away the servant reappeared, followed by several men carrying the traveller's luggage.

"You see, my lord," said the servant, whose face was streaming with perspiration, "it was only just in time; and I had a good deal of difficulty in getting them to give me up the luggage. The train was on the move—"

"You have already told me, and that will do," interrupted his lordship.

"But all the omnibuses are now gone," continued the servant, "and I must send a man to look for a carriage."

"You need not do that," said the traveller; "I will walk to the hotel, and you can bring the luggage on with you."

"At what hotel does your lordship intend to stop?"

"At the Boule d'Or."

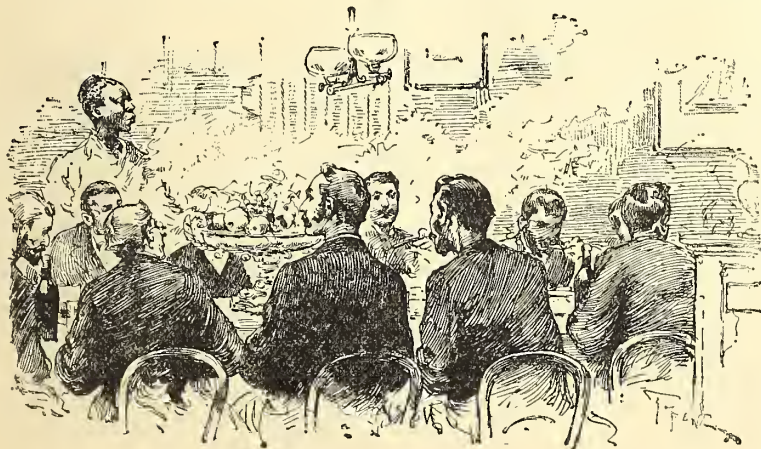
On hearing this one of the station porters whispered something in the servant's ear, and he immediately exclaimed,

"That one is not to be thought of, my lord. The Boule d'Or is an hotel down at the harbour, and—"

"John, I am astonished at you! I said I was going to the Boule d'Or—that ought to be enough for you."

And to cut short all discussion on the subject, the young man drew out a superb umbrella from a case among the luggage, and, armed with that truly British weapon, strode off down the road to the town.

Keeping straight on, he soon reached the magnificent avenues of huge trees which run through the northern quarters and lead to the Canebière.



"I have really and truly been eaten by a lion."

ing the individual who was so impetuous and so polite, and lifting his eyes to the board behind he saw written thereon in golden letters, "Hotel Boule d'Or. The largest in the port."

Mechanically his look followed the

had disappeared, and, forgetful of train and time, he muttered,

"Here or there, what does it matter? Death may soon come and close my eyes for ever on this dazzling light. This strange man may be the messenger of that

This magnificent thoroughfare—the pride of Marseilles, the glory of Provence—is a fine wide road, resembling the Paris boulevards in the splendour of the mansions which are built along it.

It runs right across the city down to the harbour; and that which gives the town the seal of originality of which the people are so justly proud, is the forests of masts and sails mingling with the handsome frontages of the hotels on the Canebière. It is, in fact, the chief artery of the Phœcean port—the general meeting-place of its merchants, sailors, and unemployed. At all hours of the day a picturesque crowd of Mediterranean seamen, Catalans, North Africans, Greeks, Smyrniotes, Turks, and Genoese, hurry along its pavement, or collect about the cafés on the Canebière.

Calm and impassible in the midst of this noisy throng, the Englishman pursued his way, halting from time to time to read with care the signs of the numerous hotels he was passing; but none bore the brilliant title he was in search of, and which he doubtless confused in his thoughts with the shining ball of the red-faced man.

His search brought him down to the old dock, which is always full of the varied specimens of Mediterranean craft, packed like sardines in a barrel.

The traveller then remembered that the "Boule d'Or" was the "largest in the port," and, concluding that now he had reached the port he could hardly fail to discover the building that was its brightest ornament, he continued his search.

He wandered for some time among the cotton bales and coffee sacks that crowded the quay, hustled a little by the lumpers and porters, but he could see no trace of the fascinating sign.

At length, quite tired out, he ended where he had begun, and addressing a street boy who was loafing on the quay, asked him with much politeness to show him the way to the celebrated hotel.

The street boy, recognising him as an English traveller by his appearance and accent, looked at him quizzingly for a moment, and then made up his mind to say,

"Follow me, sir; it is close by."

Turning down the first street opening on to the quay, the boy in a few minutes brought him in front of the hotel which he had been seeking.

"There you are," said he, showing him a house of modest appearance, whose front was decorated with a hemisphere of copper which had once been gilded.

The Englishman attentively examined the hotel. In spite of its modest look it promised well.

Orange-trees in tubs stood at the sides of the gateway, and through it he noticed a small sanded courtyard surrounded by green benches, and adorned in the centre by a chubby-faced angel holding a fountain-jet in its hands.

Satisfied with his examination, the traveller handed some silver to his guide, and walked with great deliberation up to the entrance. The Englishman opened the glass door, and found himself before a stout, good-looking dame, wearing an artesian bonnet, who, without moving from the armchair in which she was seated behind a small mahogany counter, asked,

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"Madame, I should like a room in your hotel."

This very natural demand seemed, however, to surprise the good lady.

"I hope you will excuse me, sir; we

have few strangers here. I thought you had come for one of my captains."

"I do not want a captain, madame," said the Englishman, also somewhat surprised. "I want a room; and providing that it is clean and aired it matters little to me what floor it is on."

"All my rooms are clean and aired, sir," said the innkeeper, bridling up. "One can see that you do not know the Boule d'Or."

"True, madame, I have not yet had the honour," said the young man, with a slight bow.

"In that case," said the lady, thawing somewhat, "will number seventeen suit you?"

"Perfectly," said the Englishman, taking the key which the lady held out to him. "Will you simply have the goodness to tell my servant the number? He will be here soon with my luggage."

"Certainly," said the innkeeper, at the same time striking a small gong, which immediately brought a gigantic negro on the scene.

"Take this gentleman to number seventeen," she said to him. And as the Englishman was preparing to follow the negro, she added, "I forgot, sir, to ask your name. The police regulations require me to enter it on my register; and besides, I cannot know your servant without it."

"Here it is, madame," said the Englishman, offering his card.

The good lady rapidly drew out her spectacles, and holding them on her nose, read, not without difficulty, these words engraved on the piece of pasteboard:

"Lord Everest,

Grosmore Castle, Yorkshire."

"I do not wonder at his being such an original," she muttered, after she had finished reading. "A lord!"

Then, after pondering for an instant, and scrutinising the card with as much respect as if it were some magic amulet, she added, "A lord! A real live lord at the Boule d'Or!"



CHAPTER II.—LORD EVEREST.

THE dining-room was the best part of the Boule d'Or, and occupied nearly all the ground-floor. Narrow and rather long, it was a little gloomy during the day, for the only light it received came from two high windows side by side at one of its ends. These two windows, however, opened on to the harbour, and from them could always be obtained a varied and animated view of the old dock, with its Greek caiques, Catalau tartanes, and Atlantic cutters.

A few armchairs, a table covered with newspapers, and a small desk with writing materials, filled up the space between the windows, and made of it a sort of drawing-room, highly appreciated by the frequenters of the hotel, who there made themselves

comfortable after their meal, and smoked their cigarettes.

The long, wide table, losing itself in the semi-darkness, occupied the rest of the room, and, with the double row of chairs, almost filled it.

The night had come. Four chandeliers now threw a flood of light over the sumptuousities of which good Madame Ducoux, the proprietress of the Boule d'Or, was so proud, and which she regretted so much could not be seen during the day. The walls were now visible, with their splendid watered paper, half covered with coloured lithographs of shipping, carefully framed show-cards of steam-vessels, and innumerable nicknacks—Indian tomahawks, stuffed birds, and other sundries given by generous visitors. The table was resplendent in all its glory of well-laid cloth, baskets of fruit, biscuits and macaroons, and porcelain vases full of artificial flowers, somewhat faded with dust and fly-blows.

A clock struck—its sharp sound resembling the bells on board ship—and suddenly the room was filled with a noisy throng of men, little and big, fat and thin, brown and red, but nearly all wearing the uniform so dear to ocean-going captains.

Very soon all were seated, not without several interchanges of cheerful greetings. Then the giant negro appeared, carrying a vast soup-tureen, with which he made the tour of the room, filling the plate of each guest with a portion of succulent clam soup.

Conversation had dropped, and nothing was heard but a formidable murmur of absorption, not unlike that produced by a rainstorm in a road-gutter.

At this moment the new arrival at the Boule d'Or entered the room, and, guided by the negro, walked up to an empty chair which had been placed for him near the upper end of the table.

Once he was seated the noble lord threw a rapid glance at the healthy bronzed figures which surrounded the table, and then he more attentively examined his neighbours.

On his right a bulky captain with a neck worthy of a lobster was making terrible plunges into his plate and swallowing his soup with a sonorous snuffle; while on his left a little man was, in a very critical fashion, just taking a taste. Clean-shaved, with a pointed nose armed with golden spectacles, the little man in a white cravat seemed like a lawyer who had lost his way into this society of sea-wolves. However, the Englishman noticed after a little attention that the colour of the "lawyer" was as healthy as that of his companions, and so he concluded that he had discovered a new species of mariner, one with a white choker and gold spectacles.

The discovery did not seem to interest him very much, and he was just going to begin on his soup, when, to his satisfaction, he saw emerge in front of him from the depths of a soup-plate the shining jolly-looking face of the "red man." The "red man" had only come to a halt. Hardly had he raised his head before the negro filled his plate again, and with renewed ardour he proceeded to absorb his second portion.

Lord Everest was rather ruffled at not being recognised by the red-faced man, but cutting short his examination he in his turn attacked the famous Provençal soup, and rapidly dispatched it.

This care accomplished, he gave a long sigh, saying to himself that all the surroundings were very vulgar and common—

Corvus, comes Virgo, the Virgin, sometimes the Virgin Mary, sometimes Ceres, sometimes Iris, sometimes the Singing Sibyl, sometimes—but perhaps that is enough. She has in her hand an ear of corn, on which is fixed the brightest star, Spica. The right angle of seven stars just above Spica runs through her wing—when she wears wings—down her shoulder and across her breast. One star comes right in her eye, one on her instep, one on her great toe. The right angle begins with Vindemiatrix, just below Coma Berenices, and ends with Zazijava, which is on the ecliptic, half-way between Spica and Regulus. Vindemiatrix is the star also known as “The Lady gathering Grapes.” The Virgin stands on Hydra, the Raven, and the Cup. Spica forms an equilateral triangle with Arc-turus and Denebola, and a line from Polaris through Mizar will just strike it :

“ Behold what glorious forms are made
By the gold harvest ears ;
With Deneb west, Arcturus north,
A triangle appears ;
While to the east a larger still
Th’ observant eye will start,
From Virgo’s spike to Gemma bright,
And then to Scorpio’s heart.”

Hydra, the Water Snake (*Serpens Aquaticus*), is a very long constellation, straggling across the sky below Leo and Virgo, with his head near the Crab and his tail in the Scales. The stars composing it are not very brilliant, the brightest being Alphard, which shines out well in its loneliness.

Hydra has only one head now. When Hercules fought him in the Lernean marshes he had nine, or according to Simonides fifty, or to

Diodorus a hundred. According to modern lights Hercules would seem to have been a sanitary engineer, and Hydra was—drains ! However, we may as well stick to the old legend. Hydra had a great many heads, and when one was cut off two always grew in its place. When Hercules tackled him he got helped by Iolas with a red-hot poker. Iolas was the hero whom the Argvrites worshipped by having their hair cut. Every time Hercules chopped off a head, Iolas came down on the stump with the red-hot poker, and Hydra lost head after head at such an alarming rate, that Juno ordered up a sea-crab to cause a diversion. Cancer hopped about and flourished his claw in vain, for Hercules and the poker-hero very soon settled him with a backhand each. He was snapped up by Juno into the sky, and when the fight was over Hydra was also hauled up aloft, with his tail near Libra to preserve his balance, and his head— $\zeta\delta$ —near Cancer, that he might chat over old times !

“ Through Cancer’s sign, whence no bright star;
Distinguished light impart,
Pollux from Castor leads you down
To hideous Hydra’s heart.”

Below Hydra comes another of Hercules’s victims, the Centaur, who is well seen in the southern hemisphere, having, as he does, the Southern Cross for his further boundary. He contains two first-magnitude stars, one second-magnitude star, and half a dozen third-magnitude stars. His best representative, α Centauri, disputes with Sirius the honour of being the nearest fixed star to our solar system. He is easily identified by the two pairs of stars in his centre.

RAFTS AND CATAMARANS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.



Inflated Skins.

TWENTY years ago the Fairlie foundered in the Indian Ocean. Spars had been thrown overboard to form a raft, but before anything but the skeleton of the framework could be lashed together the ship went down. The crew jumped into the square, scrambled on to the boundary spars, and remained astride them with their legs in the sea until a day or two afterwards they were rescued.

This is as simple a raft as any recorded in shipwreck annals. But what is a raft ? It is indeed a difficult thing to define. Rafts are

of all shapes and sizes, varying from the few booms of the Fairlie up to the elaborate raft of the Medusa, of which the model was shown in the late Fisheries Exhibition. A raft would seem to be any floating substance on which a man can sit or stand. Boys have paddled in a pond on rafts of a couple of planks, soldiers have crossed rivers on rafts of barn-doors, and we hear of armies using rafts of house-roofs, and wooden-shed walls, and casks and inflated skins, and pontoons of all shapes of tin, zinc, copper, iron, leather, wood, and canvas.

Perhaps the simplest kind of river raft is that common in South Africa, where a stack of reeds some fifty feet in diameter is pushed into the water and allowed to float down stream, each day, as the under stems get waterlogged, more being cut from the banks and thrown on to the heap. A similar rough raft is not uncommon amongst us in winter, when the ice is very thin, for if a heap of reeds is then thrown on to a slab of ice, and well watered, a solid mass can be built up with alternate layers of reeds and ice which will float considerable weights. Besides the floating stack there is another reed raft in use amongst the Kaffirs, made of a mattress of reeds about four feet long, three feet broad, and eight inches thick, tied together with strips of the reeds themselves, with reed posts and railing round.

Skins stretched and inflated are in use all over the globe for raft purposes. In Peru a hide pinched up at the corners, secured there with a thorn, and dried in the sun, furnishes the only boat. In another American form we have holes bored all round the edge, a thong run through them and pulled tight over a framework of withies—in fact, a coracle such as the Celts were so fond of, the washing basket with the waterproof covering which exists on the coast of Ireland to this day.

The contracting force exercised by skins as they dry has a great deal to do with the water-tight qualities of hide boats, as, in all cases, the framework is covered as soon as possible after the death of the animal.

It is astonishing what simple things have been made into boats. Admiral Fitzroy once sent a party of sailors ashore, and while they were encamped their boat was stolen. Out of the boughs of the trees around them they made a large basket, covered it with their canvas tent, puddled the inside with a little clay, and put to sea, spending eighteen hours in this crazy contrivance before they got back to safety.

Alexander’s army passed the Indus, as Hannibal’s did the Rhine, on rafts made of inflated skins, or of skins stuffed with hay. On the Tigris and elsewhere at this very day such goat-skin rafts are still in use. The skins are lashed to a framework with one of the legs of each animal upwards ; through this leg the air is driven in, and, as the traveller journeys down the stream, he visits the skins in succession and blows in fresh air to make up for what has escaped. A single ox-hide when inflated is said to make a float capable of sustaining three hundred pounds.

Casks are almost invaluable in raft-making, and many a shipwrecked crew has been saved on a platform lashed to floating barrels. One of the early lifeboats simply consisted of a boat with holes bored in her bottom and empty casks lashed inside her, the casks giving the floating power while the shape of the boat was retained. Four spars lashed together with a cask at each corner and a square of canvas fixed on them was all that one of the patent life-rafts consisted of.

Casks furnish great floating power in such a convenient form that it is hardly to be wondered at that they have been used over and over again in the construction of military bridges where boats have been unattainable. They are, however, but a makeshift, pontoons nowadays being always carried. When Darius crossed the Bosphorus and afterwards the Danube he did it on a bridge of boats of very elaborate construction. When Xerxes crossed the Hellespont he had two bridges, one consisting of three hundred and sixty vessels anchored side by side and head to stern, and another, nearer the Archipelago, of three hundred and fourteen vessels similarly anchored. These were connected by cables, a platform of planks was laid stretching from cask to each, and on the platform from shore to shore there was laid a thick bed of earth to form the road on which the Persian hosts passed into Europe. At Xenophon’s passage of the Tigris thirty-seven vessels were used.

The most famous boat-bridge in modern times was that thrown by the British over the Adour when Wellington invaded France. The bridge was 810 feet long, and was at first supported on

lawyers, which were kept tight by capstans placed in the centre of each of the thirty to forty-ton chassemarées which formed the piers. These chassemarées were moored side by side at a distance of forty feet from each other's centres, so that the intervals were equal. The platform was after a day or two shifted on to bunks. To protect the bridge a boom was thrown across the

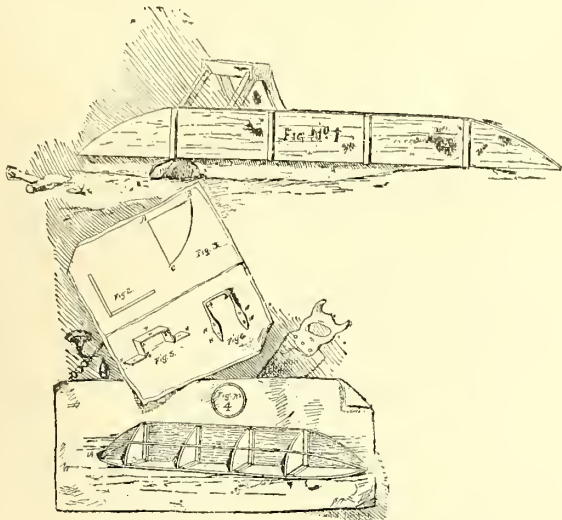
take the craft over places where even a rowing-boat would meet with her doom.

To build such a craft is not difficult, and Mr. W. L. Alden has recently shown us how it can be well and cheaply done. Adopting the principle of the flying proa of the Ladrones, which are credited with their twenty knots on a beam wind, he makes his hulls quite flat on one side,

shown in our sketch—a craft speedy, safe, and handy, which is easily built, and will bear any amount of rough usage—four deal planks are required. These should be fifteen feet long, eighteen inches wide, and an inch thick. The width is unusually great, but should single boards not be obtainable, two or three boards can be keyed together so as to make it up. Take one of the planks, which should have been bought ready planed, divide it into five equal parts as shown in the diagram, and at each of the four divisions screw, with brass screws, a three-inch batten three-quarters of an inch thick. This will not only prevent the plank from warping, but will strengthen the joints if you are working with a board that has been made up.

Now shape the ends as shown in Fig. 1, first with a saw and then with a draw-knife and spokeshave. Take another of your eighteen-inch planks and treat it in exactly the same manner, and when you have finished the curves, which should exactly resemble the others, cut off along the longer side an inch and three-quarters off every cross-piece, so that when the planks are placed at right angles together they will fit close. Whitelead these edges thoroughly, and then nail the planks together with galvanised iron nails, as shown in Fig. 2, which gives you a section end-on. Now cut four quadrants eighteen and a quarter inches radius, and off one side cut a strip an inch wide and trim the other end so as to leave you a piece of the shape shown in Fig. 3, one side of which (A B) is seventeen inches long, and the other (A C) eighteen inches, and which is so made to fit exactly into the angle made by the broad plank and close against the battens as sketched in Fig. 4. Finish all the edges off smooth and square and true, whitelead them well, and fix them in with galvanised iron nails.

(To be continued.)



Figs. 1-6.—Construction of Catamaran.

river on each side of it. The best of the raft-bridges was Sokolniki's over the Niemen at Grodno in 1792. The trunks, fifty to sixty feet long and about two feet in diameter, were lashed together in tens and joined end to end until they reached across the stream. The bridge was three hundred and sixty yards in length, and formed a great curve towards the current, with the centre of the curve supported by an anchored vessel. These trunks were lashed together. A better plan, however, is that adopted by the Canadian timber-men, who cross-lay their rafts, bore an auger-hole at the corners through both thicknesses, and fix a wedge in the cleft end of the stick which keeps them together. As the stick is driven home the wedge is forced upwards into the end and makes all fast.

On the coast of India it is a very common thing to see two or three natives afloat on a raft made of three logs of wood—of the pine varnish-tree—the centre log being about five-and-twenty feet long and the breadth of the three together about a yard. These rafts are manœuvred with very great dexterity, and safely brave the roughest seas. Similar to them is the Brazilian catamaran, which carries a large triangular sail.

The Cingalese catamaran is a log of wood rounded beneath, and scooped out, with two planks lashed on the top, so as to increase the height above water. It has a boat-shaped outrigger, supported on two curved poles, to enable it to carry the large lug-sail, which in a fresh breeze so heels it over that the crew have to sit well out to windward on the connecting-bars to balance the swift but crazy craft. In the Mauritius the catamaran is an ordinary boat with a smaller boat at the end of the outrigger, in which is set a peculiar mizen. In the Fijis the catamaran becomes a double canoe, with both hulls exactly the same, and bearing a platform giving just a little play, so as to allow of the individual peculiarities of the beats being sufficiently humoured.

These boats, although they may in a rare case upset end on—that is, turn a somersault—are the safest craft in the world, for, consisting as they do of double hulls sustaining a raft, should anything go wrong with the hulls, the raft will never sink, but will simply settle down until it floats on the waves. Owing to the great breadth there can be no question of "initial stability," and an ordinary capsize is impossible, while the very light draught of the hulls will

and thus avoids the "funnel difficulty," as it was called in the case of the Castalia and other steam catamarans, where the inner sides of the hulls being curved, the water between them was heaped up as it rushed through the narrowing strait. To make such a catamaran as that

THE CRICKET SEASONS OF 1883 AND 1884.

ON Wednesday, May 7th next, occurs the Anniversary Meeting of the M.C.C., when the draft laws in their new form and phrasing will probably come on for consideration, and pass as the accepted code; on Thursday, May 8th, Yorkshire meets Gloucestershire, and the county contests of 1884 begin; and on the following Monday the Australians play their first match in England—that at Sheffield Park—and we shall be fairly launched on what promises to be an unusually interesting cricket season.

The visit of the Australians will presumably be its most important feature. The programme of the tour is a strong one. In May they meet Oxford on the 15th, Surrey at the Oval on the 19th, M.C.C. and Ground at Lord's on the 22nd, and, for the first time, the Gentlemen of England at Lord's on the 29th. In June they meet Derbyshire on the 2nd, Lancashire on the 5th, Yorkshire on the 9th, Notts on the 12th, Cambridge on the 16th, the North of England at Manchester on the 19th, the Gentlemen, for the second time, at the Oval on the 26th, and the Players at Sheffield on the 30th. In July they meet England at Manchester on the 10th, Middlesex on the 17th, England, at Lord's, on the 21st, Sussex on the 24th, and the Players at the Oval on the 31st. In August they meet Kent at Canterbury on the 4th, Gloucestershire at Clifton on the 7th, England at the Oval on the 11th, Gloucestershire at Cheltenham on the 18th, Notts, for the second time, on the 21st, Cambridge Past and Present on the 25th, and the South of England at the Oval on the 28th, the round finishing with a match against the North of England at Nottingham on September 1st, followed by one against I Zingari at Scarborough on the 4th.

This is an exceedingly strong fixture list, and it will be well if it is not in any way added to. It will afford a far better test of the merits of the Colonials than the tour in 1882, in which so many of the engagements

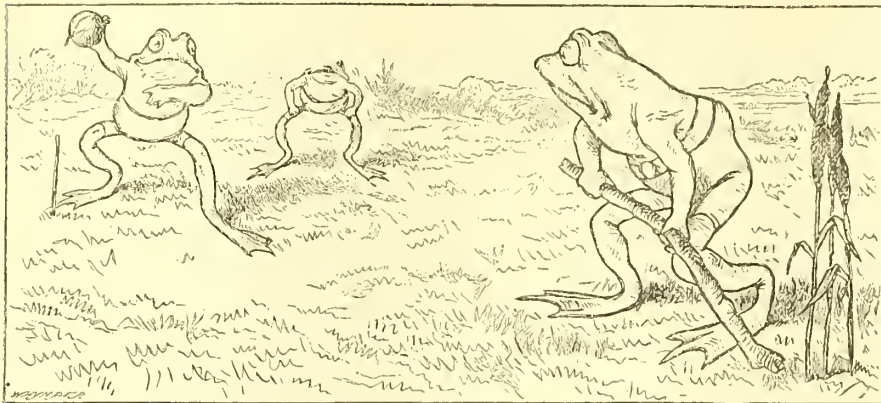
were, as pointed out in our last year's article, with avowedly inferior teams, against whom the scores gained by first-class counties are never reckoned in the averages. With the exception of Lord Sheffield's trial match, perhaps, no second-class fixture has been made, and for the first time the statistics of the Australian season in England will have no fictitious value.

But the Australians will not be our only cricketing visitors. During June and July a series of matches have been arranged with a team of Philadelphians, who will represent the cricketers of the United States. Their first match will be against a moderate eleven of the M.C.C., and on the 20th of June they begin with Cheshire a round of engagements with gentlemen teams of the second-class counties.

The question as to which is and which is not a first-class county would seem to have been solved for the time at Lord's on December 11th last, when the great throwing versus bowling question was left open, and the bat-width question, originally started by Dr. W. G. Grace in the *Box's Own Paper* in his admirable article on "The Cricket Bat, and how to use it," was laid to rest. The counties then in council were nine in number, and they were Derbyshire, Gloucestershire, Kent, Lancashire, Middlesex, Nottinghamshire, Surrey, Sussex, and Yorkshire.

Notts was the premier county for 1883, for although Shaw's eleven only won four matches, yet their single defeat as against Yorkshire's double gives them the preference. The premiership is accorded not to the county that wins most, but to that which loses least, and Yorkshire with nine wins out of sixteen matches has to give place to Notts with four wins out of twelve matches—a result which to the uninitiated may seem not unlike the Euclidian "which is absurd." No better cricket, however, was shown throughout the season than by Nottinghamshire. Morley's broken rib kept him out of the team, and the bowling was consequently

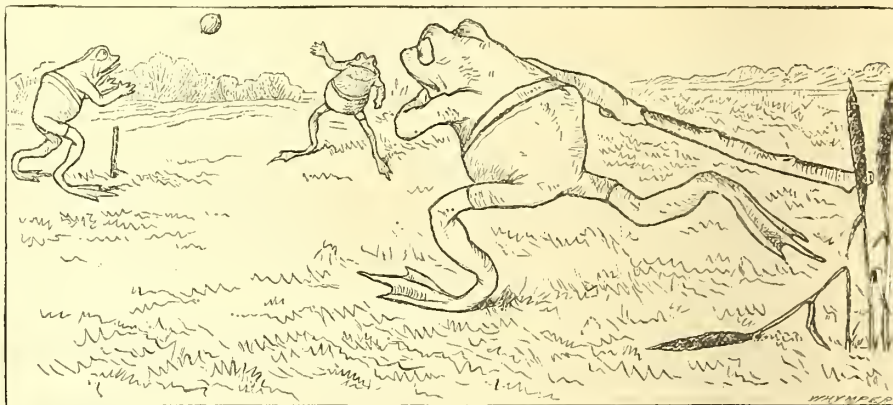
THE OPENING SEASON.—"First in the Field!"



not as strong as it might have been, but the batting was excellent, four members averaging over twenty-five, Barues heading the list with thirty-three.

Owing to the great bowling controversy, Notts refuses to meet Lancashire while Mr. Hornby plays Crossland and Nash, and so their fixture list for 1884 will be two short of last year's complement. Overhand bowling developed from the round-arm, and round-arm developed from under-hand. At each change the game was, according to its "fathers," to be ruined. That this has not been the case up to the present may be due to two causes—either the game is good enough to live in spite of modifications in its details, or it has been improved by the change. As to which of these is the fact opinions may differ, but it is a serious question if the change in delivery has not gone far enough. If throwing is to be permanently adopted there can be no doubt that just as Kent, through Willsher, was identified with the last step from round to over-hand, so Lancashire, through Crossland, will get the credit of the change from the doubtful over-hand to the unmitigated shy. Neither Willsher nor Crossland, however, was the inventor of the respective styles. The shy novelty first appeared in London in one of the University matches, and was eagerly adopted by a few of the thoughtless for its apparent ease—an ease more apparent than real, for so long as the shy is aimed at the wicket and not at the batsman it is no more difficult to meet

than the fierce old pitches that required three longstops to look after them. That there is no necessity for the change is obvious to all, that the new style is unnecessarily dangerous is also obvious, that it will secure a recognised footing



is doubtful. York, Kent, Surrey, Middlesex, Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire have agreed to Mr. I. D. Walker's resolution "not to employ any bowler whose action is at all doubtful," and maybe the display of the various shades of

doubtfulness will render 1884 memorable, and result in some definite action at its close.

Yorkshire for the current year have adopted their last season's programme in its entirety, and just as Notts gives a benefit to J. C. Shaw, so the proceeds of the Bramall Lane Lancashire match on July 14 are to be devoted to that prince of fast bowlers, Allan Hill. Like all counties playing professional teams, Yorkshire never falls far behind, and with the best professional batsman in Ulyett, and the best fast bowler in the new-comer, Harrison, and the best wicket-keeper, Hunter, it is not unnaturally in the front rank. During 1883, with nine wins and only two losses out of sixteen matches, the team were fully favoured. In number of runs, 4,463, they rank second to Surrey, who with the same number of matches amassed 5,370; in number of wickets they rank first, taking 286, as against Surrey's 262. Hall heads the batting averages with 41, Ulyett coming second with 32; the bowling honours being shared between Harrison and Peate.

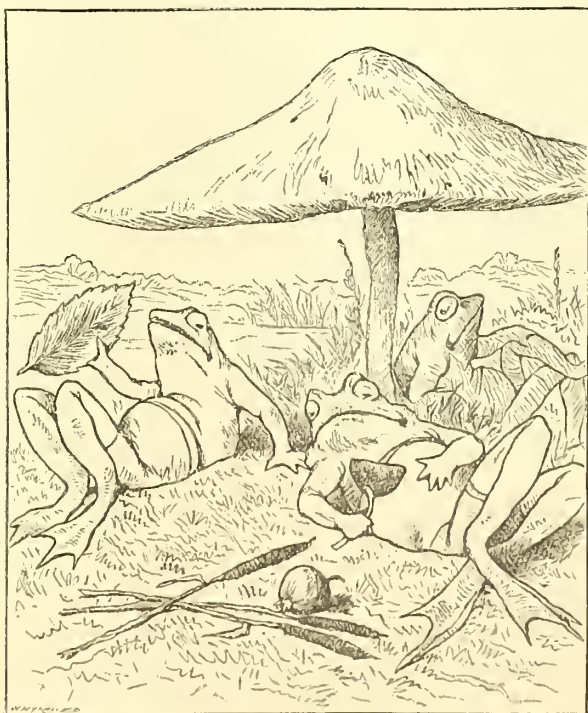
Middlesex, strengthened by Mr. A. P. Lucas—perhaps to be further strengthened this year by Mr. A. G. Steel—had but little complaint to make of the past season. The team played ten matches, and lost but two. Their batting was

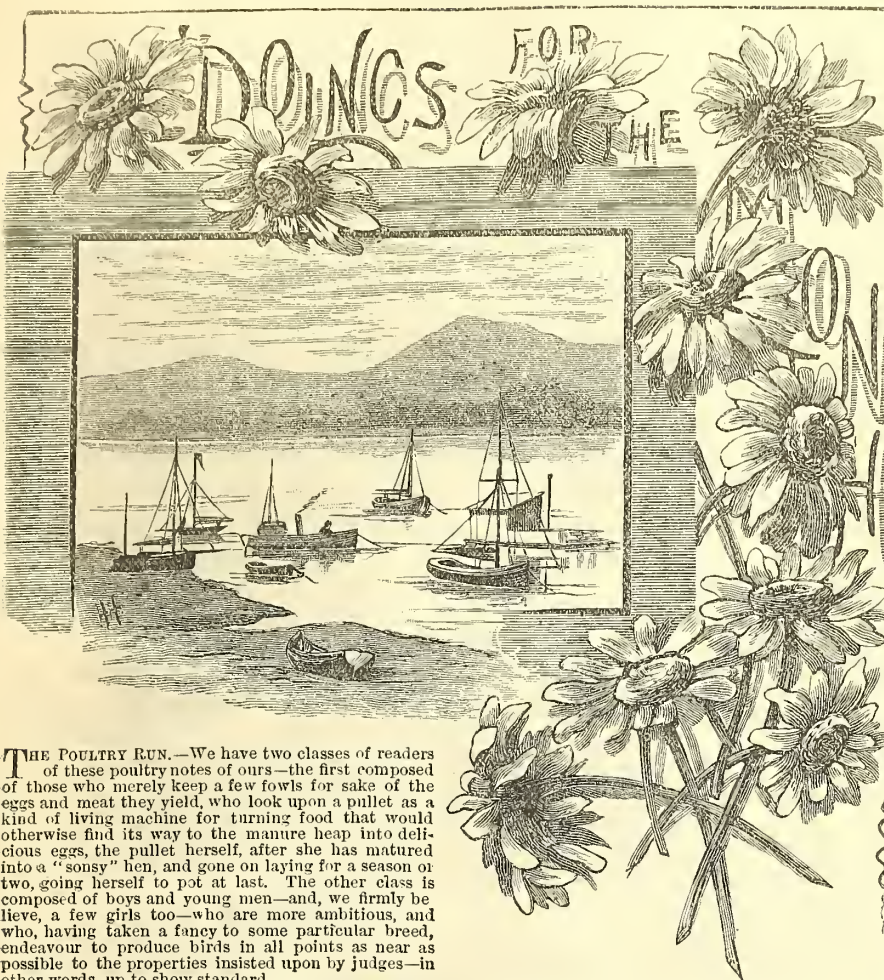
productive, seven members averaging over 25, and the gross total coming out at 3,739, only 64 behind Nottinghamshire. The chief feature of the record is the match with Gloucestershire, in which Mr. I. D. Walker and the Hon. A. Lyttelton increased the score of 8 for one wicket to 332 before the longest partnership yet noted in a first-class match came to an end.

Surrey will this year be very busy. In addition to the first-class counties, Hampshire, Leicestershire, Essex, and Norfolk are to be met, and the matches brought up to two dozen. Last season was full of promise for the Surrey men, who now have a fair chance of resuming their old position at the top of the tree. Undeclared on their own ground—the only team that in 1883 could make the boast, the three early defeats being in out matches—their improvement in play, particularly during July and August, was most marked, and with the old choices they will be perhaps the most dangerous team of the present season. Mr. W. W. Read heads the averages, and Mr. Driver, Maurice Read, Mr. Key, Mr. Shuter, and Mr. Roller all take prominent places in the general county scores.

Lancashire fell to pieces almost as much as Surrey improved, and a record of five defeats out of twelve matches can hardly be looked upon as satisfactory by the partisans of the Red Rose. The fixture list for 1884 is also a poor one; there are no engagements with Middlesex, Notts, or Sussex, and matches against Somersetshire, Oxford University, a local fifteen, and three colts' trials, have been arranged to fill out the season. In gross number of runs Lancashire in 1883 came fifth with 3,324, while in number of wickets they came third with 205.

(To be continued.)





THE POULTRY RUN.—We have two classes of readers of these poultry notes of ours—the first composed of those who merely keep a few fowls for sake of the eggs and meat they yield, who look upon a pullet as a kind of living machine for turning food that would otherwise find its way to the manure heap into delicious eggs, the pullet herself, after she has matured into a "sousy" hen, and gone on laying for a season or two, going herself to pot at last. The other class is composed of boys and young men—and, we firmly believe, a few girls too—who are more ambitious, and who, having taken a fancy to some particular breed, endeavour to produce birds in all points as near as possible to the properties insisted upon by judges—in other words, up to show standard.

Well, as a rule, when we sit down to write our monthly DOINGS, we have both classes in our mind's eye. It has just occurred to us, however, that we might do better for those of our readers who are really ambitious to breed good birds. So in future we will append to our Poultry paragraphs, and for their especial benefit, items of the latest news of the month from the poultry world. We will also give every month either the properties of some distinct breed, or the symptoms and treatment of some disease. In this way, then, we hope to find favour in the eyes of all, and make our monthly DOINGS worthy to be kept, or cut out, pasted up, and indexed for reference.

We mentioned the word "pullet" above. It is the name given to a hen from her chickendom until she is twelve months old. Pullets ought to lay at six months, at all events. If they do not, take the birds up and examine them. Feel the breasts; if they seem too plump, that is the fault; you are overfeeding; you must reduce the grain and soft food, and mix a little boiled lights or meaty scraps with the food. If, on the other hand, the birds are miserably thin, then the fault is in the feeding still; they do not get enough. Give plenty, and no more, and mix the food with meaty scraps, adding to the grain now and then a few handfuls of hemp. Stimulants and condiments will also do good in a case like the latter, the best being ordinary red chillies. Cut these in pieces, and mix a few every day with the food.

In the DOINGS for April last year we gave some very practical advice, which those who happen to have back numbers would do well to refer to. Well, now, the principal doings this month in the fowl-run will be hurrying on the hatching. Brooding hens are easily procured now, and as good a natural mother as any I know is the Dorking. Sitting hens do not give much bother; but see they have plenty of hard food and plenty of fresh water nigh them, and that they are kept free from all molestation. In dry weather sprinkle the nests and all around with water. But that which is poured about the nest—the extreme edge only—should be warm. Feed young chickens very well. Give them all the liberty possible. Chickens that have not a good amount of exercise will not thrive, however well they may be fed. If you have birds that you think will be good enough by-and-by for show, put them in a place by themselves, or entirely separate them from each other, and take extraordinary care of them. We shall begin giving points and properties of exhibition birds in our next.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—No success in the breeding of pigeons depends in no small measure on the doings of the fancier for this month. His first duty will be to supply easily digested food to the old birds, so that the young ones now being hatched may be properly nourished, and grow up free from any tendency to disease. Grey peas—the best—wheat, maize, dari, rice, etc.,

must therefore be the staple of diet. On no account neglect to give fresh soft water every morning. So very much depends on this; we have long been convinced that twenty-five per cent. of the ailments that occur in the pigeon-loft are produced from the imbibition of impure water. Rise out the drinking utensils every day. Do it well. If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. Let no dirt or dust either be among the food you supply. The best is the cheapest. And see that there is some grain still in the hoppers at night, for your birds will very likely be up before their master in the morning—up and hungry. If any young ones seem to lack feeding and attention from the parents, it must be fed from the mouth with chewed biscuit, etc. Read carefully over last month's DOINGS. There are many good hints therein. Is it necessary for us to add that the loft should now be in every way in "tiptop" condition, and it should be kept so? From time to time we recommend the use of disinfectants, but after all the best disinfectant will be found to be cleanliness and fresh air. We would not care to make the acquaintance of a boy who would throw disinfectants into a dirty loft. That is not the way to succeed. Clean the loft well and thoroughly, and disinfect afterwards. Do not put disinfectants of any kind near the food or water. Take the food and water away while you disinfect. Then sprinkle old lime and gravel on the floor, and afterwards put down your hopper, etc., again.

THE AVIARY.—Canaries.—You are still going on breeding, and we trust things are thriving with you. If they are not it is probably quite as much your fault as your misfortune. If you adopted the plan of caging we have already recommended; if your birds were young, healthy, and cheerful when mated, if you studied the feeding, remembering that from the very time the birds begin to build, or even before it, they want the nutritious egg-food we recommended, with the best of seeds and a little green food; if you have been careful to always give pure clean water, and sand; if you have hung your breeding cage not too high nor too low in a clean, well-ventilated room; if you have covered it up at night; if the room windows have been opened for an hour or two daily, the cage being meanwhile covered up; and if the hen knows her duty, and the cock has behaved himself like a gentleman, then we opine it is almost certain success will be obtained. But, for all that, there are many accidents and little ailments that will happen or arise to spoil your pleasure. Do not forget that prevention is better than cure. Do well by your birds, and these will hardly occur. **Foreign Birds.**—Pay great attention to perfect cleanliness and comfort. Feed on the food that is suited to the kinds you keep, soft or hard, without forgetting that both soft-billed and hard-billed birds

may inhabit the same aviary. Gravel and water must be put in the way of all foreign birds. Bleak, cold winds sometimes blow from the east during this uncertain month. If, then, your aviary is an outdoor one, guard against these by means of the erection of canvas screens. Supply such of your birds as want to nest with a suitable place in which to build, and also material. If any boys who keep foreign birds want any information on the subject we shall be happy to help them.

THE RABBITRY.—The greatest difficulty our boys find in keeping rabbits so as to make them pay is the want of a suitable place. A large number of our readers live in towns or cities; they are at a disadvantage for rabbit-keeping as a pecuniary speculation. Yet we do not want to discourage even these. They can keep a few good ones. But a country boy, if there be anything of the Robinson Crusoe about him, can make a rabbit-cout. It must be a place properly walled and wired in, with a cemented floor, a southern exposure, and plenty of room in it for exercise. Therein, with good leak-proof hutch, warm bedding, health-giving food, and cleanliness, any boy may have rabbits enough to found a small fortune. To those of our boys who wish to begin rabbit keeping we say, get the back numbers if not already in your possession, and carefully study our articles on rabbits.

THE KENNEL.—Continue to give your dog plenty of exercise. We think that every boy who goes in for poultry, pigeons, birds, or rabbits should keep a dog. He makes a most delightful companion; in exercising the poor fellow you exercise yourself, and really it takes very little to keep one in a house where there are pickings that come from the table. A Scotch wire-haired terrier, or a good fox-terrier, is an excellent dog for a boy. The worst of it is that the fox-terrier is very often an arrant coward; the Scotch terrier is seldom so.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—Have every weed out, every bit of conch rooted out, the walks cleared of grass, and no ugly bits of wood or sticks lying here and there. We really do not see why a kitchen garden should not look tidy and neat. Get your main crop of vegetable seeds in this month—carrots, beet, parsnips, onions, cardoons, everything. In out-of-the-way corners—exposed to sun, however—sow cabbage and greens in small quantities for plants, and sow lettuces for crop-rotation. Keep your hoe well in hand. Weeds look very innocent when they first appear. But think what they will be in June if they are spared, of the ground they will occupy, and the valuable manure they will use up.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—The principal work of the month is keeping everything in apple-pie order, attending to and mulching roses, trimming and rolling lawns, and sowing annuals. Sow these on a warm, well-manured bed, taking great care to keep down the weeds. A boy who goes in for gardening should make himself acquainted with the appearance of all weeds when they are mere seedlings. Flower seeds can be bought in penny packets, and a good summer show secured for less than a shilling.

THE WINDOW GARDEN.—Get up your trellis-work. Replenish the earth and manure your boxes. Towards the end of the month put in your geraniums and other flowers, and plant creepers, especially the *Tropeolum Canariensis*. Get your hanging baskets ready and planted when fine weather seems really to have come.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

CANADIAN CANOE.

D. G. writes from West Somerset: "In No. 245, Vol. V. of the B. O. P. you gave a description of a Canadian canoe, and how to build it. After seeing this article I at once set to work to build one, fourteen feet long, thirty-two inches wide, and fourteen inches deep. I made the stem and stern-posts of iron backed with wood. I have five stringers on each side, and eleven ribs, the latter of ash, but the keel and stringers are of red pine. I put on an exterior keel of red pine two and a half inches deep, gradually tapering off to the bow and stern. Not being able to get sail-cloth about here, I put two lots on—the interior one of close wrapper canvas, the outer one of unbleached holland, which shrunk on painting. Not being satisfied with single paddles I made two double ones, the shape of which was something like the sketch of those in the 'Evangelist' (which came out in the B. O. P. some time ago). Then, not desiring to work hard, I made a mast eight feet high and lug-sail; this has given complete satisfaction. I am extremely satisfied with my production, and if any of your readers have undertaken the canoe, I hope they have succeeded as well as I have, and then they will certainly have no cause to grumble. If any think of making one, I would certainly advise them strictly to follow the instructions given in the B. O. P. I mean to go in for a voyage when the summer comes round, and am looking forward to that time with great pleasure."



Pictorial Calendar.—April.

1. Long-eared Bat appears.
2. Cuckoo arrives.
3. Male Nightingale arrives and sings for mate.
4. Orange-tip Butterfly appears.
5. Emperor Moth appears.

6. Seven-spot Ladybird appears.
7. Snails abound.
8. Black Slug commences to feed.
9. Wood Sorrel blooms.
10. Spring Gentian.
11. Ground Ivy.

12. Apple Blossom.
13. Cowslip.
14. Lords and Ladies.
15. Fritillary.
16. Wild Hyacinth.
17. Fronds of Bracken Fern.

Correspondence.

HEILA.—Your brother would seem to belong to the "six of one and half dozen of the other" school, who never did anything in this world, and never will. There is no reason at all why you should not accept your uncle's invitation, pay your passage out, and look for work if necessary when you have visited your friends. You would have at least as much chance of work in the colonies as here. It is but a poor spirit that declines a friend's help when the help is honestly tendered. Take advantage of the offer, do not abuse it, and in the future help others as you have been helped.

YOUNG FANCIER.—The articles on pigeons, entitled "The Boy's Own Dovecot," began in No. 103.

HIC (Ipswich).—1. The simplest way to bleach shellac is to expose it in thin threads to the atmosphere. 2. All the volumes have flag plates. The plate of Army Uniforms was in the second volume, that of Volunteer Uniforms in the third.

A. WALLACE.—There is nothing new in the invention. In fact, it has been described in the *BOY'S OWN PAPER*. See "Podoscaphs," in our fifth volume.

QUIZ.—Apply to the Mercantile Marine Offices at St. Katharine's Docks or Poplar.

INFESTER (Dunn).—Samuel L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, was born in 1835, and is still living.

PIRATE.—Potatoes boiled in sulphuric acid are said to be turned into artificial meerschaum, but it is not safe to put it in your mouth. Some of the artificial ivory is said to be so made. You carve the pattern first, and then harden it.

A. COLLIVER.—You would find the reduced Ordnance map of Epping Forest, published by Messrs. Smith and Son, as good as any. It costs one shilling.

M. F. H.—The coal-pit shaft acts like the tube of a telescope, and shuts off the diffused light. You can see the stars in the daytime by looking up any straight tube or chimney of moderate height. If the sun is overhead you see the sun.

AN AMATEUR ARTIST.—In illustrating a book the sketch is either made on paper and copied on to the wood, or it is drawn direct on the wood. It may be either drawn with the brush or pencil. How is it possible to copy a picture if you have not the picture to copy from?

W. S. INNES and J. SIMMS.—There are agents for the *BOY'S OWN PAPER* in all the principal towns in Australia and New Zealand, and you can get your volumes best from them.

EDWARD.—A good deal of information as to South Africa will be found in S. W. Silver and Co.'s Guide-book.

KAROR MOREZ.—A canoe costs about a sovereign per foot run. Those from the Thames and the Mersey are the best made. You might get a good second-hand one if you were to advertise.

PORTABLE.—You get catechu from a druggist's. Perhaps you do not pronounce it properly. Write it down, and go into the first chemist's shop you see. You can cover a canoe with canvas or Willesden paper.

UP-COUNTRY SQUATTER.—There are reasons for not adopting the suggestion. All fire-engines should be under the control of the municipal authority.

ENQUIRER.—Your birds will not like the sea-sand. Washing may do it some good, but it would be better to get some inland sand from a pit.

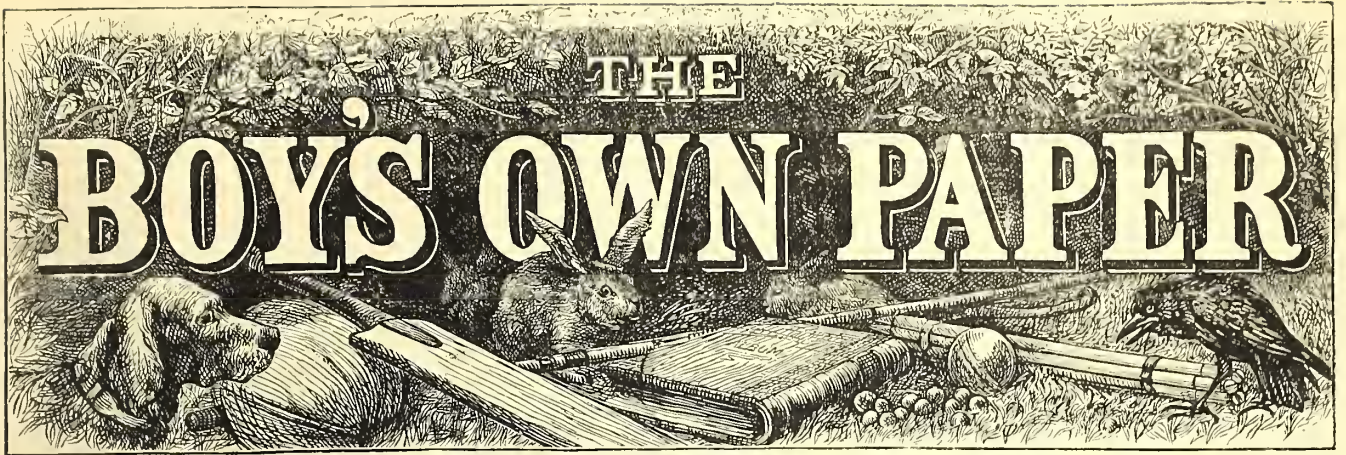
D. W.—1. The articles on "Netting, Hammock-making," etc., were in Nos. 64 and 85. 2. G. V. Brooke was drowned in the London.

M. P. GARCON.—There is a sixpenny reciter, published at 69, Old Bailey, which you would find very suitable for your meetings.

APPRENTICE.—In our second volume we gave large diagrams of a full-rigged ship, showing her spars, then her standing rigging, then her running rigging, then her sails, and to them we must refer you, as the answer to your questions would fill this column. In Captain Chapman's "All About Ships" you will find sections and measurements.

J. W. GREGORY.—Try our articles on Cricket in the second volume, or Rev. J. Pycroft's "Cricket Field."

POTTERY PAINTING EXHIBITION.—H. E. Jesse, and many others, are informed that ALL *bona fide* readers within the prescribed age, are eligible to compete.



No. 274.—Vol. VI.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1884.

Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

HAROLD, THE BOY-EARL: A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

By PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.—AN ENGLISH HOME IN PAGAN TIMES.

OUR story begins at a period many years after the death of Hengist and Horsa, and before the aboriginal inhabitants of Britain had become entirely exterminated by fire, sword, pestilence, and famine, or driven to the rocks and hills by the stalwart sons of Thor and Odin, who had inch by inch won the fair land from the unsoldierly though quarrelsome Briton—before, indeed, Britain had ceased to be Britain and had become England. At a



"'And who are ye?' exclaimed the Saxon."

time when the conquered half-savage was a Christian and his half-civilised conqueror was a pagan; when the Christian was forced to be the hewer of wood and drawer of water to his pagan master, who regarded him and his religion with that degree of contempt which it is only possible for an Englishman to feel for a fellow-creature who happens to differ from him in thought, manners, faith, or nationality!

King Arthur had been dead some years, and the last wretched remains of the Kymri and Kelts had almost disappeared from the face of "merry England." Here and there a forlorn wanderer might be seen begging food and shelter in the land of his fathers from the hand of the rude and haughty but by no means inhospitable English. With a pair of such wanderers we have now to do.

One of them was an old man leaning on a staff, and walking, even with the aid of that prop, with considerable difficulty. His hair was white with age, which, however, had not quenched the fiery ardour of his glance, though it had rendered his step infirm and undecided. He was accompanied by a girl of some eighteen summers, whose glossy black hair contrasted powerfully with the snowy whiteness of the locks that fell in clusters on the shoulders and down the back of the Druid-looking figure which she helped to support. But the same black eye was there, the same impatient flash darted forth from under her dark lashes as beamed out in the still brilliant, fierce, and piercing glances that the old man shot from time to time at the Saxon dwellings as they passed.

"Gweneth, my poor child," exclaimed the old man at last, "you must have your own way, I fear; I can get no farther, and yet it is galling to beg of these northern hounds! When will the time come when the bard shall be heard and the skald shall be dumb? Shades of my fathers! saints in heaven! have ye so utterly passed away from us as to know no more of our woes and sufferings at the hands of the ruthless pagan?"

Here the old man's voice was drowned in the deep baying of an enormous wolf-hound that came furiously bounding towards the helpless travellers, fiercely intent upon his purpose of "bringing them down," and it would have gone hard with them but for the presence of mind of the British maiden, who at once flung her snow-white arms round the brute's neck and addressed him in the most endearing tones and in the Saxon tongue. The dog, accustomed to the somewhat ruder caresses of his Saxon playmates, seemed to feel that he had made some stupid mistake, and began to fondle the hand of Gweneth as though she were an old acquaintance. At the same moment a tall and very muscular man emerged from between some trees, under cover of which he had surveyed the little incident just narrated, and, advancing with giant strides, called off the animal, which crouched down beside his lord—a picture for the pencil of a Landseer. The dog looked proud of his strength, proud of his master, but a little ashamed withal of something beyond his capacity to make out, and had therefore left it in his master's hands.

"And who are ye," exclaimed the Saxon, "that have the hardihood to face our 'Fangs,' and the luck not to be pulled into bittocks by his teeth?"

"We are," answered the maiden, "two poor pilgrims on our way to find some

shelter, for we have no home, and I am feeble, my grandfather tired out, and we have lost our way. I ask thee, Saxon, for help, food, and shelter."

"Is thy grandfather armed?" asked the Saxon, brusquely.

"No," answered Gweneth; "he is too aged to bear weapons, and besides, he is more thoughtful of a peaceful end than of deeds of violence."

"Ha!" said the Saxon, "some Christian hound, I warrant me. Fangs ought to have finished him!" A low growl showed that his speech was not wholly unintelligible to the dog, but his master checked him with a "Down, fool! be quiet, will you?" and whether it was the result of stern discipline, or of the good understanding between hound and man, or the result of Gweneth's caresses, we cannot tell, but the growling ceased, and the dog lay down with all the look of a lion in a menagerie. "But," continued the Saxon, "whatever ye be, our laws command us to give food and shelter to all who demand them freely, and he who has no sword is no foe. Women must be protected; there is nought but shame to him who thinks ill of the mother who fed his childhood, or of the old man who first taught his boyish hands to dart the spear, to wield the axe, and to play the royal game of Hilda with the gleaming, glancing, glowing sword. So, old man and maiden, come with me, and ye shall be as well lodged as I, Rolf Blue Tooth, can lodge you."

At this terrible name the maiden shuddered and drew back appalled. The old man seemed as turned to stone through sheer fear, for never was deadlier scathe done to the British than by Hrolf Blá-tan—or Blue Tooth, as he was called from the fact of his front teeth being all decayed, and having assumed a sort of bluish tinge rather horrible to look at. To British ear the name had much the same effect as, five hundred years later, the name of the first Richard is said to have had upon the Saracens. However, he appeared not to notice the terror he had inspired, and, uttering the brief command "Follow me!" strode on before, closely followed by Fangs, who, although seeming to take no further notice of the strangers, contrived to keep a corner of his eye always fixed upon them until they arrived at Rolf's own dwelling.

We have already spoken of the Saxon as being tall. This is perhaps not the exact impression made on the minds of the smaller Kelts and Kymri, who looked upon the Saxons as perfect giants endowed with superhuman strength and beings of quite another race than that of mere mortals.

There have at all times been legends of giants. The Saxons themselves believed in a race of beings as greatly exceeding them in size and strength as they did the Britons, but the coming of the Saxons was by no means the origin of the belief in giants maintained by the Britons, it only confirmed that belief. And had my reader been by to compare the forms of the two men, the one extremely aged and of small stature to begin with, and the other in the prime of stalwart middle age, upright, square-shouldered, full-chested, six feet six inches in height, with a wide swaggering stride, a haughty turn of the head, a cold proud glance in the stern blue eye that told of nothing but force—force of will and force of muscle to back it—he would have absolved the Britons of cowardice for regarding such form and such men as those of Rolf Blue Tooth with

a curdling horror when taken in connection with the deeds of violence of which even Imperial Rome spoke with fear and trembling.

Without deigning to cast a glance at the two members of the despised race who followed him, Earl Rolf led the way through the delightful country of the West Saxons, one of the loveliest parts of Britain. This kingdom had been for some time before the commencement of our story under the sway of Kenwalch, a pagan who had once been a Christian, at least in name, and who was a ferocious enemy to the Britons.

The English had not only cut down and demolished everything British in Britain, but had renamed all the places in which they settled after those in their old home in Anglia, just as their descendants in America, Australia, New Zealand, and other places have renamed spots reminding them of their English homes. There are few remains of Roman nomenclature in the island, and the British names have vanished for ever save in the names of some mountains and rivers which do not seem to have struck the English as worth while to change.

A march of nearly a mile of violent exertion for the Britons brought them to the brow of a gentle eminence, on gaining which they came in full view of the dwelling of their intended host. It was a large mansion built entirely of timber. Large legs of gigantic oak, not unskillfully laid one above the other, and firmly united by a sort of jointing similar to what is now called dovetailing, formed the walls, the inner part of which were cased with a sort of rude planking, and this again was covered by a richly worked curtain or tapestry, the manufacture of which formed the chief occupation of the bread-giver or lady of the mansion, while women and maidens of inferior degree spun wool and flax for underclothing and less showy articles of household requirement. The front part of the house formed the great hall, around which benches were arranged for guests and servants, while in the middle of the side towards the east on a dais or platform stood the chair of state belonging to the master of the house; on each side of this chair were again benches for the more honoured and distinguished guests. In the midst of the hall in front of the dais stood the hearth or fireplace, with an opening to the sky through which the smoke ascended.

Before entering the house Rolf and his guests had to pass through a spacious court surrounded by a slight palisade, just sufficient to mark the extent of the yard, but wholly inadequate for all purposes of defence. The Saxons regarded walls and towns with as much contempt as hate. Their motto was, "A freeman fights best under free sky, the coward crawls low behind walls." In this court a group of boys of various ages were engaged in mimic battle under the direction of a venerable-looking Saxon, who, however, despite his white hair and flowing beard, seemed as active and as happy as any boy among them. On the approach of Earl Rolf the noise and bustle ceased, and the sturdy little yellow-haired warriors gazed with hushed respect upon the chief who strode in among them, and as much wonder at the Britons in his company. Two enormous dogs sprang forward as if to attack the intruders, but at the sight of Fangs, who seemed in their eyes sufficient warranty for the respectability of the old

man and maiden, they contented themselves with a few short barks and a close scrutiny of the actions of the strangers.

Entering the hall, the earl called stoutly for an officer of the household answering to the steward of the present day, and on the appearance of this favoured servant, addressed him curtly thus:

"What tidings of the wanderer, Leofwin?"

"None, Earl Rolf."

"No news is good news. Where is the bread-giver?"

"Our lady is in the bower, earl."

"Then tell Hilda to take this maiden and place her among the maidens of the household that tend upon your lady, and say she shall be well used; such is my will. The old man may have a place in the hall with the gleemen; and though he be a Briton, and a dog of a Christian, I have spoken, and he shall be well entreated."

But the maiden whom her grandfather had already addressed as Gweneth, flung herself on her knees before the huge earl, and with upraised hands exclaimed,

"Oh, tear us not asunder! I have been his stay, his hope, his all on earth, and without me he will perish among strangers, even so gentle as thou."

At the word "gentle" a grim smile seemed to play across the stern face of Earl Rolf, but so slight as to be imperceptible to all save the crouching girl, who, misinterpreting this unwonted expression of a less stern feeling than usually dwelt in that face, thought that she read the accomplishment of her wish, and broke out into a flood of thanks such as only a Keltic or Kymric maiden could have uttered, and for which her Saxon vocabulary was by no means sufficiently copious.

But the earl, laying his hand not unkindly on the girl's arm, raised her to her feet, as he said,

"Not so, maiden; thy grandfather may not enter the women's bower, nor canst thou rest either among my gleemen, or among my armed men. No harm shall happen. Go!"

Reluctantly the maiden obeyed, and followed the steward, Leofwin, through a low door at the side of the platform, of which we have already spoken, and was soon lost to view. A churl, or peasant servant (not a slave), took charge of the old man, and pointed out a bench on which he might repose, and telling him that when the sun should reach mid-heaven there would be food and ale, left him to his reflections.

The earl, after stalking moodily to and fro in the spacious chamber, and taking no further notice of his Christian guest, marched at last into the court to which we have already introduced the reader, and surveyed the boisterous group of combatants with evident satisfaction. At last he beckoned to a sturdy youth of some thirteen summers, who immediately left his companions and saluted the earl with a bend of the knee like the modern curtsy, as now performed by girls, only slighter, and then, drawing himself up to his full height, rested his wooden model battle-axe with the head on the ground, and stood fronting his father, with a mixture of respect and daring, disciplined subordination and individual self-confidence, which marked the Englishman of that early age as it does now.

"Well, Harold," said the earl, "so there are no tidings of the runaway. I fear he must have fallen into the hands of Llewellyn or some of his men; and yet I hardly think that a dog of a Christian would dare

to harm a brother of King Kenwalch, the red-handed.

"Father," said the boy, "have I your good and free leave to speak?"

"Say on," quoth the earl.

"From the land of dreams I had a vision," said the boy, "and my mother deems it has a meaning. I thought in my dream that I saw the sacred ash on which Odin's mystic ravens sat enthroned. The tree of life looked dark, and black looked both the ravens, and the mighty gods of high Valhalla came and grouped themselves around the tree, when from the east there sprang a bright clear jet of pure white light, and in the centre of the beam there stood, right opposite the tree, a snow-white cross, on which a silver dove was seated, and round the base of this high cross were grouped twelve venerable men—the number of our own high gods of Valhalla—and each bore in his hand no weapon but a silver cross. The light shone full upon the tree, which paled before the ray, and growing less clear each moment, vanished out of sight, as did the Æsir, who seemed to be driven from on high by some superior power in the light."

"A strange dream, son, and one that seems to bode no good; but I would speak of the present, boy, and leave the future to the gods. Thou art now a strong and stalwart lad, and can, I think, be trusted."

Fire flashed from Harold's eye at this unwonted praise. More erectly he could not stand, but his breast heaved with pleasure, though he answered not a word.

"I would gladly pass the hills to Llewellyn's chester—pah! to live boxed up in a chester! fine boast for a noble warrior, trow!—but I have sworn to grant him peace two winters two moons and two days, and it wants a moon of the time when sword may gleam and horn may sound and ring-shirts rattle on his traitor land; and if I go alone, unarmed, it would be folly, and not valour, so to tempt my fate. A chester should be a place of battle, not a skulking-hole for a coward fox that hides behind a wall. Well, I may not pass with Bill and Byrnie, nor may I break my oath and send a warrior of my train to seek the coward's hold, but thou, my son, art not yet man in years, though man in daring. Thou shalt go!"

The delight of the boy on hearing these words was either too great for utterance, or northern discipline, which forbade the expression of emotion of any kind, was so strong in the mind of the young Englishman as to master all other feelings and check the bound of joy with which his heart leapt to his mouth and would have sprung to air in a loud burst of triumph, but he was forced by the stoicism of his creed to assume a calmness which, in truth, he was far from feeling. A slight bend of the left knee, causing a momentary change in the statue-like position of the youth, was the only sign he gave of having heard the words.

"But," continued the father, "thou must not look too manly, or all my plan is ruined. I would that thou shouldst ride a-hunting, and get lost beyond the hills; and should Llewellyn's people take thee, thou must trust to thine own wit to escape. But at any risk tidings must be had of Prince Ethelwulf, and I must not break my oath. Take a dove, and bind my ring beneath his wing; if thou be brought to danger let him fly. And hear me further. This very day a British maiden and her aged grandfather sought my protection. They are from the south,

where all the land is English, and they wander, as I guess, to seek Llewellyn's hold. That maiden is of royal race if eyes speak true, and the old man who tends her steps must be some British prince. These are my hostages for thy safety, and should the dove return, then will I send forth my Herold and my Heerban and declare the truce is ended; and if thou be not yielded to my arms, the damsel dies! 'and the sword shall sing and the shield shall sound, and the spears shall spring on British ground,'" said Rolf, the earl quoting from a favourite song of his favourite gleeman. "But take with thee one or two companions—boys younger than thyself—and then the hunting party will seem complete. To-morrow begin the adventure."

"I would I might go with only Beorn, my foster-brother," said the boy, "for him I can trust. He is true as steel, good as gold, secret as the grave, and brave as the bears of Norway!"

"Rare gifts!" said Rolf the earl; "but take Hugo and Egbert besides Beorn; give Hugo the bag with the dove. On thee I bestow my two best falcons; take thine own choice from the mews!"

This time the conquest of emotion was almost too much for the well-trained boy. To own a falcon! to be absolute lord of the two best falcons of Earl Rolf's famed breed of matchless birds! The thought was maddening joy; he had almost flung his self-control to the winds and clasped his father's hand in gratitude, but the hand, though that of a father, he had felt to be a heavy one, for the earl never permitted any living being to check or correct his son but himself, and often the correction had been of the sternest, and the boy thought he would not repay such unheard-of generosity by a display of weakness which would only displease his sire, so the knee was bent a little lower than usual, but the voice was mute.

"Now join your comrades!" cried Rolf the earl, "and with the early morning take your horses and away on the adventure of the captive prince."

Headlong rushed the boy from his father's presence and among his youthful friends, upsetting some, and astonishing all by his unwonted ardour.

"Halloo, lads! My merry-hearted boys, hurrah! What, Beorn, my brother! 'hunting' 's the word! Earl Rolf has given me two falcons, and one I give to Beorn. Hugo and Egbert, hark, lads! To-morrow we four are to be men! We all go a-hunting, far, far a-field, whither we list, and we'll hunt a heron, and by the blood of Odin we may have a chance to hunt a Briton! Rare sport to run down a dog of a Christian! Hurrah, my lads! hurrah!"

So unlike the trained coolness of behaviour was this wild outbreak on the part of Harold that the other boys gazed in silent amazement, not unmingled with respect and awe, for a madman was then considered as a special favourite of the gods!—a grim satire on their own creed, by the way. At last, boy-like, all other feelings gave way in their minds to one of boundless merriment, and they laughed out unrestrainedly, and envied and praised and wondered, and perhaps sneered—who knows, at this distance of time?—like their more refined descendants at Eton or Harrow.

But now a grim-faced warder issued from the centre portal with a huge shield on one arm and a powerful sword, bared,

in his right hand, and began to strike the metal-bound buckler with the resonant blade, producing a sound familiar enough to Saxon ears, but lost for ever to our own. This was the summons to the mid-day meal.

It will be remembered that we have told our reader of the great hall used for banquets and other grand occasions. We have alluded to the high bank, or post of honour, raised in the middle of the east side of the wall, but have neglected to notice that on each side of the fireplace, or hearth, stood two enormous roof-trees—that is, timber columns supporting the roof, and grimly carved into rude and fantastic images of Thor on the one side and Odin on the other. Before the benches rude trestles had been placed similar to those used by undertakers or paper-hangers, and on these planks had been laid, forming the “board,” for which we have substituted the far less expressive and un-English word “table.” On the board, to show the wealth of the lordly owner, huge horns cut from the head of the Scandinavian bull or aurox were placed. These horns were furnished with golden props, or feet, to permit of their being set down without spilling the rich ale or mead with which they were filled by servitors as soon as ever they were empty. They were richly bound with golden hoops that glittered in the glow of the blazing faggots.

Along the eastern side sat the chiefs and warriors who formed the earl's train. On the platform sat, at the earl's right hand, the Lady Edelgitha. Along the walls at the northern and southern extremities of the hall were the seats of the inferior retainers and servants. Around the fire stood four cooks with spits, on which large birds were roasting, while a fifth stirred a savoury mess in a huge cauldron composed of beef, pork, goat's flesh, and every imaginable vegetable then known, forming a rich sort of stew greatly favoured by our ancestors.

Opposite the dais sat the gleemen or minstrels, who enlivened the banquet with long histories in verse, recounting the deeds of the house of Hrolf the Dane, for so was he called at times. Inferior guests of low degree were seated on each side of the gleemen, and then again churls or rustics. Among the inferior guests might be seen the venerable form of our British wanderer with whom our tale opened.

One feature in this banquet must not be forgotten, as it added greatly to the grandeur of the scene—namely, behind the seat of each warrior who had attached himself to the earl hung his battle-axe, battle-sword, helmet, shield, and byrnie, or coat of mail, as it was called long after by the Normans, a kind of shirt consisting of a multitude of little rings holding each other together like the links of a chain-purse, only instead of being split each ring was riveted. The shield was light, and made of the wood of the linden-tree covered with the skin of some animal killed in the chase, as the wild boar, or else the hardened hide of the bull. This was bound round with circles of gold or steel, the prototype of the target of the modern Highlander, studded with bosses or nails of metal.

Earl Rolf, seeing that all was prepared, arose, and raising an enormous horn filled with foaming mead on high, exclaimed, “Drink—health!” “Be health drunk?” was the reply of the eldest of the warriors next him. “The health of Earl Harold,

the son of Rolf Blue Tooth, the son of Edgar the Haughty, the son of Beorn, who was a son of Odin; health and good luck to his search midst the hills for the *Bethling!*” The warriors all started to their feet, and drank out their horns, leaving not a drop in these singular drinking-vessels.

The young earl, finding himself thus made the subject of universal attention, felt his young blood tingle with pride and pleasure. He resolved never to do anything unworthy so good and brave a father. He drew himself up to his full height, and though he spoke not a word, his thoughts were read by all the warriors present, and a gleeman striking a few notes on the glee-wood, or harp, sung the following rude lay, which we have attempted to give in as close an imitation of the ancient measure as is possible:—

Loud in our lord's praise
Let the glad gleeman,
Golden strings striking,
Sounding songs sing
Wide through the welkin,
Hail to thee, high-born!
Health to thee, hero
Harold, we bring!
Young though in years yet,
Well known for wisdom,
Soon shall thy daring
Win wide renown!
Go! the gods guard thee;
Wodin the wise one
Watches thy war-path, strengthens thy arm.
Thor, too, the thunderer,
Throws his thick mantle
High o'er the heavens
To hide thee from harm.

Such, my young readers, was actually the measure in which our forefathers delighted—such was the rude kind of improvised song that opened the path of life to Earl Harold the younger. But not having distinguished himself in war, and not having arrived at an age when he might legitimately address a meeting of bearded men, he could only remain standing in bashful confusion at having every eye in that assembly bent upon him, and great was his relief when the signal from his father permitted him to sit down in his place at the lower board.

The meal went on. Servitors took bowls of the savoury stew from the kettle and bore them to the guests, reaching over the table to them, for no person, gentle or simple, sat with his back to the fire, the inner space being left free for the servants to come and go between the fire and the table.

The warriors, when the roast boar or other meat was handed to them, cut with their seaxes or curved daggers no mean portions from the huge joint handed to them on the spit; and then the bread-giver or “loaf-dige” (whence our word “lady”) presented to the steward a large cake or loaf for each person present, which were brought to her in a skilfully worked basket by one of her maidens, who ascended the dais and stood behind her mistress with the supply.

The feast was prolonged and tedious to young Harold, who longed to be “off and away” with his falcon; but all things, even an English dinner, must have an end some time. The huge supplies of solids had gradually disappeared, and drinking, the subsequent disgrace and ruin of the English, set in. The lady rose, and accompanied by her train of maidens, performed a solemn rite with her son, now quite forgotten. Taking one of the horns, she filled it, not with beer or mead, but with wine, and the cooks having cleared away their utensils, she advanced with stately steps to the glowing flames, and

calling her son to her, bade him stand on the opposite side of the fire. Over the embers she then reached the horn to the boy, saying these words: “Thou art entrusted with the confidence of thine elders. Thou must go forth on man's work; be thou received among men. Drink of man's drink, but drink sparingly, for thou art but a boy in years.” She then gave him the horn, which he took with a hand trembling with emotion, and after a fair draught, returned it to his mother, and, at a sign, leaped through the fire, to be received by her as one of the true retainers.

During this time the gleemen, or harpers, had struck their harps, producing a weird but not unmelodious sound, and sung, all together, a preconcerted lay, of which I have only been able to discover the following burden or chorus—

Hail to thee, Harold, then,
High-souled and brave,
Deeply we drink to thy deeds and to thee.

At a sign from his father Harold approached the dais and received his public bletsning (our modern blessing), and many precepts as to how he should behave on his journey, and with a low bend of the knee quitted the presence, to arrange with the other boys certain points connected with the journey, upon which we have no time to dwell.

The sun was high in heaven the next day when the little party of four boys left the homestead. Harold had taken a tender leave of his mother in her bower, and had received a firm grip from his father's hand, which, to an English mind, spoke volumes; and, full of hope and free of care, he rode away on his first adventure like a young eagle on his first flight towards the sun.

Harold had received a somewhat better education than was usual in those times. He had been sent, when quite a little child, to the care of his maternal uncle, Jarl Hakon, of Frammäs in Norway, where he had learned to read the Runic letters, a modification of which was still used by the English. He knew the Norse, or Norwegian tongue, and could tell many of the sagas current in Scandinavia of the brave deeds of the vikings of old; and he could steer a ship, could row a boat, wield a battle-axe, and manage the great war-sword, or Ringmael, as it was called. He could fling a javelin with unerring aim, he could run, ride, wrestle, and swim better than any boy of his age. He could not only decipher the Norwegian and English Runes, but he could carve them right well on the bark of the birch-tree, or on staves of box or beach, so that he was considered, and with justice, to be one of the best trained and most learned of all the English nobility.

While in Norway, whither he had gone with his foster-mother, Harold had adopted the Scandinavian custom of assuming the most intimate relations with his foster-brother Beorn, and the two boys became more attached to each other than is usual even among children of the same mother. Beorn shared in all Harold's pleasures, exploits, dangers, and studies. His parents were poor, and were but too glad to have him thus well provided for, and his shrewd good sense had often stood his young lord, or brother, in good stead. He rode now by his side on a pony of exactly the same height and colour as that bestrode by the earl.

The dress of the boys was as simple as

needs be, for over the shirt, or under-garment, they wore nothing but a tunic of fair white woollen cloth, and round their middle was bound a rough leathern belt, bearing on the left side a pouch, or purse, and on the right the long curved knife, or seax, so well known in Saxon history. Their heads were covered by a cap very similar to what we call a "Glengarry." The boys were dressed alike in all respects, save that the young earl wore a small gold bracelet on his arm, and a golden brooch in his cap. The thighs were defended by linen breeches which came to the knee, the lower leg was covered with a bandage of linen wound round the limb, and kept in its place by cross garterings of leather. They all wore elegantly made shoes. Behind each boy was strapped, on the horse, a coarse canvas bag, with cakes of bread and some pieces of dried boar's flesh, greatly favoured by the English when on a journey. Earl Rolf or the Lady Edelgitha had determined that they should not starve!

"Well, Beorn, what thinkest thou of our expedition? It opens well, with a bright blue sky, a laughing sun, and a right merry breeze that makes the heart dance to hear it. I wonder why we English make a difference between *wind* and *weather*? In Norway they mean the same thing, and in truth I think wind is weather."

"That is the true bluff Northman's creed, but since the English have taken to till the ground," said Beorn, "they have other thoughts than how the wind may blow, and so although in good Norse weather means wind, I have no quarrel with an English churl for calling the bluff blowing of the sons of the storms wind, and every other play of the heavens weather. Tyr—my more special god—forgive me; I am talking like a herald who reads the runes rather than a son of old Earne the Rover! But what! Look yonder, boys! Now for a fling of the earl's good falcons! See ye those herons rising from the mere? Holah the Herons shaugh! Ware hawk. Uhhooh the falcons quick! Hurrah! There's a noble swoop. By Tyr, they have them! Down they go! Loose the dogs, Hugo; call back the hawks, Harold. Done in the twinkling of an eye. Never saw such sport!"

For the young earl had, simultaneously with Beorn, launched his hawk at the herons, and the two noble falcons had each selected with unerring precision a fine quarry, on which he pounced with a deadliness of purpose from which there was no escape. But discipline, ever stronger than nature, came in here, and as the boys gave a loud shrill whistle (as piercing, but not so disgusting as the sound still produced by the English boys in London at this very day) the birds left their quarries dead and came whirling back to their masters, uttering a peculiar scream as they descended and took their places on the wrists of Harold and Beorn. In a few moments the dogs brought up the dead birds in their mouths, and Harold and Beorn, drawing their seaxes, carved the bodies into dainty pieces, of which they gave some to the falcons, some to the hounds, and then deposited the rest in their wallets.

Delighted with the success of this adventure, the boys rode on right merrily, and though Harold was immensely elated with the precision and boldness of his beautiful hawk, and quite as much so with his own skill in launching him at the proper time and in the right direction, yet was he too much of a boy at heart to resist the mirthful nature of the whole scene, and he

roared with laughter as ringing and loud as though he had been a peasant born and bred.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Beorn again. "Such was the swoop the English made on the dogs of Christian bishops. The noble war-hawk is your true Scandinavian, proud, high-soaring, and brave. What he yearns for must be his, for his soul has already known it as its own! He swoops down on his prey, for who can match him in his own high element? Yon heron is a type of the Briton, loving water, but fearing the sea, quarrelsome with his kin, but cowardly in war."

"True," said Harold, the pagan earl, "and methinks the creed of these same Britons must be of their own making. They say that their God loves not war, and wills that all should dwell in peace and amity. There is a story that I can scarce believe, that they are taught to love their enemies. I do not understand it, but to me it seems but madness for a man to love a foe. When the linden shields are cloven and the war-swords flash free, when Odin rides on the whirlwind and takes the fallen warrior to himself, there is no time to love one's foe. Albeit we owe him thanks for sending us to the blessed fields of Valhalla."

"It is a strange, unnatural faith for a warrior," rejoined Beorn. "They say they killed their God, and yet He loves them and they Him."

"Do you know," said the earl, "I should be glad to learn something more about this faith, for there must be some Runie mystery in it that I should gladly fathom. Thou hast told me what the saga-men believe in Iceland about their sagas meaning more than just the story which they tell. What if these dogs of Christians had some such creed?"

"I know nothing about it," said Beorn; "but one thing I know, I am hungry and it is getting late. What sayest thou? Before we pass through yonder wood let us take our suppers."

"Agreed," quoth Harold the earl, and down the four boys lighted, and having turned their ponies loose in the rich meadow grass, sat down at the foot of a huge oak-tree and prepared to do full justice to the provisions they had taken with them. Having carefully provided for their

falcons by placing them on the boughs of the oak, they administered large portions of food to the noble dogs that followed them as full of mirth and frolic as the boys themselves, and then set to work on their own account.

Whatever English stoicism and northern breeding might have done in teaching Earl Harold to control his feelings and subdue all expression of them, he did not disguise the fact of being fearfully hungry; still he did not forget that their store must probably last for some days, and consequently he went to work wisely, and just satisfied hunger, without falling into the vice, so common at that day among the English of all classes, of eating to excess. They washed down their plentiful meal with water from a running brook, and then arranged the order of their night watch thus: Beorn with Egbert the Red were to have the first watch, and they were to walk about and keep each other awake with stories, but as soon as they felt too drowsy to be of much use as sentinels they were to awaken the others, who should then take their place.

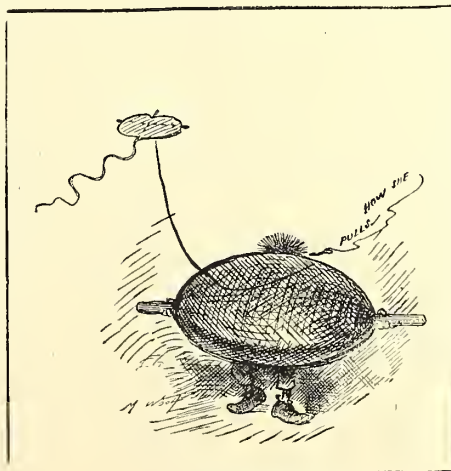
This being arranged, Harold and Hugo lay down to sleep, and soon were snoring melodiously beneath the tree. Beorn got on famously with his stories about Hjalmar and Ingeborg, Frithioff, Sigurd, and the rest of the *dramatis personae* of early Scandinavian saga-lore; but, fatigued with pacing to and fro while talking, he at last proposed that they should sit down. This was accordingly done, and in a few moments Egbert the Red was snoring in harmony with the other two.

"Well," thought Beorn, "I will not wake him; he is tired, poor fellow, and he is much younger than I. I ought to watch for all."

This was right noble, very brave, and very wise, but Beorn forgot that he was weary himself, and, indeed, it did not occur to him to rise and walk his watch, so he continued sitting near his sleeping friends, humming a sort of tune to keep himself awake, but this unfortunately seemed to have precisely the contrary effect, for in few moments the hum became a drone and the drone a snore.

(To be continued.)

A KITE WALK.



An Enthusiast!

THE kite season is now coming on, and those of our readers who are thinking about making a kite of their own that will do them

credit, and fly more easily and steadily than any bought in the shops, should refer back to "Kites against Horses," in our November and December parts for 1880, and Mr. Beard's article on "Fancy Kites" in the June part for the same year. They will there find kites of all shapes and sizes—man kites, girl kites, frog kites, turtle kites, bat kites, balloon kites, butterfly kites, fish kites, crab kites, star kites—each with plans of proper framework and covering, and full directions, with illustrations, of how to cut and build them.

No steadier kite is made, however, than that of which diagrams were given in the account of the Kite Carriages in No. 94. With a kite of forty-two inches high, made according to these sketches, but with only a single string, one of our "readers from the first" took quite a "tour in Surrey" on a certain Saturday afternoon during last summer.

A fresh south-westerly breeze was blowing at the time; and, letting up the kite from the College Park footbridge on Wandsworth Common, he ran out to the full tether of the string, which was a mile and a quarter long. Kite-flying becomes monotonous when the flyer remains stationary, and so our friend started on his travels up along the mounds by the side of the railway

until he was opposite Emanuel School. He then crossed the common into Bolingbroke Grove, and proceeded down the Wakehurst Road, across the Northeote Road, and up the hill by the Board School. Walking along Webb's Lane a little, he struck off across the estate, and came out amongst the trees on Clapham Common near Altenburg Gardens, and then bearing away to the right, was towed across Clapham Common, round the Island Pond, and on to Balham Hill corner. With the kite still a mile and a quarter in the air, he coolly skirted the south side of the common, and marched down Nightingale Lane. An "at home" was in progress at one of the houses, and the string just cleared the cockades of the coachmen in charge of the carriages drawn up along the kerb, and owing to this and the lofty trees in the front gardens along the winding road, the navigation hereabouts proved rather intricate.

However, the string was kept clear, and turning off down the Rushau Road, the kite-holder ran down wind, but uphill, across the field to Wroughton Road, and thence he journeyed to Webb's Lane corner in Broomwood.

From Webb's Lane the walk was continued downhill to Swaby Road, and then up Broomwood Road into Bolingbroke Grove, along which some distance towards the station had to be traversed before a break in the elms allowed the passage of the string. Having cleared the avenue, a walk across Wandsworth Common to the footbridge where he began completed the round of the compass. The distance traversed, allowing for tacking, was four miles, and this for the most part uphill and downhill.

With a kite as steady as this the kite-cutting game could be played as successfully as with the Cuban War Kite, described by Mr. Clarke in our July part in 1880.

Our illustration is a sketch showing the disadvantages of kite-flying with short strings. Although the crowd appears rather thick, it has once been more than equalled in history, and that when the contractor's prize was offered to the lad who first dropped a string across Niagara, as described in our memoir of Captain Webb. This dropping of a kite-string on a distant shore is, however, not an original Yankee notion. Years before, in the Peninsular War, Lord Cochrane used to communicate with the Spanish by dropping proclamations and diplomatic notes tied to kite-tails, flown over the land from the ship's boats.

It is customary to look upon kites as of comparatively modern invention. As far back, however, as August 16, 1746, there was a long article in the "Westminster Journal" on how to make and manage them.



Kites are now in Season!

SIGNALS AND SIGNALLING.

(Continued from page 389.)

AND now we reach the "Homograph" code, and complete our examples of these number signals. The code is only worked when other means of signalling are not available. A sword, tiller, stick, stretcher, or oar is used as an extra arm, and the different positions in which the wand is placed give the numbers.

The "demand" or "preparation" position is shown below. The cap is held in the right hand, and the left arm is thrust straight out.



This is the only bareheaded signal in the code, all the rest being given with the hat on.



This is the position for 1; the left arm hangs by the side of the body, and the right is held aloft.



In 2 the right arm is held out horizontally, and the wand, whatever it may be, is sloped upwards at half a right angle.



In 3 the right arm is also thrust out horizontally, but the signal stick is held in a line with it.



In 4 the arm and stick are also in the same straight line, but they point at half a right angle to the ground. All the signals from 1 to 4 are, it will be noticed, given with left arm pendant at the side.

(To be continued.)

THE SILVER CANON:

A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

By G. MANVILLE FENN,

Author of "In the King's Name," "Nat the Naturalist," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.—IN THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

THE hours went by, but no sound or sign came from the plain; the stars started out bright and clear, and in the east there was a faint, lambent light that told of the coming of the moon ere long, but still all seemed silent in the desert.

The Englishmen of the party seemed to grow weary, and began talking so loudly that the doctor sent sternly-worded messages to them to be silent; and once more all was still, save when some one fidgeted about to change his position.

"Why can't they keep still?" growled Josés, softly, as he lay perfectly motionless, listening to every sound. "They don't understand how a man's life—ah, all our lives—may depend on their being still. Look at them Injuns. They never move."

Josés was quite right. Each Indian had taken his place where appointed, and had not moved since, saving to settle down into a part of the rock. The swarthy, muscular fellows might have been part of the stone for any sign they gave of life.

At last the moon rose slowly above the edge of the vast plain, sending a flood of light to bring into prominence every bush and tree, striking on the face of the mountain, and casting its shadow right away over the plain. From where Bart crouched he could not see the moon, for he and his companions were behind rocks, but there was the heavy shadow of the mountain stretching to an enormous distance; and as he watched it, and saw how boldly it was cut, and how striking was the difference between the illumined portions of the plain and those where the shadow fell, he could not help thinking how easily the Indians might creep right up to them and make a bold assault, and this idea he whispered to Josés.

"Tain't much in their way, my lad," he whispered. "Injun don't care about night fighting; it's too risky for them. They don't mind a sneak up—just a few of them to scare the horses and cattle and make 'em stampede, and they don't mind doing a bit o' spy of the enemy's camp in the dark; but it isn't often they'll fight at night."

"But you expect them to come, don't you?"

"I don't," said Josés; "but the Beaver does, and I give in. He knows best about it, having been so much more among the Injun than I have, and being Injun himself. I dare say they will come, but they won't stampede our horses, I'm thinking, and they won't get the cattle. They may get to know where the ways are into the corral and the horse 'closure, and perhaps find out the path up to the castle, as the master calls it."

"But they couldn't unless they came close up, Josés."

"Well, what's to hinder 'em from coming close up? They'll crawl through the grass and from stone to stone in the dark there, and who's to see 'em? My eyes are sharp enough, but I don't know as I should see them coming. Let's ask the Beaver what he says."

"The Beaver-with-Sharp-Teeth has heard all you said," whispered the inter-

preter, "and he says that the Apachés will come before long to find their way into the camp, and then they will go away again if they do not die."

A curious silence seemed to fall after this, and Bart felt as he crouched there watching the plains that something very terrible was going to happen ere long. At another time he would have been drowsy, but now sleep was the last thing of which he thought, all his nerves being overwrought; and as his eyes swept the wide, flat plain, he kept on fancying that sooner or later he would see the Apachés coming up to them with the slow, silent approach of so many shadows.

And now it suddenly struck Bart that the shadow of the mountain was shorter than when the moon first rose, and that its edges were more boldly defined, and by this he knew, of course, that the moon was getting higher. At the same time, though, soft fleecy clouds began to hide the stars, and at times the shadow of the mountain was blotted out, for the moon was from time to time obscured, and the peculiar indistinctness of the earth seemed to Bart as exactly suited for an enemy's approach.

A slight movement at his side told him that this was the Indians' idea as well, and that to a man they were eagerly scanning the plain and the rugged patches of rock beneath.

Every here and there the fallen masses were piled up into buttresses, and it was amongst these that, after failing to keep his attention upon the misty plain, Bart let his gaze wander till at last he became convinced that he could see some dark patch in slow motion, and it was long enough before he could satisfy himself that it was only a stone.

He was deceived in this way so often—the various little prominences below him seeming to waver and move, and assume form in accordance with his ideas—that he grew tired of watching, feeling sure at last that there would be nothing to trouble them that night, when suddenly a soft, firm hand glided gently and silently as a snake to his wrist, took firm hold of it and pressed it, before rising and pointing down below them into the plain.

Bart followed the direction of the pointing hand, but he could see nothing, and he was about to say so, when, gradually sweeping past, a few light clouds must have left the moon partially clear, and with the sudden access of light Bart could make out two somethings close beside the piled-up rocks, and for some moments he could not be sure that they were men prostrated on their chests crawling towards the entrance to the cattle corral, for they seemed to assimilate with the colour of the earth; and though he strained his eyes, not a trace of motion could he detect.

By degrees, though, it seemed to him that one of the figures was a man, the other some shaggy kind of crouching beast, till his eyes grew more educated, and he decided that one was an Indian naked to the waist, while the other was wearing his buffalo robe as an additional means of protection.

Bart watched them attentively, and still the figures did not move. At last, however, he saw that they had changed their position, creeping closer to the piled-up rocks, and at last, evidently encouraged by the fact that when the firing took place that evening there was no response, the two savages suddenly rose erect and went

to the piled-up stones that blocked the corral entry.

"How did they know the cattle were there?" said Bart, putting his lips close by Josés's ear.

"Nose!" whispered back the frontiersman, laconically.

"But how could they tell that this was the entrance?" whispered Bart again.

"Eyes!" replied Josés; and he then laid his hand upon Bart's lips, as a sign that he must refrain from speaking any more.

Bart rather chafed at this, and he was growing excited as well, for it troubled him that Josés and the Beaver should have let these two spies go right up to such a treasure as the cattle corral unchallenged; and though he would not have thought of firing at the savages, he could not help thinking that something ought to be done—what, he could not say—for the low, grating noise he now heard was certainly the Indians moving one of the blocks of stone that had so carefully been placed there that afternoon.

"They're opening the corral, my lad!" said Josés just then, in a hoarse whisper; "and if we don't stop 'em we shall be having 'em drive the whole lot of bullocks and cows right away into the plains, and never see a hoof again."

"What's to be done, then?" whispered Bart, whose face was covered with a cold dew, while his cheeks were at fever heat.

"Well, my lad, they seemed to have found out the way easy enough by crawling over the cattle trail, and it's a very unpleasant thing to do; but I suppose we shall either have to be robbed, or else we must stop 'em; so, as the doctor won't like all our cattle to go, I'm going to stop 'em."

"It's very horrible!" whispered Bart.

"Horrid, my lad; so's having your cattle and horses stole, for if they get one they're bound to have t'other; so is being starved to death; and the worst of all is being scalped, and that's sure to come if we let them go."

"But it is so horrible to shoot them, Josés!" panted Bart.

"'Tis, my lad; so don't you do it. Leave it to us. Hah! that's a big stone down, and the cattle's beginning to fidget. Now, Beaver, what do you say?"

The Beaver answered with his rifle, which gave a sharp report, just as the moon shone out a little more clearly.

"Hit!" said Josés, laconically, as they saw quite plainly the two Indians start back from the rocks right out into the clear moonlight, one of them uttering a fierce, hoarse yell, and staggering as if about to fall, when the other sprang forward and caught him by the chest, holding him up, and, as it was plain to see, forming of the body of his wounded companion a shield to protect himself from the bullets of their unseen assailants.

"They must not go away and tell tales," muttered Josés, as he took aim; but just then the interpreter's rifle rang out, and the half-nude Indian turned partly round, so that they could see in white paint upon his breast, seeming to gleam horribly in the moonlight, the ghastly skull and crossbones that appeared to have been adopted as the badge of the tribe. Then he fell back into the arms of his friend, who clasped his arms round him, and backed slowly, keeping the wounded man's face to the firing party, while, as if mechanically, the injured savage kept step.

Crack went the Beaver's rifle again, and

there was a dull thud telling of a hit, but still the two Indians retreated slowly.

Crack! went Joses's rifle, and he uttered a low growl.

"I'm sure I hit him, but I dunno whether it touched the t'other one—a cowardly skunk, to sneak behind his fellow like that."

Crack—crack—crack—crack! four rifles uttered their reports, which seemed to reverberate from the face of the mountain; and as the smoke rose slowly, and Bart could gaze at the moonlit plain and try to read the meaning of the fierce yell of defiance that he had heard arise, he saw that the first Indian lay upon his back with the moon shining upon his ghastly, painted

could speak sufficiently well to make himself understood with ease, and therefore he had brought up the interpreter as a medium between him and his English friends.

They watched through the rest of the night, after communicating to the doctor the reason for the firing, but there was no fresh alarm. The moon rose higher and shed a clear effulgence that seemed to make the plain as light as day, while the shadow of the mountain appeared to become black, and the ravines and cracks in its sides to be so many dense marks cut in solid silver.

Daylight at last, with the silvery moon growing pale and the stars fading out. First a heavy grey, then a silvery light,

and both Joses and Bart tried to make out what he meant, but in vain.

"Your eyes are younger than mine, Bart," said Joses at last, gruffly. "I can't see nothing—can you?"

"No, Joses," replied Bart; "I can see nothing but trees."

The Beaver smiled.

"Ah, it's all very well for you to laugh," said Joses, bluntly, "but you've got eyes that see round corners of hills, and through clumps of wood and bits of mountain. I never saw such eyes in my life."

"My eyes will do," said the Beaver, quietly. "The Apachés are over yonder. They will be on the watch to carry off the cattle or to kill us if they can."

"Yes, that's it," said Joses, "if they can."

Without another word the Beaver and half a dozen of his followers went down the slope, and climbed the stone gateway, to leap into the plain, where, without a word of instruction, they bore off the body of the fallen Indian, and buried it down in the rift where the other two had been laid, after which they returned to partake of the morning meal that had been prepared, fires being lit in various crevices and chasms off the zigzag way; and this meal being partaken of in the bright morning sunshine, seemed to make the dangers of the night appear trifling, and the spirits of the people rose.

In fact there was no time for despondency. Every man knew when he came out to adventure for silver that he would have to run the risk of encounters with the Indians, and nothing could be more satisfactory than their position. For they had a stronghold where they could set half the Indian nations at defiance, while the savages could not hinder their mining operations, which could be continued on the mountain if they were invested, and at the edge of the cañon or down below, where there was nothing to fear.

The greatest danger was with respect to the cattle, which had to be drawn out to pasture along near the side of the lake, and this was done at once, every available man mounting his horse and forming guard, so as to protect the cattle and pasture his horse at the same time.

This was carried on for some days, and a careful watch was kept out towards the plain; but though bodies of Indians were seen manoeuvring in the distance, none approached the mountain, whose flag waved out defiance; and as night after night passed without alarm, there were some of the party sanguine enough to say that the Indians had had their lesson and would come no more.

"What do you say to that, Beaver?" said Joses, laying his hand upon the chief's shoulder, and looking him in the face.

"Indian dog of Apache never forgives," he replied, quietly. "They may come to-day—to-morrow—next moon. Who can tell when the Apache will come and strike? But he will come."

"There, Master Bart, hear that!" said Joses. "How about going down into the cañon 'o spear salmon now?"

"The young chief, Bart, can go and spear salmon in the river," said the Beaver, whose face lit up at the prospect of engaging in something more exciting than watching cattle and taking care that they did not stray too far. "The Beaver and his young men will take care the Apachés do not come without warning."

(To be continued.)



"A coward to sneak behind like that."

breast, while his companion was rapidly disappearing as he ran swiftly over the plain.

The Beaver's rifle rang out again, and he started up into a kneeling position, gazing after the object at which he had fired, while his fingers mechanically reloaded his piece. Then he uttered a low guttural cry of anger and sank down into his former position.

"Missed him, Beaver?" said Joses, quietly.

"No," was the sharp retort. "He was hit, but he will escape to his dogs of people."

This was a tremendous speech for the chief, who, however, seemed to be acquiring the English tongue with remarkable rapidity, the fact being that he had long known a great deal of English, but had been too proud to make use of it till he

then soft, roseate tints, followed by orange flecks far up in the east, and then one glorious golden blaze to herald the sun, as the great orb slowly seemed to roll up over the edge of the plain, and bring with it life, and light, and hope.

"Hurrah!" shouted Bart, as he rose from his cramped position in the rifle pit. "Oh, Joses! my back! my legs! Ah, ah! Oh my! Do rub me! I'm so stiff I can hardly move."

"That'll soon go off, my lad. There, I suppose most of us may go off duty now, for I can't see any Injun out on the plains."

"Yes, hundreds!" said the Beaver, who had been shading his eyes and gazing attentively over the sunlit expanse of rocky landscape dotted with trees.

"Where, Beaver?" said Joses.

For answer the chief pointed right away,

THE WILLOUGHBY CAPTAINS.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—WYNDHAM MAKES A FINAL VENTURE.

IF any proof had been needed that young Wyndham was "down," as the Purrett's fellows termed it, the fact that he did not put in appearance at the second eleven practice next day supplied it.

Bloomfield, who in ordinary course had strolled round to watch the play, noticed his absence, and drew his own conclusions from it.

To Bloomfield's credit be it said that, whatever his own suspicions may have been, he had been as reluctant as Riddell himself as long as any doubt existed to name Wyndham publicly as the culprit for whom all Willoughby was on the lookout. He had been very angry with Riddell for his reserve, but when it came to the point of publishing his own suspicions or

not his better feeling prevented and led him to copy the captain's example.

For Riddell's reply to the suggestion of Wyndham's name had neither confirmed or denied its correctness. He had merely declined to say anything about the matter, so that as far as Bloomfield was concerned it was no more than a guess, and that being so, he too was wise enough to keep it to himself.

However, now that he noticed Wyndham's unwonted absence from the cricket practice, he felt more than ever convinced something was wrong in that quarter.

And so there was.

Wyndham, with a drawn sword, so to speak, over his head, was fit for nothing.

He dared not go back to Riddell. As

ter explaining all to his brother. The only thing was either to make up his mind to his fate, or else, by getting Silk and Gilks to release him from his promise, to get his tongue free to make a full confession of his own delinquencies and throw himself entirely on the Doctor's mercy.

This last chance seemed feeble enough. But a drowning man will clutch at a straw, and so Wyndham, as his last hope, faced the unpromising task of working on the generosity of his two old patrons.

He began with Gilks. Gilks was in his own house, and had always seemed to be the least vicious, as he was also the least clever of the two. Besides, of late it was notorious Gilks and Silk were no longer



"He sprang from his seat and made a wild dash at the boy."

long as his tongue was tied any explanation was impossible, and unless he could explain, it was worse than useless to talk to the captain.

Equally out of the question was a confession to the Doctor or a let-

the friends they had been. There was a mystery about the quarrel, but as Gilks had been down in the mouth ever since, while Silk showed no signs of dejection, it was safe to assume the former had come off worse in the quarrel.

Wyndham therefore selected Gilks for

his first attempt, as being on the whole the less formidable of the two.

He found him in his study listlessly turning over the pages of a novel, which evidently must either have been a very stupid one or else not nearly as engrossing as the reader's own reflections.

He looked up with some surprise to see Wyndham, who, since he had somewhat ostentatiously cut his and Silk's acquaintance some weeks ago, had never been near him.

"What do you want here?" he demanded, not very encouragingly.

"I know you've not much reason to be friendly with me," began the boy, "but I want to speak to you if I may."

"What about?" said Gilks, roughly.

The poor boy seemed suddenly to realise the hopeless nature of the task he had undertaken, and he nearly broke down completely as he answered,

"I'm in awful trouble, Gilks."

"What's that to do with me?" asked Gilks.

Wyndham struggled hard to shake off the weakness that had come over him, and replied,

"It's about those visits to—to Beamish's. They—that is, Riddell—I don't know how or who told him—but he seems to have found out about it."

"Riddell!" cried Gilks, scornfully; "who cares for him?"

"Oh, but," continued Wyndham, tremulously, "he means to report me for it."

"What? report you? I thought you and he were such dear pious friends," sneered Gilks.

"We are friends; but he says it is his duty to do it."

Gilks laughed scornfully.

"Of course it is! It only needs for a thing to be mean and low and it will always be his duty to do it. Bah! the hypocrite!"

Wyndham was proof against this invective. Nay, bitterly as the captain's sense of duty affected him, he could not help a passing feeling of indignation on his friend's behalf at Gilks's words.

But he was prudent enough to keep his feelings to himself.

"Of course," said he, "if he does report me for it, I shall be expelled."

"You may be sure of that," replied Gilks, "but what's all this got to do with me?"

Wyndham looked up in surprise.

"Why," said he, rather nervously. "Of course, you know, we, that is you and I and Silk, are all sort of in the same boat over this affair. That is, if it all came out. But I fancy Riddell only suspects me."

"Well, if he does," said Gilks, "it's all the less any concern of mine."

"I promised, you know," said Wyndham, "to you and Silk to say nothing about it."

"Of course you did," said Gilks, "and you'd better stick to it, or it'll be the worse for you!"

"I think," continued the boy, "and Riddell says so—if I were to go and tell the Doctor about it, only about myself, you know, he might perhaps not expel me."

"Well?" said Gilks.

"Well," said Wyndham, "of course I couldn't do it after promising you and Silk. But I thought if I promised not to say anything about you and make out that it was all my fault, you wouldn't mind my telling Paddy."

Gilks looked at the boy in perplexity. This was a code of morality decidedly be-

yond him, and for a moment he looked as if he half doubted whether it was not a jest.

"What on earth do you mean, you young muff?" he exclaimed.

"I mean, may I go and tell him that I went those two times to Beamish's? I promise to say nothing about you."

Gilks laughed once more.

"What do I care what you go and tell him?" he said. "If you want to get expelled as badly as all that I don't want to prevent you, I'm sure."

"Then I really may?" exclaimed poor Wyndham, scarcely believing his own ears.

"Of course, if you keep me out of it; what on earth do I care what you tell him? You may tell him you murdered somebody there for all I care."

"Oh, thanks, thanks," cried Wyndham, with a positively beaming face. "I give you my word I won't even mention you or Silk."

"As long as you don't mention me, that's all I care for," said Gilks; "and upon my word," added he, with a sigh half to himself, "I don't much care whether you do or not!"

Wyndham was too delighted and relieved to pay any heed to this last dreary remark, and gratefully took his leave, feeling that though the battle was anything but won yet, he was at least a good deal nearer hope than he had been an hour ago.

But he very soon checked the reviving flow of his spirits as the prospect of an interview with Silk began to loom out ahead.

He had not seen Silk since the evening of the Rockshire match, when, as the reader will remember, the meeting was anything but a pleasant one, and but for the timely arrival of a third party might have ended severely for the younger boy.

The recollection of this did not certainly add to the hopefulness of his present undertaking; but young Wyndham was a boy of such a sanguine temper, and such elastic spirits, that he could not help hoping something would turn up in his favour even in this venture. He had got on far better than he had dared to hope with Gilks, why not also with Silk?

Besides, when all was said, it was his only chance, and therefore, whether he hoped anything or nothing, he must try it.

He wandered about during the hour between first and second school with the idea of coming across his man in the quadrangle or the playground. He could not make up his mind to beard the lion in his den; indeed at present he had every reason to fight shy of Welch's.

Second and third school passed before he was able to renew his search, and this time he was successful.

Just as he was beginning to give up hope, and was meditating a show-up for appearance' sake at the cricket practice, he caught sight of Silk lolling on a bench in a distant corner of the Big.

His heart sunk as he made the discovery, but it was no time for consulting his inclinations.

He moved timidly over in the direction of the bench, taking care to approach it from behind, so as to be spared the discomfort of a long inspection on the way.

Silk, blissfully unconscious of the visit in store, was peacefully performing a few simple addition sums on the back of an envelope, and calculating how with six

shillings he should be able to pay debts amounting to twenty-six, when Wyndham's shadow suddenly presented itself between him and his figures and gave him quite a start.

"Ah!" said he, in his usual friendly style, and to all appearances quite forgetful of the incidents of his last interview with this visitor. "Ah, Wyndham, so you've come back?"

"I wanted to see you very particularly," said the boy.

"Plenty of room on the seat," said Silk.

Wyndham, feeling far more uncomfortable at this civility than he had done at Gilks's roughness, sat down.

"Nice weather," said Silk, mockingly, after the pause had lasted some little time.

"I want to ask you a favour—a great favour," said Wyndham, feeling that a beginning must be made.

"Very kind of you," replied Silk, going on with his sums, and whistling softly to himself.

Wyndham did not feel encouraged. He had half a mind to back out of the venture even now, but desperation urged him on.

"You know I promised you never to say a word about Beamish's," he faltered, at length.

"So you did," replied Silk, drily.

"Would you mind letting me off that promise?"

"What?" exclaimed Silk, putting down his paper and pencil and staring at the boy.

"I mean only as far as I'm concerned," said Wyndham, hurriedly, trying to avert the storm.

"As far as you are concerned! What on earth are you talking about?" exclaimed the other.

"I want to confess to the Doctor that I went those two times," said the boy. "I wouldn't mention your name or Gilks's. I only want to tell him about myself."

"Have you gone mad, or what?" cried Silk, utterly perplexed, as Gilks had been, to understand the boy's meaning.

Wyndham explained to him as best he could how the matter stood. How Riddell appeared to have discovered his delinquencies, and was resolved to report him. Of the certain result of such an exposure, and of the one hope he had, by voluntarily confessing all to the Doctor, of averting his expulsion.

Silk listened to it all with a snicker, and when it was done, replied,

"And you mean to say you've got the impudence to come to me to help to get you out of a scrape?"

"Please, Silk," said the boy, "I would be so grateful."

"Bah!" snarled Silk, "have you forgotten, then, the nice row you kicked up in my study a week ago? and the way you've treated me all this term? because if you have, I haven't."

"I know it's a lot to ask," pleaded the boy.

"It's a precious lot too much," said Silk; "and no one who hadn't got your cheek would do it!"

And he took out his paper and pencil again and turned his back on the boy.

"Won't you do it, then?" once more urged Wyndham.

"Not likely!" rejoined Silk. "If you want favours you'd better go to your precious friend Riddell, and you can go as soon as you like. I don't want you here!"

"If you'd only do it," said Wyndham, "I'd—"

"Do you hear what I say?"

"I'd never ask you for the money you borrowed," said the boy, quickly.

Silk laughed as he turned once more on his victim, and said,

"Wouldn't you really? How awfully considerate! Upon my word, the generosity of some people is quite touching. Let's see, how much was it?"

"Thirty shillings," said Wyndham, "and the change out of the post-office order, two pounds."

"Which makes," said Silk, putting the figures down on his paper, "three pounds ten, doesn't it? And you think what you ask is worth three pounds ten, do you?"

"It's worth far more to me," said the boy, "because it's the only thing that can save me from being expelled."

Silk mused a bit over his figures, and then replied, "And what would happen if I didn't pay you back?"

"I wouldn't say a word about it," cried the boy, eagerly, "if only you'd let me off the promise!"

"And suppose I told you I consider the promise worth just double what you do?"

Wyndham's face fell for a moment; he had not dared to write home about the loss of his last pocket-money, and saw very little chance of raising the wind for so large an amount again. Yet it seemed his only hope.

"Would that make it all right?" he asked.

"I might think about it," said Silk, with a sweet smile—"under conditions."

"I don't know how I can manage it," said Wyndham; "but I'll try. And you won't mind, then, my going to the Doctor?"

"What! do you suppose I'm fool enough to let you do it before I have the money?" exclaimed Silk. "You must have a nice opinion of me!"

It was no use urging further; Wyndham saw he had got all he could hope for. It was little better than nothing, for before he could get the money—if he got it at all—the explosion might have come, and he would be expelled. If only Riddell, now, would wait a little longer.

As the thought crossed his mind he became aware that the captain was slowly approaching the bench on which he and Silk were sitting. It was anything but pleasant for the boy, after all that had happened, to be discovered thus, in close companionship with the very fellow he had

promised to avoid, and whom he had all along acknowledged to be the cause of his troubles.

His instinct was to spring from his place and either escape or meet Riddell, but Silk saw the intention in time and forbade it.

"No," said he, with a laugh; "don't run away as if you were ashamed of it. Stay where you are; let him see you keep good company now and then."

"Oh, I must go!" exclaimed the boy; "he'll think all sorts of things. He'll think I'm such a hypocrite after what I promised him. Oh, do let me go!"

His agitation only increased the amusement of his tormentor, who, with a view to give the captain as vivid an impression as possible, laid his hand affectionately on the boy's arm and beamed most benignantly upon him. It was no use for Wyndham to resist. After all, suspicious as it might appear, he was doing nothing wrong.

And yet, what *would* Riddell think?

The captain was pacing the Big in a moody, abstracted manner, and at first appeared not to notice either the bench or its occupants. Wyndham, as he sat and trembled in Silk's clutches, wildly hoped something might cause him to turn aside or back. But no, he came straight on, and in doing so suddenly caught sight of the two boys.

He started and flushed quickly as he did so, and for a moment it looked as if he were inclined to make a wild dash to rescue the younger boy from the companionship in which he found him. But another glance changed that intention, if intention it had been.

His face fell, and he walked past with averted eyes, apparently recognising neither boy, and paying no heed to Wyndham's feebly attempted salute.

Before he was out of hearing Silk broke into a loud laugh. "Upon my word, it's as good as a play!" cried he. "You did it splendidly, young un! Looked as guilty as a dog, every bit! He'll give you up for lost now, with a vengeance!"

Wyndham's misery would have moved the pity of any one but Silk. The new hopes which had risen within him had been cruelly dashed by this unhappy accident, and he felt no further care as to what happened to him. Riddell would have lost all faith in him now; he would appear little better than an ungrateful hypocrite and impostor. The last motive for sparing him would be swept away, and—so the boy

thought—the duty of reporting him would now become a satisfaction.

He tore himself from the seat and exclaimed, "Let me go, you brute!"

Silk looked at him in astonishment; then, relapsing into a smile, said, "Oh, indeed! a brute, am I?"

"Yes, you are!"

"And, let's see; I forget what the little favour was you wanted the brute to do for you?"

"I want you to do *no* favour!" cried Wyndham, passionately.

"No? Not even to allow you to go to the Doctor and tell him about Beamish's?"

"No; not even that! I wouldn't do it now. He may find out what he likes."

"It might interest him if I went and told him a few things about you?" said Silk.

"Go! as soon as you like—and tell him anything you like," cried Wyndham. "I don't care."

"You wouldn't even care to have back your three pound ten?"

"No," said the boy, "not even if you ever thought of paying it back."

Silk all this time had been growing furious. The last thing he had expected was that this boy, whom he supposed to be utterly in his power, should thus rise in revolt and shake off every shred of his old allegiance. But he found he had gone too far for once, and this last defiant taunt of his late victim cut him to the quick.

He sprang from the seat and made a wild dash at the boy, but Wyndham was too quick for him, and escaped, leaving his adversary baffled as he had never been before, and almost doubting whether he had not been and still was dreaming.

Wyndham ran as fast as he could in the direction of the school, and would have probably gone on running till he reached his own study had not the sight of Riddell slowly going the same way ahead of him suddenly checked him.

As it was, he almost ran over him before he perceived who it was. For Riddell just at that moment had halted in his walk and stooped to pick up a book that lay on the path.

However, when Wyndham saw who it was he swerved hurriedly in another direction, and got to his destination by a round-about way, feeling as he reached it about as miserable and hopeless as it was possible for a boy to be.

(To be continued.)

THE TIGERSKIN: A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA.

By LOUIS ROUSSELET,

Author of "The Two Cabin Boys," "The Drummer Boy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.—EATEN BY A LION.

UNABASHED by the evident incredulity of his audience, the red man continued, "Yes, gentlemen, I repeat, I, Jean Barabou, here present, have been devoured by a lion, and if that seems too astonishing for you, my friend Dr. Holbeck, who is seated opposite, can assure you that I am only telling the truth—the simple—truth."

At these words the looks of all present were turned towards Lord Everest's neighbour, the man with the gold spectacles, who contented himself with giving a

modest smile, from which it was impossible to say if he confirmed the assertion of the red-faced man or declined the honour of having been one of the heroes of so extraordinary an adventure.

The room, a few moments before so full of noise, was now silent. With unconcealed curiosity all were waiting for the marvellous story which was to have such an ending.

Barabou, satisfied at the result, sat down, and without further ado began:

"It is ten years ago. It was about 1872 or 1873, the date does not matter. I had finished my time on board the *Juno*, and, thanks to the permission of the captain, I was about to begin travelling for the Mennevals. Of course you know the house. It is the largest in Paris for feathers and plumes in the Rue St. Denis; the sign is the Casoar. They send travellers out all over the world to collect the feathers of ostriches, marabouts, and rare birds generally. As a start they had sent me

out with Holbeck to the coast of Africa. We had to collect as many as we could of a sort of ouzel with a golden breast, a bird with beautiful plumage that our employers wished to bring out as a hat ornament.

"Holbeck had already done a good deal of travelling in Africa and in both Americas. He was an old stager, while I was but an apprentice, and that is why

the villages and hold long palavers, lasting for many hours perhaps, all for a few dozen ouzel-skins.

"At length, in order to collect all we wanted, we made up our minds to leave the river and try more in the depths of the country.

"Speaking of the country, it is not the place in which I should choose to live on my savings—if I ever have any—I assure

negroes, and sometimes, they say, will carry away the children and bring them up with them in the woods; but I am not sure about that, it may be only a nigger's yarn."

"How about your lion, Barbarou?" interrupted one of the audience, impatient at the long digression.

"Patience, my good fellow," said the red-faced man. "We shall get to him in time. Don't you want to know the country first where the adventure occurred?"

"I will continue. It was on the Gaboon coast, and a more wretched country I do not know. The inhabitants are so idle that they have no tillage, no provisions of any sort, and when you want a meal you have to go out and find it for yourself. For me this, as you can imagine, was rather a rough beginning. What with hunting for our food and collecting our birds, we were always in the thick of the forest among the many perils that threatened us.

"One day when we had run rather short a nigger came in and told us that not far from the camp he had seen a number of those large antelopes with the curved horns that are called dougals. Holbeck and I started in pursuit; but the savage had deceived us, at least as far as the distance was concerned, for we had been gone about two hours, rushing about among the rocks and traversing the marsh through the bushes and reeds, before we caught sight of the flock, which, all told, numbered just three. They were in the middle of an open space about a hundred yards off, and as they seemed restless we could not hope to get nearer to them.

"Holbeck, with his spectacles, then as now, would have been incapable of putting a bullet into a target at fifty yards. So it fell to me to try my luck. I knelt down and took a long, steady aim.

"The gun went off, and to our great joy one of the antelopes made a big jump and fell heavily on to the ground, while the others scuttled away. My gun had but one barrel, so I could not try a second shot.

"It did not matter. We were quite satisfied. The antelope I had killed was as big as a calf, and quite enough to refill our larder. We set to work then to brittle it, and as we could not think of carrying it away whole we cut it into three pieces, and we each took one, which we strapped on to our backs, and we gave the third to the nigger who had come with us.

"Loaded in this way, as the day was getting on, we returned in all haste to our camp. We had already gone more than half the distance, when, as we were passing through a bit of jungle, we suddenly heard a formidable roar close by us."

"The lion at last!" shouted the whole audience, with one voice.



"The Lion was on the top of me."

they sent me with him. I ought to add that since then we have never parted company. Holbeck and I, you see, are like coat and lining.

"But I must keep to my story.

"We both left Bordeaux on a boat for the Gaboon. Once there we visited King Denis, the bravest negro on the coast, and he said to us, 'My friends, if you want golden ouzels you will have to take a run for them; there are no more round here; you will have to go into the interior, and follow up the river as far as you can.' 'Thank you for your information,' we replied. And off we started up the great River Gaboon.

"As we went along we had to stop at

you. It is a filthy pestilent morass haunted by crocodiles, and beyond this is a forest so thick that you can hardly get through it. But in its woods are the loveliest birds in the world. On the other hand, the niggers are most awfully ugly, and black, and woolly, and wear their teeth pointed like wolves. They are not bad fellows, however, and they gave us a pretty fair welcome, and asked us into their huts, but we did not care much about accepting their hospitality for the night, for the huts had no doors, and the gorillas could walk in and walk off with us. Gorillas, you know, are big apes as large as men, but about ten times as strong. These terrible beasts have no scruples about fighting the



"Yes, it was the lion," continued the imperturbable Barbarou, "and I would

much rather you had been there than I. When I first saw him he was about ten paces in front of me, right in the middle of the path, and I can assure you I did not feel much inclined to laugh, for I remembered that I had been fool enough to forget to reload my gun.

"But I had not much time to think. Holbeck, who was behind, fired at the lion, and in a single bound the beast was on me, and with a terrific roar threw me to the ground.

"As I fell I had just time to see Hol-

hearers, and one of the captains, giving utterance to the prevailing sentiment, exclaimed, "What a yarn, Barbarou! You were dreaming, and the lion had left you after you got out of his way."

"That is where you make the mistake," continued the red-faced man. "Everything occurred as I have just had the honour to tell you, up to the time when Holbeck, returning from the camp in all haste to look for my corpse, had reached the place where I fell and found the lion busily engaged in devouring me. The brute

veller had led his imagination into a new reverie.

Why had he not thought of this sooner? Instead of painfully seeking an obscure and useless death in this old Europe, where everything is duly disciplined—even chance itself—why had he not sought those privileged regions where man has to defend his life at every moment of the day or night? In these delightful countries death smiles on you from all sides, and the height of happiness can be sought amongst an embarrassing choice of choleras, fevers, tropical maladies, and dramatic attentions from tigers and a hundred other species of carnivora. There was no waiting there for those commonplace smashes between the cushioned compartments of a railway carriage or ridiculous upsets over precipice-rails which furnish such appropriate entries for the "miscellaneous columns" so dear to hall-porters. There for suitable scenery the man can choose the sublime depths of the jungle, and prolong the terrors of death by a hand-to-hand struggle with one of the kings of savage nature.

Yes, most decidedly he ought to go there, and he would go there.

Perhaps he would have continued for some time lost in this lugubrious reverie, which had such charms for him, if the waiters who were clearing the table had not recalled him to reality.

Seeing that he was in the way, Lord Everest arose and went towards the door to go out, but as he crossed the threshold he stopped. He had just noticed at the end of the room between the two windows the travelling companion of the illustrious Barbarou.

Comfortably seated in an armchair, Dr. Holbeck was enjoying a long clay pipe and reading the Marseilles "Sema-phore."

On perceiving the "man with the gold spectacles" Everest remembered the peculiar smile with which he had greeted the story of the lion. Instantly it flashed across him that the captains, noticing he was a new arrival, had, with Barbarou's connivance, been amusing themselves at his expense. Had he not read in particularly serious books that for many years civilisation had completely covered the globe, and that now, with our telegraphs and iron roads penetrating the most distant regions, we must reject as merely the legends of antiquity all those stories of dramatic adventures with which travellers gull a too credulous public? He remembered reading in the train the evening before an article in one of the Paris journals, in which it said that, after lengthened research, it had been discovered that the last cannibal was a native of Batignolles, and that the so-called skins of that fabulous animal the tiger were merely bullocks' hides cleverly striped and brilliantly dyed.

Evidently Barbarou, in piling up the horrors in his description, had been trying to mystify the new arrival. Everest, however, resolved to settle the matter one way or another, for the man before him had been the only one who, by his reserved demeanour, had refused to assist at this undignified comedy. He was undoubtedly a straightforward man, and, if adroitly questioned, would assuredly tell the truth.

Everest then walked to the end of the room, and, selecting an armchair close to that occupied by the doctor, seated himself therein.

The man with the gold spectacles and white cravat perceived the Englishman.



"I knelt down and took a long, steady aim."

beck and the negro run off as fast as their legs could carry them, and then I lost consciousness.

"My brave companion thought I was really and truly dead, and that he could do nothing to save me.

"How long I remained senseless I do not know, but I came back to life very gradually. At first I had a confused notion of what had happened to me, and I tried to rise, and the movement I made was answered with a hoarse growl, and I felt myself pressed to the ground by some enormous weight. The lion was on the top of me.

"This discovery set all my limbs on the tremble, but that was nothing to what I felt when I found that the savage creature was going to eat me up alive. I heard my bones crack in his formidable jaws, and my blood streaming round my neck and down my cheeks.

"However, strange as it may seem, I was in no pain; all I experienced was a horrible feeling of oppression. I then remembered to have heard people say that men and animals seized by wild beasts were thrown into a peculiar torpor, which takes away all feeling of suffering.

"If I did not feel the horrible tearings of my flesh by the lion's teeth, my brain, on the other hand, was seized by such indescribable terror that again I felt my senses going, and I fainted.

"When I came to myself it was night, and a ring of negroes, armed with torches, surrounded me. As I opened my eyes their grinning figures, lit up by the flames, made me believe that I was already in some other world. But soon I noticed the welcome face of Holbeck, who was leaning over me and crying, as he said, 'My poor Barbarou!' Then I tried to rise, and what was my astonishment at finding that I could easily do so! Once on my feet, I touched my arms, my legs, my head, my chest. All were unharmed; I had only a few scratches—not even a wound!"

This revelation was received by a murmur of incredulity on the part of his

only left me when he saw the approach of the men with the torches."

"Well, what then?" asked the company, evidently puzzled by this new affirmation.

"Well, it is a very simple matter," said Barbarou, with great modesty. "I fell with my face to the ground, and the lion, thinking he was eating me, had been regaling himself on the excellent quarter of antelope that I had strapped on to my back!"

Thunders of applause greeted this unexpected conclusion, and the whole company, with glass in hand, saluted the red-faced man with a long "Bravo, Barbarou! Long life to you!"

And Barbarou contented himself with a triumphant smile and an "I told you so,!"



CHAPTER IV.—DR. HOLBECK.

AND now the visitors at the Boule d'Or noisily rose from the dinner-table, and by their laughing comments continued the ovation they had given the gallant Barbarou. Then the room gradually emptied, some leaving the hotel in groups and straggling off down the silent street, others strolling into a neighbouring room, whence in a few minutes the sounds denoted that some formidable game was in progress.

Everest remained alone, seated in his chair. The wild story of the sailor-tra-

and, putting down his newspaper, made a slight bow, which the young man immediately returned.

The ice was broken. Everest was thinking of some commonplace observation to begin with, when the doctor put an end to his embarrassment by saying, "You have only recently arrived in Marseilles, sir?"

"This very day," was Everest's reply.

"It is the first time you have been in this part of the country?"

"Yes, sir."

"In that case I am sure that you will be very pleased with your visit. Marseilles is one of the most interesting towns in

could be influenced by such an unreasonable thing as chance.

"When I say chance," added the Englishman, "I make a slight mistake, for I owe my being here at this moment principally to your friend Mr. Barbarou."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the doctor, more and more astonished. "Then you know Barbarou?"

"Not the least in the world. I saw him for the first time this morning as he was coming out of the railway station."

"But then?"

"Well, it is very difficult to explain why I acted as I did," continued Everest. "At

have to keep our eyes on the cold grey mist which surrounds us from our childhood, they, on the contrary, with eyes steeped in light, can gaze around them, and see every object framed in a shining aureola; they see everything at its best. Their keen and graceful intelligence delights in decorating truth with brilliant draperies, and this disguise is to them so indispensable that they seem to be shocked when the goddess is shown in her primitive nudity. And they know their failing, and rally each other about it without malice; witness the legend of the Port Bou fisherman, which you doubtless know."

"I have not the pleasure of doing so," said Everest.

"Well, this fisherman was on the jetty at Port Bou and saw a tiny tunny fish drawn up out of the water, and as he was but little interested in the fact he walked on. A few moments afterwards he met a friend, to whom he remarked that he had just seen a man catch a magnificent tunny fish; to another friend farther on he described the fish as enormous, and gradually he increased it until it became a little whale. This notion rather pleased him, and as he entered his native village he announced that a little whale had been caught just outside the port, and as he walked on the whale became of moderate size, and at last immense. At this news the inhabitants rushed from their houses, armed with pots and pails of all descriptions, to avail themselves of the unexpected piece of luck; and the fisherman, astounded at the excitement he had caused, and seeing everybody on the run, himself caught up a bucket and joined the rush to the harbour, saying as he did so, 'Perhaps it was a whale after all!'"

"Yes, very amusing," interrupted the Englishman; "but it seems to me—"

"You are right," continued the doctor, without waiting for the stranger to finish. "Truth, thus covered with so many fringes, ends by resembling falsehood, but the foundation remains none the less true, and you see how, in all good faith, the deceiver is lost in his own deception."

"It is the same with my friend Barbarou's yarn; the foundation is true and sufficiently curious by itself. From the embroidery that is hung on to it we must, however, cut off a fringe or two. It is true that the lion caught him as he said, and when I returned, thinking to bring away only a mutilated corpse, I was agreeably surprised to find my friend still alive. He had been badly mauled about, and did not entirely recover his consciousness for several days afterwards, when the fever which had come on had abated. It was I that suggested the scenery of the drama of which he was the unconscious victim, and explained to him the really providential part which had been played by the quarter of antelope strapped on his shoulders, and eaten by the lion instead of him. I also suggested the dramatic awakening beneath the lion's paws. But to-day he is firmly persuaded that everything happened just as he said."

"The adventure remains none the less extraordinary," said Lord Everest, "and I admire the courage and energy of men who are capable of choosing so dangerous a profession."

"Every medal has its reverse," answered Holbeck, philosophically. "And I am thankful we are not attacked by lions every day."

"But the countries you visit are still full of wild beasts?"



"He was undoubtedly a straightforward man."

France. With its clear sky, its girdle of mountains, its fine promenades, its beautiful blue bay, dotted with picturesque rocks and i-lets, it is, from my humble point of view, the rival of Naples; but with its immense shipping trade, the feverish activity of its inhabitants, and its continual development, it leaves the idle city of the lazaroni far behind."

"Unfortunately, I take very little interest in the beauties of nature," answered Lord Everest. "That is not the motive that brought me to Marseilles."

"You came on business, then?" said the amiable doctor. "I ought to have seen that. This modest hotel is not a tourist's rendezvous, and your countrymen have much to do with our Phœcean merchants. For," added he, with a slight smile, "I see that you are an Englishman."

"That is true, sir," said the young man; "and that reminds me that I have been guilty of an oversight which I hope you will pardon. The accidents of conversation informed me just now that it is Dr. Holbeck to whom I have the honour of speaking. Allow me to fill the place of introducer, and to introduce myself." And rising with great gravity, he bowed low, and continued—"Lord Everest."

The doctor was somewhat astonished, and also stood up, and, confused more by his lordship's politeness than by his title, held out his hand to the stranger, and, with great friendliness, remarked,

"Delighted to meet you, sir. But pray sit down."

Everest accepted the invitation, and when the doctor had also resumed his armchair, recommenced the conversation with,

"I came to Marseilles only by chance."

"Really!" said the man with the white cravat, evidently astonished that any one

the moment I was in a state of uncertainty. I was struck with the look of your friend, and this slight incident decided me to break my journey and stop at Marseilles. I saw the name of the hotel on the omnibus that Mr. Barbarou got into. I knew of no other, and so I came here."

This time the doctor gave the young man a keen look, as if to see if he was talking to a lunatic, but Everest's frank and pleasant tone reassured him, and he concluded that perhaps the proceedings were not quite so curious as they at first seemed.

"You will admit," continued the Englishman, "that I have no cause to regret my decision, as it has allowed me to become better acquainted with such an extraordinary man as Mr. Barbarou. How calmly and coolly he has just been telling us of that wonderful adventure. It seems to me that very few men would remain sane after such an experience."

"There is no need to exaggerate things," said Holbeck. "My friend is a most excellent fellow, but he is not much above or below the average of our profession."

"Then his adventure is not true?" interrupted the Englishman.

"Barbarou told you himself that I witnessed it," replied the doctor, "and I am not the man to allow him to call me in to support a falsehood."

"Believe me, I do not doubt that for a minute," said Everest.

"Besides, I repeat," continued Holbeck, "I think my friend is a thoroughly honest fellow; and in my opinion a man who tells lies is not an honest fellow, for even for no motive at all he will try to mislead people. But all the same my friend is a southerner, and above all a Marseillais. Nature has endowed the inhabitants of this sunny land with a most marvellous gift; while we of the north

"Unfortunately, yes," replied the doctor. "The most beautiful birds have the most objectionable neighbours, and it would seem that nature has placed them there to attract men to regions which they otherwise would shun. But you see, all the same, that after fifteen years of journeyings through jungles, savannahs, forests, and pumpas, I have not lost a limb."

"Probably it is your liking for the chase which made you adopt such a stirring profession?"

"Far from that, dear sir," exclaimed the doctor, with an indignation that was quite comic. "I like the chase! I have the greatest horror of the sound of a gun, and I never fire one without shutting both eyes. In fact to avoid such a disagreeable disturbance I have contrived a special crossbow with which I can myself shoot the rarer birds."

"In that case, sir," said Everest, "am I indiscreet in asking—"

"How and why I became a traveller and a bird hunter?" interrupted the doctor. "Well, I will tell you my story, as you seem to feel an interest in it."



(To be continued.)

THE CRICKET SEASONS OF 1883 AND 1884.

(Continued from page 430.)

GLoucestershire has also dropped considerably down in the world. A loss of six matches out of ten, and a solitary win—that against Lancashire—is not a very inspiring return. The batting was fairly strong; in total of runs scored Gloucestershire comes fifth on the list; but the bowling—shared almost entirely between Dr. W. G. Grace, with a damaged finger, and Wolf, with a split hand—was most inefficient; in fact, the principal crumbs of comfort gleanable by the county seemed to be due to the dexterity with which the team dodged defeat by playing out time. The feature of the season was the stand made against Lancashire in the last match, when Dr. W. G. Grace with 112, and Mr. Cranston with 127, gave one of the best batting shows of 1883. In 1884 Gloucestershire will play Sussex, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Notts, Middlesex, and Surrey, besides two matches with the Australians, and, perhaps, one with the Philadelphians.

Kent will play Derbyshire, Hampshire, and Somersetshire, in addition to the counties so unsuccessfully met in 1883. One victory more and one defeat less than in 1882, showed some improvement; but it is to be hoped that better things are in store for Kent than two wins out of ten matches. The total number of runs scored was 3,038, giving an average for the team of 17; Lord Harris heads the individual averages, and is a very long way in front of his men.

Sussex revives the fixtures with Gloucestershire for this season, and will also meet Australia, and perhaps America. The introduction of new blood into the team, which had such a good effect last year, can but be of advantage to the county in their contest with the Colonials, as, not having personally shared in the pleasing activity of the previous Australian matches, the new members may approach the subject with hope, and the problem of how far a ball travels during an innings of 643 runs may not again trouble the mathematicians of Hove.

In the Derbyshire representatives for this year many new names are to be found, and, in addition to their old antagonists—Lancashire, Yorkshire, Surrey, and Sussex—the team will meet Kent. Five losses out of eight matches was not a very cheering result for 1883, and the low batting averages—the highest being 18—and the high bowling averages—the lowest is 14—are somewhat unusual in first-class cricket.

With Derbyshire we close the first-class counties. Hampshire, the original cricketing county, played eight matches and lost three. It was in their drawn contest with Surrey at the Oval, on the Queen's birthday, that their opponents made the 650, which proved to be the largest innings in a gate-money match in England. Somersetshire, which seemed to be coming to the front, played seven matches and lost five, a result which put them quite out of the running. This year their Surrey and Gloucestershire matches will be abandoned, and Kent and Lancashire played instead. Of the other counties, matches have been arranged up to the present by Essex, Norfolk, Leicester, Northampton, Bedford, Hertford, Suffolk, Wilts, Warwick, Devon, Cheshire, Northumberland, Worcester, Rutland, Carnarvon, and Berks, so that the cricket crop on second-class soils is likely to be a heavy one. It may perhaps be worthy of note that in 1883, in first-class county matches, 31,855 runs were obtained for the loss of 1,658 wickets, so that the average of a county batsman is a little over 19.

For the great matches of 1884 we shall have Australian meetings with the picked teams, North and South on Whit Monday, and Gentlemen and Players at the Oval on July 3, and at Lord's on the following Monday. Last year's premier match at Lord's was in many respects remarkable. Thirty-two more runs were scored than in any of the previous contests, Mr. Tylecote added a seventeenth to the centuries of the series, and three batsmen, Mr. Lucas, Barnes, and Ulyett, gained more than fifty runs in each innings. The Gentlemen won by seven wickets, and thirty-three runs were hit for each wicket, at the rate of sixty-two per hour! A wonderful catch was made by Shrewsbury; he dashed in and caught the ball as he fell, and held it while his arm grazed along the grass. Curiously enough Shrewsbury himself was out to Mr. Ridley, who also ran in and fell as he held the ball. Gentlemen and Players at the Oval, notable for the absence of Dr. W. G. Grace after playing in it for sixteen successive years, was also curious as being the first tie-match on the list, the Players—all from the north of the Trent—scoring 203 and 181, the Gentlemen 235 and 149. As the wins to each side still number ten, this "tie" is likely to be famous.

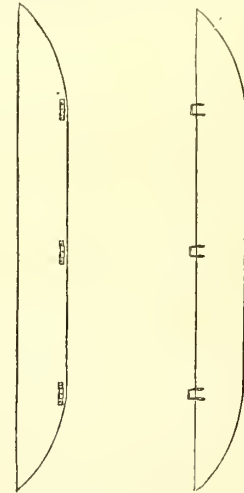
(To be continued.)

RAFTS AND CATAMARANS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

(Continued from page 429.)

Now make, or get made, six iron staples such as are shown in Fig. 5, where the distance from A to B horizontally and A to C vertically is just four inches. The iron is best an inch and a half wide, between an eighth and a quarter of an inch thick, and in it should be three holes, shown at P and in the cars marked H, large enough for quarter-inch bolts. You also require six other staples of the shape shown in Fig. 6, made of half-inch rod iron with countersunk sockets for the screws, and these, like the eared sockets, must be four inches wide.

Screw down one of these eared sockets just where the curve goes off on the narrower side, as shown in Fig. 7, and in the centre fix a third.



Figs. 7 and 8.

Use galvanised nuts and bolts for fastening, with a thin leather washer under the bolt and an oak washer under the nut, and make the holes water-tight by hard screwing and plenty of whitelead. To the other edge at the angle, and so as to project beyond it and correspond with the eared sockets, fix your flat staples, as shown in Fig. 8, so that a bar can be passed

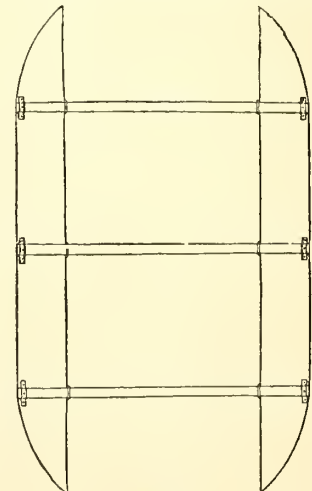
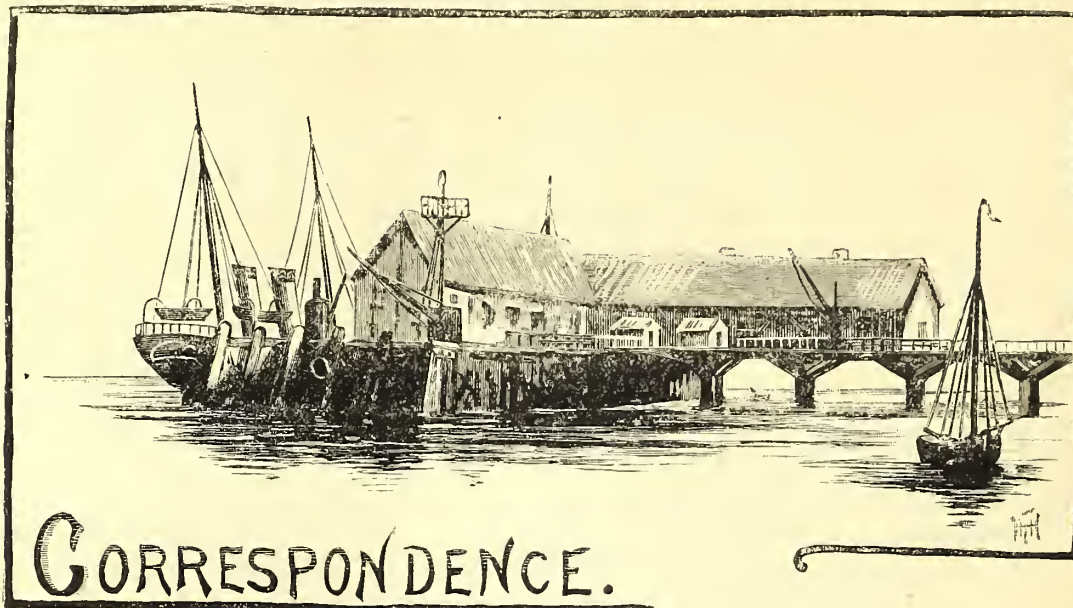


Fig. 9.

through each, as shown in Fig. 9. Along the centre of the board above which the staples project bore five holes an inch in diameter, one in the centre of each of the five divisions with which you started, and then having first fitted a thin batten from A to B, as shown in Fig. 4, and let it down flush into the quadrants, give the construction a thorough coating of red-lead paint inside and out.

(To be continued.)



CORRESPONDENCE.

**** We commence this week a story of stirring interest by Professor J. F. Hodgetts, whose recent Lectures at the British Museum on Anglo-Saxon Antiquities were so widely reported in the daily press, and so highly eulogised by Ruskin and others.**

W. F. and Others.—In answers to other correspondents the information has been given over and over again. In our second volume there was a coloured plate of eggs, and a series of articles on collecting, by the Rev. J. G. Wood. "La Jeunesse" can be obtained through any bookseller. Try Messrs. Hachette and Co., of King William Street, Strand.

J. WHELAN.—The tallest nations of Europe are the British and the Scandinavians; the shortest are the Spanish, Italians, and Portuguese. The average stature of foreigners is two and a half inches below ours. The tallest men are found among the Maories and Polynesians, then come the British, and then the Patagonians, Vagoes, and Congo negroes.

ERYNGO.—Liquid slating for blackboards is made by dissolving a pound of shellac in a gallon of 95 per cent. alcohol, and then adding half a pound of the best ivory-black, five ounces of the finest flour emery, and a quarter of a pound of ultramarine blue. Shake up the liquid before you take each brushful.

W. LENNOX.—Oiled paper is made by brushing ordinary paper over with boiled oil in which a little shellac has been carefully dissolved over a slow fire. Hang the sheets upon a line to dry. For the other questions you had better consult Spon's "Workshop Receipts," first and second series.

SVEN DYFVA.—The cricket annuals are published in January, or as soon after the fixture meeting of the M.C.C. as possible. Cundinamarca is in New Granada, South America.

COIN.—Take your coin to the curator of the nearest local museum. He will name it, and tell you its value.

H. KELLY.—Herr is the German equivalent of the French Monsieur and the English Mr. There is nothing particularly Jewish about it.

G. W. W.—Any clear varnish will do for the cardboard provided you size first. Dissolve an ounce of isinglass in a pint of water, and simmer it till it suits you. A very useful varnish is made by thinning Canada balsam with double its weight of turpentine.

CANOEIST.—The projecting bow is to increase the weatherly qualities of a ship, and is quite unsuitable for a canoe. You would find it very much in the way, except in deep, still water.

A SMALL BOY should first coat his prints with clear size, and then paint them.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—You can get full particulars as to how to enter the army from any post-office. To join the Engineers you must have already learnt a trade.

AN ANGLER.—1. Mr. Harrington Keene's "Fishing Tackle, and how to make it," was in the third volume of the BOY'S OWN PAPER. The articles began in No. 107. 2. Some parts of the New River are preserved, others are not.

C. G.—Your best plan would be to get "Under the Red Ensign, or Going to Sea," by Thomas Gray, published by Kent and Co., Paternoster Row, and obtainable from all nautical booksellers. Price one shilling.

PARCELS POST.—At present "Twice Bought" can only be obtained by purchasing the back numbers or volume containing it.

D. S.—The "moth" is the small tortoiseshell butterfly.

W. F.—1. Blotting-paper will do, but botanical paper is the best. You must be careful, in arranging your specimens, to give prominence to the characteristic parts, and to set out the plant in as perfect and at the same time as natural a manner as possible. Specimens gathered in wet weather are very difficult to manage, and plants with succulent stems require more than ordinary care in drying. 2. *Boletus edulis* should be eaten young, when the under-surface is of a pale yellow. The tubes should be half free and elongated.

H. L. W.—1. There never was such a coin. 2. Silver is not a legal tender for sums over two pounds, nor are pence and half-pence for sums over one shilling, nor farthings for more than sixpence. Bank notes are legal for all purposes.

MIDSHIPMEN, A. E. R., and a Host of Others.—You cannot enter the Royal Navy if you are over thirteen years of age, and you cannot go to sea without the consent of your parents or guardians.

BULL.—In fishing up-stream the fly is cast so that it comes towards you. In fishing down-stream you follow the fly.

A YOUNG NATURALIST.—1. Yes, but the difference is slight. 2. The scorpions are classed with the spiders and mites—class Arachnida, order Pedipalpi.

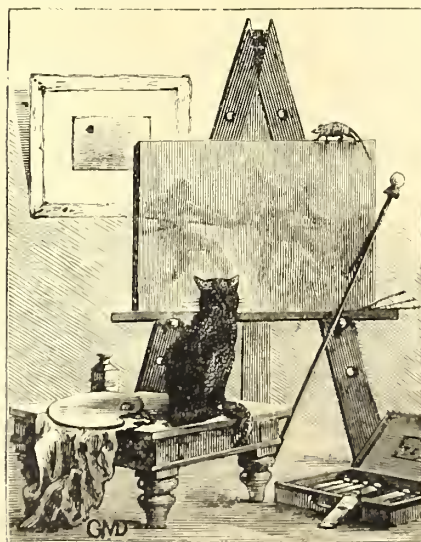
W. H. H.—1. A cousin-german is a first-cousin. 2. Because the circulation is checked. You should come out of the water as soon as your fingers begin to get numb.

J. WADE.—The Queen's crown was specially made for her.

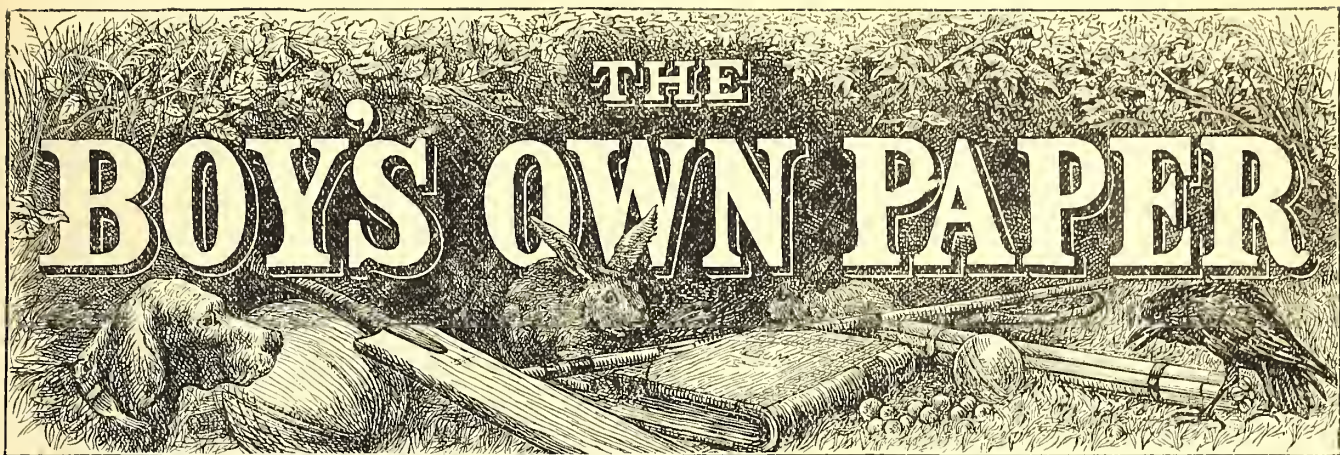
MICMASH.—The P. and O. boats load in the Albert Docks; Money Wigram's in the South West India Docks; Green's and the Aberdeen line in the East India Docks, as do also Shaw Savill's, Devitt and Moore's, Bethell's, and Gavin Birt's; Houlder's go from the South West India, as do also the New Zealand Company's, Trinder Anderson's, Flint's, and Potter's. The Orient and New Zealand steamers go from the Albert Docks; and the Colonial, Victoria, and Queensland steamers use the Victoria Docks. A study of the advertisement-sheet of the "Times" would have given you this information without any delay.

WALLER.—The foresail of a schooner is the fore-spencer. The sail which answers to the foresail of a cutter is the staysail. When there is only the headsail the bowsprit is a standing one, and the stay runs down to its cap, so that the headsail, though so large, is still the fore-staysail. The jib comes on the jib-boom, as in a square-rigged vessel.

CANVAS CANOE.—The stringers go next to the ribs, a double paddle can be used; a sail is not recommended for so small a craft; and an air-pipe will not do instead of corks unless it is of large diameter, and practically an air-case.



A Painful Disappointment!



No. 275.—Vol. VI.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1884.

Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

HAROLD, THE BOY-EARL:

A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

By PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor to the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.—THE HOLD OF LLEWELLYN.

WE must now take the reader out of the immediate neighbourhood of his forefathers and introduce him to the despised race that the English had so completely dispossessed and despoiled. The unfortunate Kelts and Kymri had been slaughtered in a manner incredible to modern ideas of warfare. King Arthur had, it is true, made some head against the Sassenach, or Saxon, as the Kymri called and still call the English, and defeated them in twelve pitched



"The short Roman sword was dashed from his hold."

battles, but this only incensed the English more and more against the British, until at last Arthur and his band of heroes were swept away out of history into the cloudland of romance. And yet Arthur and his "Knights of the Round Table" were men of real thews and sinews, brave men, fighting inch by inch for this dear island, which we won by the sword and kept by the sword in that old iron time. We were invaders with no more right to the soil of Britain than we have to that of Spain or Austria, and the Britons were lords of the land, albeit greatly Romanised by their previous conquerors, as far, at least, as dress, habits, arms, armour, and language were concerned; but this was all external. The grand truths of Christianity had never sunk deep into their minds, as their own historian Gildas writes, and they were savages at heart under the outward show of the influence of Roman civilisation. Habited like Roman soldiers, they could yet not withstand the attacks of their ruder enemies the Scots and Picts, and years and years before the date of our story they had asked the English to help them, who, English like, helped themselves, after defeating the enemies of the Britons, to the largest share of the island, driving out, cutting down, and in every way destroying the wretched inhabitants. If this be a strange assertion to my reader, let him turn to the history of New Zealand, America, and Australia. True, we have not hung out the viking emblem of the raven in taking possession of land in those distant regions, but destruction has followed the English sword in the shape of "fire-water," which has done more to clear those countries of their aboriginal inhabitants than the viking sword of old. One of the strangest circumstances in the history of the island is that *we*, the conquerors of the unfortunate Britons, should have usurped their name together with the fair land we won, and talk of *our* Arthur! Such is history! such is fame! As well might we talk of our Napoleon, our France, as our Arthur, our Britain.

In a charming valley, surrounded by woods and watered by a fair river, whose wavelets, rippling in the sunbeams, broke into Nature's joyous laugh of delight in her gorgeous dress of green and gold and silver, there stood a strangely desolate mansion. Built originally for some Roman leader, the house partook of the fair proportions of a villa, such as might have graced the shores of "Yellow Tiber" in the brave days of old. But such construction was ill adapted to contend against the climate of this last addition to power of the mistress of the world. Through the compluvium, or open skylight, left in the roof for the passage of the rain—a great boon in a warm climate—fogs and snows and showers such as no Italian ever dreamt of or saw had poured in recklessly, and the wild winds had howled round the elegant chamber until their force had told on the very marble of the stately columns supporting the roof. Of these, many had yielded to the influences of time and thriftlessness, and lay mouldering upon the inlaid floor, whose beautiful tints were marred and blurred by the rank weeds that sprung up between the stones and in those places—and they were right many—where the stones had been removed altogether. In that which in Herculaneum or Pompeii had been a pleasant cistern for the reception of the rain, called an impluvium, having an elegantly fashioned fountain in

the midst, was now a mass of stagnant water, covered with green duckweeds, while the croaking of frogs showed how dire was the decay, how complete the ruin of the place. What a contrast between the work of God and the work of man! The one smiling and joyous, kind and generous to all alike, the other a scowling ruin, telling horrid tales of violence, hatred, and decay!

The portico through which we entered the house was not so much a wreck as this strange chamber, called the atrium. Some half-hearted efforts had been made to repair the columns and repave the floor, so that there was less of wretchedness than in the chamber just alluded to, and through which we must hurry on to catch a glimpse of a rapidly flitting figure just seen for a moment in the distance like a beam of light seen through the darkness of a forest glade in early autumn. Is that the sound of a closing door? Are there doors in this weird mansion? Let us hasten through the once splendid vista of rooms, and we come to the gynæceum, or women's apartment. The large door opens outwards, and we are arrested by a curtain, on removing which an unexpected scene is presented to our gaze.

A room of considerable dimensions, furnished with a curious mixture of Roman and barbaric taste, met the eye. The stone floor was bare, save where here and there a wolfskin or bearskin rug served to protect the feet of the inmates from the chilling effects of contact with it. Three chairs of Roman fashion but inferior workmanship were grouped round the open space leading to the grounds at the side of the house. Besides the Roman chairs were some rude three-legged stools scattered about in utter disregard of order, while two Saxon chairs, some rough benches or forms round the walls, and four small tables in Roman taste, completed the list of the furniture.

In the centre chair a grave and reverend-looking man was seated, whose white locks descended in profusion to his shoulders, and the brown robe which he wore was fastened by a leathern belt round his waist. This person had evidently reached a great age, and yet his bearing was erect and firm. A staff lay at his side.

At his left hand was seated a girl of some seventeen summers, whose peculiar piercing glance and rich mantling colour flushing her face at every change of feeling that passed through her mind, betrayed the Kelt. She was attired in a long white woollen garment bound round the waist with a broader belt than that worn by the venerable man just described, and it was fastened with a clasp of elaborately worked gold set with precious stones. Although seated, it was evident that she was tall and graceful.

The third figure of the group was that which we have followed into the apartment. It was that of a woman much older than the girl and clad in the *stola* of the Roman matron, fastened on the right shoulder by a fibula or brooch, evidently wrought in some place near the queen of the world beside the Tiber. She stood a moment regarding the ancient man, who seemed to take no note of her presence, save that his head had slightly inclined to the entrance as she came into the chamber.

"Lyrach!" exclaimed the matron, in Welsh, "what news of the lost ones? Tell me, hast thou sought the counsel of him of whom Llewellyn spoke?"

"Domina," answered Lyrach, "I have spoken with the seer, but what he urges thee to do I cannot as a Christian man advise, albeit there may lurk within the cursed superstitions of his creed some knowledge and some seeming comfort in thy bitter time of trouble."

"I ask not for *thy* counsel," said the matron, "tell me *his*, and let me judge what best is to be done. What says the sage?"

"Let Candida withdraw and I will tell thee."

These words had barely left the lips of the old man when the maiden rose greatly excited, and breaking in twain an ivory rod, with which she had been listlessly toying, by a sudden passionate contraction of the hand in which it had been held, she rose to her feet, and stood for a moment in statuesque beauty before her mother and the sage. In another moment she was gone—passed away like a phantom—rapidly, noiselessly, and yet without showing signs of haste.

"Now, Lyrach, tell me whether it can be done. If it be such act as Llewellyn may as Christian do, depend on it no effort shall be spared to rescue Gwennyth and the king, his dear loved uncle."

"And art thou sure, great lady, that Llewellyn would be pleased to see them safely here again? A crown is such a bauble that men prize it more than blood. Ay! more than conscience, more than love and honour!"

"Thou seekest to raise my anger, Lyrach Hen," replied the lady, keeping down her indignation. "Thou shouldst not lay such charges at Llewellyn's door. Now, tell me, what of the seer?"

Lyrach Hen paused a moment before making a reply to the lady, who had now seated herself in one of the Roman chairs, previously drawing it nearer to the venerable figure, the attitude and bearing of which underwent not the slightest change. When sufficiently close to hear distinctly the lowest tones of his voice, she urged him somewhat imperiously to report to her the issue of his visit to the sage, and so earnestly had she fixed her gaze on the old man's countenance that she did not observe a motion which the arras or deep curtaining which kept the wind from penetrating through sundry crevices in the wall opposite the terrace on which the opening where she was sitting gave. The motion of this curtain, slight as it was, caused a hardly perceptible rustle, which, however, was not lost on the old man, who without moving a muscle of his face, or turning his head in the least degree towards that part of the room whence the sound had come, indicated by a rapid gesture of the hand that something was wrong in that direction.

"Ah!" said the matron, in a low tone of voice, "how wonderful it is that those who have been deprived of the use of one sense have the others in greater perfection! I am sure Lyrach hears some sound which I do not. I have my senses all, and yet this blind old man is likely with his one sense of hearing to discover more than I shall ever do! But what can it be?"

Thus saying, she rose and advanced to the grand opening in the wall which served as door and window, giving on to a sort of balcony and leading to what had been a garden. She looked out, but while her back was turned to the room there emerged stealthily from behind the heavy folds of the curtain which Lyrach had indicated by the scarcely perceptible motion of his

hand as it lay in his lap, a weird, uncouth-looking figure, which, almost as noiselessly as a white cloud passing over the face of the moon at midnight, glided breathlessly through the chamber, and had safely concealed itself behind another heavy curtain some distance from its first hiding-place before the lady turned. It was the figure of a youth of some sixteen summers, clad in a white tunic reaching barely to the knee. His mantle he bore on his left arm, his sandals or shoes he carried cautiously in his hand, while between his teeth he held the feeble imitation in bronze of the Roman gladius or leaf-shaped sword. His countenance was far from pleasing at the moment when presented to the reader. There was a fierce restless motion in the bright brown eye which was not agreeable to behold. His hair hung nearly to his shoulders, but was matted and disordered, nor was the colour—a dull sandy red—calculated to enhance the personal attractions of this strange person. He was below the middle size. At first sight he would have been taken for a man of thirty, so completely unyouthful was his whole appearance.

Scarcely was this goblin shape well hidden behind his second place of shelter, when the matron turned, and coming to the blind man, who still remained seated in his first position without having moved a limb or given the slightest sign of possessing life, she exclaimed,

"For once thou art at fault, Lyrach. Not a soul is near. I have carefully scanned the whole of this part of the garden. Candida is far off in the broad walk leading to the river. No one can be near. For once thy marvellous powers of hearing have betrayed thee."

Still the old man said nothing, but the same odd movement of the closed hand, of which the thumb projected somewhat, arrested the attention of the lady, who immediately followed the hint thus slightly expressed, and proceeded with rapid strides across the chamber to the curtain from which we have seen the hidden figure glide. She tore open the curtain, but of course found nothing behind, and with an expression on her countenance of impatience and extreme annoyance she flung herself down beside the blind man in the Roman chair.

"Now we are alone. The wind behind the arras may have caused a sound, but save ourselves no living soul is here. Now say thy say."

Thus commanded to speak, the old man commenced his report, using, however, the Latin language instead of the native British. As the sounds of the old Roman speech met the ear of the concealed listener, the curtain behind which he was placed was gently drawn aside, but so gently as to cause no sound audible to the ears of the mistress of the mansion. The expression of the face was that of baffled malignity, until the old man, warming with his narrative, fell into his native British.

"I told Myrdhyn ap Morther all thy woes, thy husband's dreams, the portents thou hast seen, the loss of Gwennyth and the king, Llewellyn's new ambition and thy hopes. His answer, like the speeches of the bards, was clad in triad form, as thus:

"Llewellyn ap Cattræth, beware of three things—
The foe in the household, the friend in the chase,
The revenge of a kinsman of Britain's old kings;
And nothing but blood can these dangers efface."

"Blood! sayest thou, Lyrach? Oh, no!

This unhappy land has been drenched in blood enough to wash it from the smiling face of nature, to hide it from the blessed saints above. But say on."

"The verse I have repeated," continued the old man, "was chaunted in a voice that seemed not that of Myrdhyn, but rather of a spirit confined within a shattered oak-tree near us. I am old in years, but never heard I any sounds so horrible and dread. But hear me to the end. When this verse had been sung there was a pause of deathlike stillness. Then a moaning sound came as it seemed out of the riven trunk, and then I heard this triad:

"The days of the daughter are numbered and sped,
But the Bulwark of Britain must sleep with the dead;
And the hand of Llewellyn with blood must be red
Ere dispelled be the dangers that hang o'er his head."

"Holy saints!" exclaimed the matron. "Is it possible? Has it come to this, that thou shouldst dare to urge upon thy royal master murder to save his crown?"

"Domina, I urge nothing. I understand nothing. I know not the meaning of the prophecy. I know not, nor can I guess, at whom it points."

"Then," said the lady, "I will tell thee whom Myrdhyn means—whose blood he requires."

At this moment the door leading from the atrium, and through which we pursued the Domina, burst violently open. A tall, stout man, dressed in a hunting garb consisting of a blue tunic, edged with gold, and a purple cloak or mantle clasped on the right shoulder, leaving the sword-arm free, rushed suddenly into the room. The Domina, rising to greet her husband, turned and saw him standing over the prostrate form of a youth, whom he had hurled to the ground so suddenly that this was the first intimation she had of his being in the chamber. With such force had he been flung to the ground that the bronze gladius or short Roman sword was dashed from his hold, and now lay at some distance on the floor.

"Llewellyn, my gracious lord, what means all this? Whence come you thus in haste? What makes your kinsman here? Why armed?"

"Octavia," said Llewellyn, "I came hither because a stranger joined us in the chase, whose speech I like so well I bring him home to thee. As thou wert absent yonder I rushed in here, and found yon catiff with his gladius drawn creeping behind you. All the rest you know. Why, Lyrach man, how fares it?"

The blind old sage had risen from his chair, and while Llewellyn spoke had signed a cross in air as if to bless the house and owners with that holy sign. Before he could reply the lady whom Llewellyn calls Octavia said,

"He brings us tidings from the Druid glen. Two triads have been uttered which seem to promise well, only the price is horrid. I shudder at the word. And I fear that traitor kinsman of thine has heard too much already. Let him not escape."

"Owen ap Gwynn, come hither," said Llewellyn to the youth, who most adroitly had, as it were, piecemeal picked up his worthy self, and now was slyly sneaking off. But in Llewellyn's tones was something not to be resisted. He approached the lord of the mansion, saying, as if in wounded pride,

"An ill reward thou givest, king." Llewellyn started slightly at the title, and

the youth went on, "I heard yon blind old Christian counsel deeds of blood. Thy lady knows 'tis true. I hid behind yon arras just to learn what course he dared propose. He counselled murder. She, half dead with fear, appealed to Heaven for aid. I then rushed out, and would have seized that villain, and so you flung me down. The gladius is not mine. I found it in the atrium, and brought it in with me. The Christian Lyrach counsels murder, and the King Llewellyn kills his truest slave! 'Tis well. Methinks the Druid faith of old would suit us better than the 'rule of love,' if such rough love be Christian."

"Heed him not, Llewellyn," said Octavia. "He is double-tongued and false. What right had he uncalled for in our chamber? Why does he seek to injure Lyrach Hen? If what he says be true, and Lyrach counsels blood, he has a fearful secret in his power; he must not be at large."

Llewellyn stepped to the door through which we entered with Octavia, and motioned to an oddly attired personage who was standing on guard in the atrium to approach, which he did.

Here we must pause a moment to describe this hybrid before going on with our story. He was below the middle height; his head was encased in a helmet of bronze, in the fashion of the Roman infantry, but with the strange addition of two horns of the same metal, which seemed to grow from each side of the head, giving the wearer a perfectly diabolical look. The body was encased in the thick leathern cuirass of the Roman, from beneath which fell the skirt of the tunic, falling just below the knee. In his hand he carried an English "bill"—an instrument somewhat like the weapon known in later years by the same name, only without the spike in the back, being, in fact, little more than a very broad and rather short sword blade, with a socket for the reception of a staff, like that on a modern garden-rake. The cutting edge was inside the curve, like a scythe, which made this weapon very formidable. The limbs were bare; of these the legs were disproportionately short and crooked, like the two marks of a parenthesis; the arms were very long and muscular, giving evidence of enormous strength. But the head—or at least all that could be seen for the helmet—was the most extraordinary portion of all. It was very large in proportion to the size of the man, and was garnished with a quantity of coarse red hair. The expression of the face was so unpleasant that all sense of the ludicrous that might have been awakened by his general appearance and attire was lost in the feeling of vague dread which his malignant looks involuntarily called up.

A motion from Llewellyn's hand was sufficient to cause this individual to utter a short, low cry, not unlike the "Yap!" of a hungry wolf preceding the more hideous howl. As if by magic, the atrium was filled with some twenty resolute-looking men, armed in the most incongruous fashion, and with no regard to uniformity in either weapons or dress, save that the latter was what might be called "debased Roman." The gladius was there, the more formidable *ensis*, the *galea*, and the *cassis*; the first a cap of simple leather, and the second a helmet bound with iron. The new-comers were sturdy men, and soldier-like in bearing. They trooped noiselessly into the hall, and in far less time than it

has taken to describe them, they were in the chamber where we had left Octavia.

Here an extraordinary scene awaited them. A youth in Roman garb lay stretched along the floor, bleeding copiously from a terrible wound in the head. A tall, majestic figure, that of a man of advanced age, was standing near him, holding a stout staff in his hand, which had evidently been the instrument where-with the fall of the younger had been wrought. A matron was seated in a Roman chair close by, regarding the fallen youth with wonder; a graceful maiden stood beside her.

"Evan ap Rheis, seize your prisoner!" exclaimed Llewellyn; "and see that he be well and strongly secured. Thou shalt answer for his safety with thine own. Away with him!"

The henchman, whose personal peculiarities have already been dwelt upon, advanced to where Owen was lying, and, taking up the senseless form of the young Briton, bore him off in his arms as a child might carry a doll. At a wave of Llewellyn's hand the armed men had vanished, and in another moment he was standing by his wife's side.

"How has it happened?" said Llewellyn. "Has the villain dared to raise his hand against thy life?"

"Oh, no! He sought to injure Lyrach Hen, from whom he sought to flee—and would have fled had I not lent my feeble aid to hold him."

"Owen shall dear abide this crime!" replied Llewellyn. "Now tell me of the Druid glen."

Octavia was about to reply, when the old blind man, who had hitherto kept silence, broke out into a wrathful invective against Llewellyn, whom he charged with heartless selfishness in disregarding Octavia's agitation, which he, though blind, could mark. Llewellyn yielded to the justice of his reproaches, and, leading the blind bard from the room, ordered the soldier on guard to see that female attendants were summoned, while he and Lyrach Hen paced the ruined floor of the ancient atrium in earnest conversation.

(To be continued.)

THE TIGERSKIN:

A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA.

By LOUIS ROUSSELET,

Author of "The Two Cabin Boys," "The Drummer Boy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.—THE AUTHORITY ON ANTS.

The negro soon returned and placed a tray on the table.



"Good!" said the doctor.

"Good," said the doctor. "And now, sir, for my story. As you will see, it is a very simple one, and quite devoid of dramatic incident. My father carried on

prise, but the movement, slight as it was, did not escape the doctor, who, carried away by his enthusiasm, continued with, "Can you be ignorant, sir, that the



"Lord Everest passed a very restless night."

in the north of France, at Hazebrouck, where I was born, the humble profession of a bird-stuffer. He had a good reputation for the ability with which he gave the appearance of life to the canaries, parrots, pug dogs, tom cats, and other sincerely regretted pets of the old ladies in the town and district. His business prospered, and as he had succeeded my grandfather so he hoped one day that I should succeed him. He sent me to college, and made me devote particular attention to zoology and botany. Unfortunately, in spite of all my endeavours, these natural sciences inspired me with a very moderate love for them. I learned the principles, in fact I became what you might call a fair naturalist; but in spite of all I felt that my true vocation, my one passion, was for entomology.

"When I left college, after finishing my humanities, I obtained my father's permission to pursue my studies at Lille, where, while I continued my natural history work, I passed as a doctor of medicine. I had, however, no intention of practising, for my father seemed to think that that would be a step downwards, and to satisfy him I entered his workshop. But to his sorrow he saw that, though I was a capital assistant, I did not think much of my trade. Every moment I could get free I was off to the woods, seeking for insects, lifting up the stones and examining the trees. I was passionately fond of the order Hymenoptera, which you doubtless know as being one of the noblest and most magnificent of the Insecta."

Everest made a slight movement of sur-

order of Hymenoptera is divided into two sections? The first, that of the Terebrants, is of little importance, it is true, although it is composed of the two families of the Entomophaga and the Phytiphaga, each counting two or three tribes; but the second is the Aculeates, comprising four families, which cover the world with their representatives. Of these four families, two—the Fossores, with the wood wasps, and the Diplopteres, with the common wasps—are respectable, it must be ad-



mitted; but what do you say to the two others, the Heterogynes and the Melliferes, who are represented by the ant and the bee? Assuredly an order which comprises two such marvellous insects well deserves to be called glorious."

"Assuredly," said Everest, somewhat bewildered by the nomenclature.

"One of the great sorrows of the entomologist," continued the imperturbable doctor, "is that the portion of the animal kingdom to which he devotes himself is so vast that no human brain can grasp all its details. Soon I found that the order of Hymenoptera itself was too extensive for my feeble efforts. Gradually I had to limit myself; I abandoned the Terebrants. Then came a day when the Aculeates frightened me, and I was reduced to fix my choice on a single family—I mean, to take up my quarters with a single tribe. For me this was a moment replete with anguish. I should have liked to take up the Apidae, but important work had been done with them, as from of old the learned have pursued the bees. At length I made my decision, and I selected the incomparable tribe of the Formicaries.

"How glad I am that I made the choice! I began my studies with the humblest member of the tribe, the fringed ant (*Formica emarginata*), which builds its dwellings in the neighbourhood of man, in the cracks in the walls, and at the foot of the trees in the gardens. But scarcely had I begun to work at the humble creature with the microscope than I was overwhelmed with admiration. I soon learnt that the ganglion hidden in the folds of the thorax places the ant immediately after man in the scale of being, for this centre of all instinct, of all intelligence, is, in proportion, twice as large as the brain of the largest animals. If the elephant had a brain as much developed as that of the ant in proportion to his bulk, his enormous head would not be able to hold its fiftieth part.

"It was then I comprehended the secret of the magnificent social organisation of the ant, with its labour and foresight, its perfect equality and order which nothing can trouble. In this little insect I admired the strength with which he moves such relatively enormous weights, the speed of his movements superior to that of all other creeping animals, the ingenuity of his buildings, with their granaries, nurseries, and meeting-halls.

"At length I made a summary of my



observations and researches, and to the Academy of Sciences at Lille I presented a memoir on *Formica emarginata*, which brought me an honourable mention.

"Kept at Hazebrouck by my father's business, in which I continued to work at my trade of taxidermist, I had to be content with studying, one after another, only the local species. And so in turn I passed in review the black ant (the *nigra*, which peoples our fields), the yellow ant (the *rufa*, whose vast constructions are scattered amongst our woods), the clouded ant (*fuliginosa*, which builds the separate cells separated by the light partitions), the little ant (the *cunicularia*), etc., etc.

"But I soon ran out of specimens. I had exhausted the sub-genus *Formica*. I then passed to other members of the tribe, but I found such a few representatives of them in our district that I had to content myself with preliminary studies only. It was in this way that I worked up all the peculiarities of the genus *Atta*, a kind of gigantic ant, which, as its name shows—it comes from the Greek *attos*—jumps and leaps on its prey, and even attacks mice and shrews; that of the *Polyergues*—from the Greek *poluergos*—that is to say, 'toilers,' with their powerful mandibles furnished with regular teeth; that of the *Poneræ*, or wicked ants, of the *Cryptoceres*, and the *Myrmices*. I knew that each of these tribes had its varieties in infinite number scattered over the globe, but of all these numerous varieties I could not find a specimen to study properly. I was eager

to do what none of my forefathers had done—to go out in the world and become personally acquainted with all these interesting things.

"About this time my father died; my poor mother had preceded him by some years. There was nothing now to keep me at Hazebrouck. I resolved to sell my father's business. Unfortunately I was in too much of a hurry, and the sale brought me very little.

me the place of one of their travellers who had come to a tragic end in Guinea. I accepted it with great joy. This unexpected proposal realised the dream of my life.

"I first visited Africa, and as I collected my birds I made several lucky finds. Then I went to America, where I was immensely fortunate. There I had the pleasure of discovering the only really dangerous ant which exists on the globe. Not knowing



"It stung me in the thumb."

"But I went to Paris. Before starting on my wanderings I was anxious to consult the collections and the library at the Museum. I then discovered so many marvels that I forgot my projects. Months passed, and one fine day I found myself on the Paris pavement—with nothing.

"Entomology is unfortunately not a science on which its disciples can easily live. As for medicine, I wanted a practice, but I had none. You can hardly grow a round of patients in a few hours.

"I had to resume my old trade, and very much to my disgust I returned to the bird-stuffing. I had been for some time with the *Mennevals*, when, appreciating my abilities and special knowledge, they offered

the species, which is about as large as a wasp, I picked it up, and it stung me in the thumb. This sting, besides a sharp momentary pain, gave me fever and shivering fits, which lasted for twenty-four hours, notwithstanding the frequent applications of ammonia to the wound. The natives told me that many similar stings had resulted in death.

"On my return I sent a memoir to the Academy of Sciences on *Cryptocerus atratus*. Thenceforward I was a celebrated man.

"Since then I have not ceased to accumulate materials for the scientific monument that I dream of raising to the noble tribe of *Formicaries*. The savings I have been able to make out of my income, which

is not a small one, as I have a share in the profits of my expeditions, will shortly enable me to retire and devote myself to the work which will be the crowning point of my career."

The doctor stopped. The rapidity of his elocution, the enthusiasm awakened by his brilliant remembrances, lit up his eyes with fire, till they sparkled again through the golden circles of his spectacles.

Everest now looked at him with respect, not that he understood very much of the rapid summary of the scientist, but because he admired this man who, poor in purse and weak in body, had simply, without boast or brag, sacrificed everything—his fortune, his comfort, and his life—for a scientific idea. For the first time for a good many years the young lord felt the awakening of an interest within him to which he was a stranger. He was on the point there and then of offering to assist the unknown with his wealth. But he understood that his offer would be declined, and perhaps cause the doctor to feel hurt. And so he said, in a kindly voice,

"And to what country are you now thinking of going?"

"In a week," answered Dr. Holbeck, "Barbarou and I start for the west coast of India. I expect to find many strange things for my employers as well as for myself. They tell me that the jungles abound with birds and ants. I shall there study the interesting varieties of the termites, for I confess that I have allowed these curious insects to remain outside the circle of my studies. My excuse is that in their habits they fully justify the title of 'white ant' given them by the vulgar, for they are animals quite strange to the tribe of Formicaries. Termites, sir, are not Hymenoptera; they belong to the family of the Planipennes, of the order Neuroptera, and are consequently cousins-german to the dragon-flies, may-flies, scorpion-flies, and semblides."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed Everest, but he said so with such an air of surprise and polite astonishment that the doctor could hardly keep from laughing.

"Really, sir," said he, "I ought to apologise for all the trifles I have been bothering you with. You probably think of an ant much as you do of a fish or an apple; but a little of it is your fault, for you started me on my hobby, and you should have stopped me."

Everest was about to assure the doctor of the pleasure he had had in listening to him, when he was interrupted by the noise of the other guests coming back into the room.

Barbarou, redder and noisier than ever, marched at the head, and, followed by the captains, was carelessly advancing towards the end, when he stopped rather confused at seeing the stranger in conversation with Holbeck.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen; I interrupt you," he said.

"Not at all," answered the doctor, who had risen. "Allow me to introduce Lord Everest, a young Englishman, travelling for amusement and information, and who thought well to honour the Boule d'Or with his presence."

Everest bowed, and the captains bowed, but rather sheepishly.

It was Barbarou who first found his tongue.

"Sir," said he, holding out his hand to the young stranger, "I am glad to make your acquaintance, but I have a vague

idea that I have seen you somewhere before."

"This morning at the railway station," said Everest.

"Ah, yes! yes!" exclaimed Barbarou. "Were you not the man I nearly upset as I rushed after the omnibus to this Boule d'Or?"

"The same," said the impassible Englishman.

"Then, please allow me to apologise again," continued the sailor. "The omnibus was on the go, and I was afraid I had not a moment to lose. That is the explanation of my exuberant vivacity."

"You owe me no excuses, sir," said Everest. "It is I, on the contrary, who ought to thank you for that insignificant event. It is due to it, as I have told the doctor, that I am at this moment in such pleasant society, and it may perhaps have the happiest consequences for me."

The young man firmly grasped the hand that Barbarou held out to him, and Barbarou warmly responded to the grip, asking himself all the time why this Englishman appeared so thankful for his having nearly knocked him down.



CHAPTER VI.—HIS LORDSHIP'S PLANS.

AT the close of this memorable day Lord Everest passed a very restless night. It was in vain that, turn as he would, he tried to sleep. The day appeared before he had succeeded in finding rest. At the first rays of the sun he jumped out of bed, rang for the faithful John, and quickly began to dress.

What then was the cause of such unusual agitation on the part of a man whom spleen's heavy hand had so long held enthralled? Were his dismal schemes to take some new departure, or had not the bed furnished by the hostess of the Boule d'Or fulfilled its soothing promises?

Nothing of the sort. Everest could only congratulate himself at having found so quiet and comfortable a room, and dismal thoughts were very far away from him; for, to the profound astonishment of John, the young man, as he proceeded with his dressing, had not once ceased whistling.

What mysterious event had brought smiles and gladness to the face which up to then had been so gloomy with weariness?

Decidedly Dr. Holbeck and the impetuous Barbarou would have been surprised to learn that they had been the authors of this almost miraculous cure. Nevertheless to nobody else belonged the honour.

Everest had gone up to his room pursued by the memories of all that he had just heard, and after thinking over it for the whole night, had decided that without delay he would go to India.

Perhaps, he thought, it would be simpler to secure a cabin in one of the first mail-boats, and be off to these foreign shores without mentioning the scheme to anybody. But then he would fall back into

the solitude which weighed on him so heavily, and he would continue to be miserable until the happy hour when fate, represented by some colossal tiger, would come to relieve him of his life. While if he could persuade the two bird-hunters to go with him his last days would be enlivened by their cheerful company.

"In short," said he to himself, "I only ask one thing, and that is to die soon, but that is no reason why I should deprive myself of the little satisfaction that a miserly fate allows me. Never in my life did I meet with pleasanter fellows than these two friends. Barbarou, with his inexhaustible loquacity, is as gay a companion as I could wish for; he is polite in spite of his rudeness, as far as I can judge by myself, and brave in spite of his bragging, for so the doctor says. As for him, he seems to be a very pearl amongst men, a scientist to whom his science will ensure a fortune, and armed with his gold spectacles braves every day a thousand dangers in order to reach the solution of the modest scientific problem he has set himself to work out."

Everest then arose, with his mind made up to leave for India by the quickest possible route, and to take the two bird-hunters with him. Once he had come to this decision, he thought of acting on it immediately, and was going to send John to inform the two travellers that he was anxious to speak with them. But reflecting that his haste might appear somewhat boyish, he resolved to wait till breakfast-time.

At length the clock struck ten, and at the first stroke Everest hurried down to the dining-room. He was the first to arrive and took his seat. Some of the captains came in after him, gave him the usual greetings, and sat down. The negro began to serve the breakfast. The two naturalists did not put in an appearance. Everest was boiling over with impatience.

Suddenly the door noisily opened and Barbarou appeared followed by the man with the gold spectacles. Recognising the young Englishman, they came round to shake hands with him and then sat down by his side.

Conversation immediately began. Again hunting adventures became the subject, and the irrepressible Barbarou narrated a few of his exploits against the savage denizens of the forest.

Everest waited for the end of the meal before he touched on his scheme, and when the coffee was finished, and Holbeck rose to leave the table, the young Englishman also rose and said,

"I should be glad if you and Mr. Barbarou would accord me a few minutes' conversation."

The doctor gave a sign of assent, and, accompanied by the sailor, followed Everest towards the space between the two windows.

"Gentlemen," said the young man, when they had seated themselves in the comfortable armchairs of Madame Ducoux, "the communication I am about to make to you is of immense importance to me. The whole of my future depends on what I am now doing—that is to say, the few months that I have to live."

Holbeck and Barbarou looked at each other, very much surprised at this preamble, but Everest continued, unmoved,

"It is necessary, in the first place, that you should know that I am the possessor of a large—a very large—fortune, much too large for me, in fact, for it is one of

the burdens of my existence. I am beholden to it for only one satisfaction, and that satisfaction—a very small one—is that there are no such things as obstacles as far as I am concerned. It matters not to me what the next day may bring forth; and after the conversation I had with you, doctor, yesterday, I made up my mind that I would start for India as quickly as I could, and that I would ask you to go with me."

"Nothing is easier," said the doctor, "for we are going to the same place; we can travel together."

"Yes; but I should like—" Here Everest appeared to hesitate; he stammered out rather than said, "I should like you to go with me—not that you should enter my service, but that I should be sure you would not leave me for some specified time, which we could settle. In order that you may do so, I will give you an indemnity, which you yourselves can fix, to leave the house of Menneval, and follow me on my travels."

Everest waited with anxiety for the answer of the two friends. Holbeck knit his brows; Barbarou became redder than was his wont.

At length the doctor broke the silence. "I see, sir," said he, coldly, "that you have made a mistake about us. We are under engagement to the house of Menneval, but neither I nor my friend Barbarou is in any one's service."

"Oh, sir!" interrupted Everest, with much feeling, "do you think I intended to insult a man like you—a scientist whose character inspires me with so much respect and sympathy? I am a foreigner, and not quite master of your language. My words have doubtless misinterpreted my thoughts."

"I am sure of it," quickly replied Holbeck, somewhat softened; "but, to my great regret, it is impossible for either myself or my friend to accept your proposal. Although we are independent enough to travel to suit our fancy, yet we are bound to the Mennevals by formal engagements."

"We will never work for a rival house," added Barbarou.

"You see it is impossible," continued Holbeck.

"It only remains, then," said Everest, "for me to apologise for having bothered you with my indiscreet invitation. For a moment it seemed that fortune smiled on me. For the first time for many years I felt a little pleasure in planning this. Alas! I see that fate is against me. Good-bye, gentlemen."

Poor Everest had such an unhappy look as he said these words that Barbarou felt quite troubled. "Well," said he, all of a sudden, "I don't see, young sir, that you need regret it so much. It is true that Holbeck is a learned fellow that one would like to have with him—for he knows everything, the wretched little man!—but as for me, with my scarecrow of a head, I should not make much of a body-guard. As for servants like us, you can find them, if you like, thirteen to the dozen."

"Tut, tut, tut!" interrupted Holbeck, in his turn; "we did not understand each other at first, but we can arrange it. What part of India do you think of going to?"

"I do not know," answered Everest, again bewildered by his disappointment. "It does not matter where I go."

"What! it does not matter?" exclaimed Holbeck.

"I mean to say that I have no fixed plan," continued the young man. "I want to go into the interior, for I am only going to India to hunt the big game."

"Well, then, in my turn," continued the doctor, "I will make you a proposition. Neither have we any settled plan. We are going to India in search of birds, animals' skins, and rare insects. All through the country where these things are found game is never wanting. Consequently we will make you an offer. Come with us!"

"Come with you?" asked Everest, in a trembling voice.

"That is to say," continued the doctor, "that you are in no way bound. You can hunt while we collect. You follow our road or we follow yours, for, as I tell you, we are free to go where we please. If you have had enough of our society you can leave us, or if we do not care for yours we can leave you. In a word, we will travel like three friends—perhaps like three good friends—and that is all. Will that do for you?"

"Will that do for me?" exclaimed Everest. "My dear Dr. Holbeck, you are an angel! Allow me," and he shook the doctor's hand with such vigour as almost to shake off the celebrated spectacles. "Oh, sir!" added Everest, as he turned to Barbarou, "I am indeed glad!"

But doubtless Barbarou's red face did not remind him of an angel's, either with or without spectacles, for he gave his hand a much gentler grip.

A week afterwards the Hougly, one of the magnificent boats of the Messageries Maritimes, glided majestically out of the harbour of Marseilles, with a long plume of smoke floating behind her.

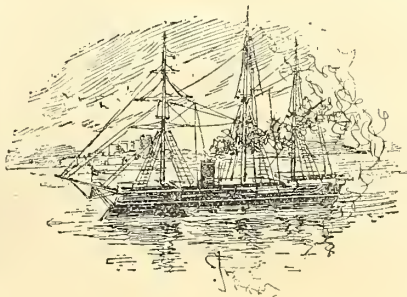
From the after-deck three passengers contemplated the splendid panorama of the roadstead, with its hundreds of vessels, its picturesque islands, its superb framework of bare rocky mountains, at the foot of which lay the vast amphitheatre of the great Phœcean city.

"Now confess, Lord Everest, that Marseilles is the finest city in the world," said one of the passengers to his neighbour, with a strong Provençal accent.

But the Englishman made no reply. With a frown he fixedly regarded the sunny shore that he was so rapidly leaving. Suddenly he held out his hand, made a gesture of adieu, or of menace, and murmured, "Farewell, old Europe! may I never see you again!"

"Bah!" said a little man with a white cravat who was standing near. "Do not be too sure of that, my friend; we shall see it again some day."

(To be continued.)



THE ABBEYS OF BRITAIN.

As a sequel to our recent sketches of the Cathedrals, we give on the next page a group of some of the most famous of our Monasteries.

The holy thorn is out for its second blossoming, and as we stand on Wearyall Hill, and look away north-eastwards to the ruins of our earliest abbey, the legend of its foundation comes home to us with such a similitude of truth that it seems rank treason to doubt it.

Chosen by St. Philip as the first missionaries to the west, Joseph of Arimathea and his eleven companions—one of whom was Longinus, the soldier that had pierced the Saviour's side—set sail from Tyre in one of the Phœnician traders for these favoured lands. At first their reception was cold and cheerless; and to this spot they had wandered, "weary all" and sore of foot. It was Christmas Eve, and as he lay down to sleep amid the snow Joseph stuck his hawthorn stick deep into the ground.

When the twelve awoke it was bright morning, and lo!—a miracle!—the thorn-stick had taken root, and branched and budded; and the white garb of the may-tree had given place to the blood-stained petals of the holy thorn! The sign was unmistakable, and so the first missionaries chose this spot as their abiding-place. King Arviragus permitted them to establish themselves on the island, then called Ynisytryn; and hence in their humble way, interfering not in political matters, they began to preach their new religion. Where the abbey now stands was built their first church of wattled boughs—the first Christian church in Britain.

Ynisytryn became in time translated into Glaston; and from Arviragus having given Joseph and his companions the land in equal portions we get the "twelve hides of Glaston," that endure to this day. Glaston Isle was a wild waste spot at first, but the converts soon took it in hand, and when they had reduced it somewhat into cultivation the little patch of fruit trees on the rise gave it its Arthurian name—the Isle of Avalon, the Island of Apples, those famous apples from which the Somersetshire orchards drew their existing stock. And the Somersetshire coast, rising slowly even now, drained off the waters as it rose from the sea, and the island was lost in the Vale of Avalon; but the older name lived on, and the monastery on Glaston Isle became Glastonbury, the first in age of our abbeys, and, with the exception of Westminster, the first in wealth of all abbeys.

In this beautiful valley, beneath the grey mouldering walls, lies the sacred dust of the mighty King Arthur; of King Edmund, "the doer of great deeds," murdered by Leofa not many miles away at Pucklechurch; of Edgar the peaceful and the fortunate; and of Edmund Ironside, the sturdy antagonist of Canute. But little is left of the great monastery, nearly six hundred feet in length, which occupied the sites of the earlier wooden church and the church of St. Dunstan. We have St. Joseph's Chapel, and, of course, the kitchen—that wondrous kitchen seventy-two feet high. "I will come and burn your kitchen," said the king; and the abbot returned and built a kitchen such as the king could not burn. The last abbot was Richard Whiting, who, in 1538, was drawn on a hurdle to Glastonbury Tor, and there hanged and quartered, his head being set upon the abbey gate, and a quarter each being bestowed upon Ilchester, Bridgewater, Bath, and Wells. "Right royally had he lived, entertaining at one time five hundred persons of condition at the table, feeding all the poor of the neighbourhood on Wednesdays and Fridays, and followed by a train of one hundred servitors when he left his home." King Henry gave him his choice—"his abbey or his head"—and he wisely chose the latter, and became immortalised as the last of the great abbots.

(To be continued.)



THE WILLOUGHBY CAPTAINS.

CHAPTER XXIX.—A SELECT PARTY AT THE DOCTOR'S.

him, or he wouldn't hold him down on the seat like that. I wonder what brings them together here? and I wonder if I had better go and interfere? No, I think I won't just now."

And so he walked on, troubled enough to be sure, but not concluding quite as much from what he saw as Wyndham feared or Silk hoped.

As he walked on fellows

noticing that it appeared to be a notebook, and had no owner's name in the beginning, carried it with him, and forgot all about it till he reached his study.

Even here it was some time before it again attracted his attention, as its importance was wholly eclipsed by the contents of a note which he found lying on his table, and which ran as follows:

"Dear Riddell,—Will you join us at tea



"I do not understand what you mean by 'a pull,' Mr. Fairbairn."

YOUNG Wyndham, had he only known what was in the captain's mind as he walked that afternoon across the Big, would probably have thought twice before he went such a long way round to avoid him.

Silk's little piece of pantomime had not had the effect its author intended. In the quick glance which Riddell had given towards the bench and its occupants he had taken in pretty accurately the real state of the case.

"Poor fellow!" said he to himself; "he's surely in trouble enough without being laid hold of by that cad. Silk thinks I shall fancy he has captured my old favourite. Let him! But if he has captured him he doesn't seem very sure of

glared at him from a distance, and others passing closer cut him dead. A few of the most ardent Parrett's juniors took the liberty of hissing him, and one ventured to call out, pointedly, "Who cut the ruddelines?"

Riddell, however, though he winced under these insults, took little notice of them. He was as determined as ever to wait the confirmation of his suspicions before he unmasked the culprit, and equally convinced that duty and honour both demanded that he should lose not a moment in coming to a conclusion.

It was in the midst of these reflections that the small book which Wyndham had seen him pick up caught his eye. He picked it up mechanically, and after

this evening at seven? I expect Fairbairn and Bloomfield.

"Yours faithfully,

"R. PATRICK."

Riddell groaned. Had he not had trouble and humiliation and misery enough? What had he done to deserve this crowning torture? Tea with the Griffins!

He sat down and wrote, as in politeness bound, that he would have much pleasure in accepting the Doctor's kind invitation, and, sending the note off by Cusack, resigned himself to the awful prospect, which for a time shut out everything else.

However, he had no right, he felt, to be idle. He must finish his work now, so as to be free for the evening's "entertain-

ment," and for the other equally grave duties which lay before him.

But somehow he could not work; his mind was too full to be able to settle steadily on any one thing, and finally he pushed away the books and gave up the attempt.

It was at that moment that the small black book he had found caught his eye.

He took it up, intending, if possible, to ascertain whose property it was, and, failing that, to send Cusack to "cry" it round the school.

But the first thing that met his eye on the front page roused his curiosity. It was evidently a quotation:

"Pass me not, oh! reader, by,
Read my pages tenderly (tenderly altered to
"on the sly");
All that's writ is writ for thee,
Open now and you shall see."

After such a cordial invitation even Riddell could hardly feel much qualm about dipping farther into this mysterious manuscript.

It appeared to be a diary, which, but for the announcement at the beginning, one would have been inclined to regard as a private document. And the first entry Riddell encountered was certainly of that character:—

"Friday, the fifth day of the week.—My birthday. Rose at 6.59½. I am old. I am 24 (and ten off) some one had taken my soap. Meditations As I dressed me. The world is very large I am small in the world I will aspire as I go to chapel I view Riddell who toucheth his hat. Gross conduct of my father sending me only half a crown breakfast at 7.33. Disturbance with the evil Telson whereby I obtained lines."

This was quite enough for one day, and Riddell, greatly mystified, turned a few pages farther on to see if the narrative became more lucid as it progressed.

"I am now a skyrocket. Meditations on being a skyrocket. The world is very large, etc. Gross meeting of Parliament Riddell the little captain sitteth on his seat. I make a noble speech gross conduct of Parson, who is kicked out. Eloquence of Bloomfield who crieth Order under the form I see Telson hanging on. I hang too and am removed speaking nobly. Large tea at Parson's the cake being beastly. Riddell it seems hath cut the rudder-lines. I indignant and cut him with a razor I remove two corus from my nether foot."

More in this strain followed, and lower down the diary proceeded:

"Wyndham the junior thinketh much of himself he is ugly in the face and in the second eleven. I have writ a poem on Wyndham.

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell (altered to "Wyndham junior")
The reason why I cannot tell (altered to "say");
But this I know, and know full well (altered to "ill").
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell (altered to "Wyndham junior")."

I over hear much of Wyndham the gross Telson and the evil Parson not knowing I am by the little boys say they have seen the ugly Wyndham come from Beamish's. Oh evil Wyndham being taken by Silk and Gilks. No one knows and Wyndham is to be expelled. I joy much Riddell knoweth it. Telson telleth Parson that Riddell is gross expelling for Beamish's and Wyndham weepeth in private. I smile at the practice Mr. Parrett bowleth me balls I taketh them and am out."

If Boshier could have seen the effect of

this elegant extract upon the captain he would probably have "joyed" with infinite self-satisfaction. Riddell's colour changed as he read and re-read and re-read again these few lines of idiotic jargon.

He lay down the book half a dozen times, and as often took it up again and scrutinised the entry, and as he did so quick looks of perplexity, or joy, or shame, even of humour, chased one another across his face.

The truth with all its new meaning slowly dawned upon him. It had been reserved to Boshier's diary, of all agencies in the world, to explain everything, and cast a flood of light upon what had hitherto been incomprehensible!

Of course he could see it all now. If this diary was to be believed—but was it? Might it not be a hoax purposely put in his way to delude him?

Yet he could not believe that this laboriously written record could have been compiled for his sole benefit; and this one entry which he had lit upon by mere chance was only one of hundreds of stupid, absurd entries, most of which meant nothing at all, and which seemed more like the symptoms of a disease than the healthy productions of a sane boy.

In this one case, however, there seemed to be some method in the author's madness, and he had given a clue so important that Riddell, in pondering over it that evening and calculating its true value, was very nearly being late for the Doctor's tea at seven o'clock.

However, he came to himself just in time to decorate his person and hurry across the quadrangle before the clock struck.

On his way over he met Parson and Telson, walking arm-in-arm. Although the same spectacle had met his eyes on an average twice every day that term, and was about the commonest "show" in Willoughby, the sight of the faithful pair at this particular time when the revelations of Boshier's diary were tingling in his ears impressed the captain. Indeed, it impressed him so much that, at the imminent risk of being late for the Doctor's tea, he pulled up to speak to them.

Parson, as became a loyal Parrett, made as though he would pass on, but Telson held him back.

"I say, you two," said Riddell, "will you come to breakfast with me to-morrow morning after chapel?"

And without so much as waiting for a reply, he bolted off, leaving his two would-be guests a trifle concerned as to his sanity.

The clock was beginning to strike as Riddell knocked at the Doctor's door, and began at length to realise what he was in for.

He did not know whether to be thankful or not that Bloomfield and Fairbairn would be there to share his misery. They would be but two extra witnesses to his sufferings, and their tribulations were hardly likely to relieve his.

However, there was one comfort. He might have a chance before the evening was over of telling Bloomfield that he now had every reason to believe his suspicions about the culprit had been wrong.

How thankful he was he had held out against the temptations to name poor Wyndham two days ago!

"Well, Riddell, how are you?" said the Doctor, in his usual genial fashion. "I think you have met these ladies before. Mr. Riddell—my dear—Miss Stringer.

These gentlemen you have probably seen before also. Ha! ha!"

Riddell saluted the ladies very much as he would have saluted two mad dogs, and nodded the usual Willoughby nod to his two fellow-monitors, who having already got over the introductions had retreated to a safe distance.

A common suffering is the surest bond of sympathy, and Bloomfield positively beamed on his rival in recognition of his salute.

"I trust your mother," said Mrs. Patrick, "whose indisposition we were regretting on the last occasion when you were here, is now better?"

"Very well indeed, I hope," replied the captain, hardly knowing what he said.

"Thank you."

"And I trust, Mr. Riddell," chimed in Miss Stringer, "that you were gratified by the result of the election."

"No, thank you," replied Riddell, beginning to shake in his shoes.

"Indeed? If I remember right you professed yourself to be a Liberal?"

"Yes—that is—the Radical got in," faltered Riddell, wondering why in common charity no one came to his rescue.

"And pray, Mr. Riddell," continued Miss Stringer, ruthlessly, "can you tell us the difference between a Liberal and a Radical? I have often longed to know—and you I have no doubt are an authority."

Riddell at this point seriously meditated a forced retreat, and there is no saying what desperate act he might have committed had not the Doctor fortunately come to the rescue.

"The election altogether," said he, laughing, "is rather a sore point in the school. I told you, my dear, about the manner in which Mr. Cheeseman's letter was received?"

"You did," replied Mrs. Patrick, who for some few moments had had her eyes upon Bloomfield, with a view to draw him out.

"Now do you really suppose, Mr. Bloomfield, that the boys in your House, for instance, attached any true importance at all to the issue of the contest?"

Bloomfield, who had not been aware till this question was half over that it had been addressed to him, started and said—the most fatal observation he could have made—

"Eh? I beg your pardon, that is?"

"I inquired," said Mrs. Patrick, fixing him with her eye, "whether you really supposed that the boys in your House, for instance, attached any true importance at all to the issue of the contest?"

Bloomfield received this ponderous question meekly, and made a feeble effort to turn it over in his mind, and then dreading to hear it repeated once more, answered,

"Oh, decidedly, ma'am."

"In what respect?" inquired the lady, settling herself down on the settee and awaiting with raised eyebrows her victim's answer.

Poor Bloomfield was no match for this deliberate style of tactics.

"They were all Yellow," he replied.

"All what, sir?" demanded Mrs. Patrick.

"All Whig, I mean," he said.

"Exactly. What I want to know is, do they any of them appreciate the distinction between a Whig (or, as Mr. Riddell terms it, a Liberal)—"

Riddell winced.

"—Between a Whig and a Radical?"

"Oh, certainly not," replied Bloomfield, wildly.

"And yet you say that they decidedly attached a true importance to the issue of the contest? That is very extraordinary!"

And Mrs. Patrick rose majestically to take her seat at the table, leaving Bloomfield writhing and turned mentally inside out, to recover as best he could from this interesting political discussion.

"The Rockshire match was a great triumph," said the Doctor, cheerily, as the company established itself at the festive board—"and a surprise too, surely—was it not?"

"Yes, sir," said Fairbairn, who, seeing that Bloomfield was not yet in a condition to discourse, felt it incumbent on him to reply—"we never expected to win by so much."

"It was quite an event," said the Doctor, "the heads of the three Houses all playing together in the same eleven."

"Yes, sir," replied Fairbairn, "Bloomfield here was most impartial."

Bloomfield said something which sounded like "Not at all."

"I was specially glad to see the Welchers coming out again," said the Doctor, with a friendly nod to Riddell.

"Yes," said Fairbairn, who appeared to be alarmingly at his ease; "and Welch's did good service too; that catch of Riddell's saved us a wicket or two, didn't it, Bloomfield?"

"Yes," replied Bloomfield.

"Was Rockshire a specially weak team this year?" asked the Doctor.

"I don't think so, sir," replied Fairbairn, politely handing the toast to Miss Stringer as he spoke; "but they evidently weren't so well together as our men."

"And what, Mr. Fairbairn," asked Miss Stringer at this point, in her most stately tones—what, pray, is the exact meaning of the expression 'well together,' as applied to a company of youths?"

Bloomfield and Riddell groaned inwardly for their comrade. They had seen what was coming, and had marked his rash approach to the mouth of the volcano with growing apprehension. They had been helpless to hold him back, and now his turn was come—he had met his fate.

So at least they imagined. What, then, was their amazement when he turned not a hair at the question, but replied, stirring his tea complacently as he did so, "You see, each of the Rockshire men may have been a good cricketer, and yet if they had not been used to playing together, as our fellows have been, we should have a decided pull on them."

Miss Stringer regarded the speaker critically. She had not been used to have her problems so readily answered, and appeared to discover a suspicion of rudeness in the boy's speech which called for a set-down.

"I do not understand what you mean by a 'pull,' Mr. Fairbairn," said she, sternly.

"Why," replied Fairbairn, who was really interested in the subject, and quite pleased to be drawn out on so congenial a topic, "it's almost as important to get to know the play of your own men as to know the play of your opponents. For instance, when we all know Bloomfield's balls break a bit to the off, we generally know whereabouts in the field to expect them if they are taken; and when Porter goes on with slows every one knows to stand in close and look out for catches."

"Yes," said Bloomfield, gaining sudden courage by the example of his comrade, "that's just where Rockshire was weak. They were always shifting about their field and bowlers. I'm certain they had scarcely played together once."

"And," added Riddell, also taking heart of grace, and entering into the humour of the situation—"and they seemed to save up their good bowlers for the end, instead of beginning with them. All our hitting men got the easy bowling, and the others, who were never expected to score in any case, were put out by the good."

"In this respect, you see," continued Fairbairn, addressing Miss Stringer, "a school eleven always gets the pull of a scratch team."

Miss Stringer, who during this conversation had been growing manifestly uncomfortable, vouchsafed no reply, but, turning to her sister, said, with marked formality, "My dear, were the Browns at home when you called this afternoon?"

"I regret to say they were out," replied Mrs. Patrick, with a withering glance round the table.

"Of course, it depends, too," said Bloomfield, replying to Fairbairn's last question, and giving him an imperceptible sly kick under the table, "on whether it's early or late in the season. If we were to play them in August they would know their own play as well as we know ours."

"Only," chimed in Riddell, "these county teams don't stick to the same elevens as regularly as a school does."

"My dear, have you done your tea?" inquired Mrs. Patrick's voice across the table.

"Yes. Shall I ring?" said the Doctor. "Allow me," said Fairbairn, rising hastily, and nearly knocking over Miss Stringer in his eagerness.

The spinster, who had already received in her own opinion sufficient affront for one evening, put the worst construction possible on this accident, and answered with evident ill-temper, "You are very clumsy, sir!"

"I beg your pardon, indeed!" said Fairbairn. "I hope you are not hurt?"

"Be silent, sir!"

Fairbairn, quite taken aback by this unexpected exclamation, did not know what to say, and looked round inquiringly at the Doctor, as much as to ask if the lady was often taken this way.

The Doctor, however, volunteered no explanation, but looked uncomfortable and coughed.

"If you will excuse me," said Miss Stringer to her sister, with a forced severity of tone, "I will go to my room."

"You are not well, I fear," said Mrs. Patrick. "I will go with you;" and next moment the enemy was gone, and the Doctor and his boys were together.

Dr. Patrick, who, to tell the truth, seemed scarcely less relieved than his visitors, made no attempt to apologise for Miss Stringer's sudden indisposition, and embarked at once on a friendly talk about school affairs.

This had been his only object in inviting the boys. He had nothing momentous to say, and no important change to propose. Indeed, his object appeared to be more to get them to talk among themselves on matters of common interest to the school, and to let them see that his sympathy was with them in their efforts for the public good.

No reference was made to the state of affairs in Parrett's, or to the rivalries of

the two captains. That the Doctor knew all about these matters no one doubted, but he took the wise course of leaving them to right themselves, and at the same time of making it very clear what his opinions were of the effect of disunion and divided interest in a great public school.

Altogether the evening was profitably and pleasantly spent, and when at length the boys took their leave it was with increased interest in their work and increased respect for the head master and one another.

The ladies, greatly to their relief, did not return on to the scene.

"Miss Stringer," said Fairbairn, as the three walked together across the quadrangle, "doesn't seem to appreciate cricket."

The others laughed.

"I say," said Bloomfield, "you put your foot into it awfully! She thought you were chaffing her all the time."

"Did she? What a pity!" replied Fairbairn.

"Of course, we were bound to help you out when you were once in," continued Bloomfield. "But I don't fancy we three will be asked up there again in a hurry."

They came to the School House gate, and Fairbairn said good night. Riddell and Bloomfield walked on together towards Parrett's.

"Oh, Bloomfield," said the captain, nervously, "I just wanted to tell you that I believe I have been all wrong in my guess about the boatrace affair. The boy I suspected, I now fancy, had nothing to do with it."

"You are still determined to keep it all to yourself, then?" asked Bloomfield, somewhat coldly.

"Of course," replied the captain.

At this point they reached Parrett's. Neither boy had any inclination to pursue the unpleasant topic—all the more unpleasant because it was the one bar to a friendship which both desired.

"Good night," said Bloomfield, stiffly.

"Good night," replied the captain.

(To be continued.)

RAFTS AND CATAMARANS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

(Continued from page 447.)

Now get some canvas forty inches wide. Coat it well with boiled oil, dry it thoroughly, and placing the lower edge of your framework along its centre, strain it up tight all round. Use copper nails to fasten it with, and running a streak of paint along its lower edge, finish it there with a thin oak batten, steamed to shape if necessary, and screwed on outside while the paint is wet, so as to serve for protection and form the keel. Now give your pontoon a good even coat of paint, and when that is thoroughly dry give it a trial coat of any colour you please.

Now make another pontoon in exactly the same way, and when it is finished fasten both hulls together with three pieces of scantling, as shown in Fig. 9. The cross-bars should be nine feet long and four inches square, and kept in their places by copper bolts slipped into them through the holes in the centre of each of the sockets.

Now make a platform of quarter-inch boards by nailing them together in two layers at right angles to each other. Use copper nails and clinch them. Round the outside of the platform run a low ridge of hard wood, so as to turn

it into a tray, as shown in the sketch, and keep the water off the edges of the boards. Cut out a dozen grooves for the tops of the sockets to sink into; put the platform flat down on the cross-bars, and screw it into its place with galvanised nuts and bolts passing through the bars. The catamaran is now finished and ready for the mast, which can be stepped in an iron collar raised on three strong iron supports about twenty inches long, strongly riveted and bolted into the deck. Her sails and spars are made in the ordinary manner, the same as those of other boats as described in previous articles. She

requires a traverse or ring for the painter, and a rowlock to steer her by, and then, having carefully overhauled her to see that she is thoroughly watertight, whitelead every crack and crevice, and remembered throughout her construction never to have nailed a nail or screwed a screw without first covering it with whitelead, you can give her a farewell top coat of colour. Wait till she is thoroughly dry, and then, having placed a cork securely in each of the ten holes leading to her watertight compartments, which holes were made for you to get the water out in case any should leak in, you can

launch her, seize your steering rudder, and be off. She will go anywhere and do anything, providing always that the waves are not rough enough to wash you off her deck.

Says Mr. Alden: "There is no better boat to cruise in than such a catamaran. At night you anchor her, unship your mast, pitch your tent, and sleep safely and comfortably. If you come to a dam you can take the craft apart and carry her round it piecemeal. If you once try to build a catamaran and succeed—as you certainly will if you have patience—you will have the safest and most comfortable sail-boat in the world."

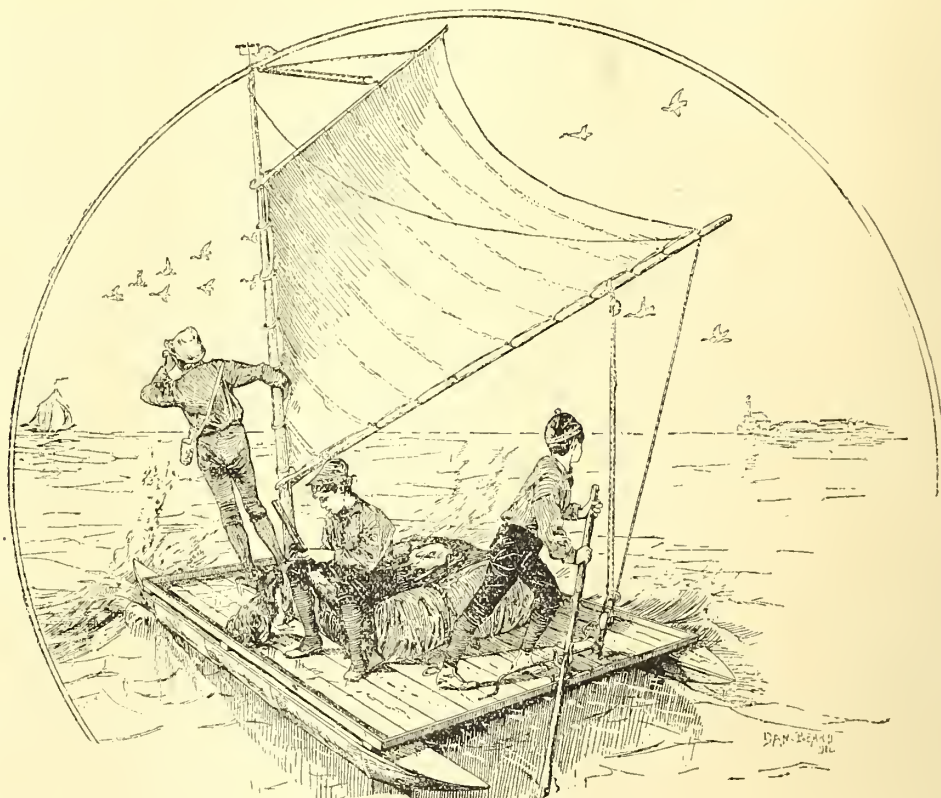


Fig. 10.—A Safe Craft.

THE SILVER CAÑON: A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY G. MANVILLE FENN,

Author of "In the King's Name," "Nat the Naturalist," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.—SPEARING SALMON UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE undertaking of the chief was considered sufficient, and as a change of food would be very acceptable to the little mining colony, the doctor made no difficulty about the matter; so the Beaver sent out scouts into the plain to give the earliest notice of the appearance of danger, and to supplement this the doctor posted Harry, their English follower, in the best position on the mountain, with his powerful glass, so that he might well sweep the plain and give an earlier notice of the enemy's coming than even the Indians could supply.

The Beaver looked very hard at the telescope, and said that it was very great medicine, evidently feeling for it a high degree of respect. Then certain other arrangements having been made, including the choice of half a dozen of the Mexican greasers to carry the salmon that Bart said laughingly they had not yet caught, the fishing party, which included Bart, Josés, the Beaver, the interpreter, and six

more Indians, all started for the patch of forest.

They were all well armed, and, in addition to their weapons, the Indians had contrived some ingeniously formed three-pronged spears, keen as lancets, and well barbed, ready for use against the fish.

The deep rift leading down to the cañon was soon found, and this time Bart approached cautiously, lest there should be another of the rattle-tailed snakes lurking in a crevice of the rock; but this time they had nothing of the kind to encounter. A magnificent deer, though, sprang from a dense thicket, and Bart's rifle, like that of Josés, was at his shoulder on the instant.

"No, no!" cried the Beaver, eagerly; and they lowered the pieces.

"Ah!" cried Bart, in a disappointed tone, "I had just got a good sight of him. I know I should not have missed."

"The Beaver's right, Master Bart," said

Josés, quietly. "If we fired, the sound might travel to the Apachés, and bring 'em down upon us. Best not, my lad. We'll get the salmon without our guns."

They entered the "chimney," and, acquainted now with its peculiarities, the party descended much more quickly than on the previous occasion. The way was clearer, too, the vines and tangled growth having been cleared at the first descent, when pieces of rock were removed, and others placed in clefts and cracks to facilitate the walking, so that, following the same plan again, there was a possibility of the slope becoming in time quite an easy means of communication between the cañon and the plain.

They reached the bottom in safety, and, probably to make sure that there should be no such accident as that to the doctor occur unseen, the chief took the precaution of planting the party on rocks out in the stream well in view one of the other, and

just where the fish would pass. He then set a couple of his men to watch for danger, and the spearing began.

"Now, Master Bart," said Jose, "sling your rifle as I do, and let's see what you can do in spearing salmon."

"Hadh't we better leave our rifles ashore there, under the trees?" replied Bart.

"Yes, my lad, if you want to be taken at a disadvantage. Why, Master Bart, I should as soon think of leaving an arm or a leg ashore as my rifle. No, my lad; there's no peace times out here. So, no matter how inconvenient it may be, sling your piece, and be always prepared for the worst."

"Oh, all right, Jose!" replied Bart, pettishly, and he slung his rifle.

"Oh, it's of no use for you to be huffy, my lad!" growled Jose. "You never know when danger's coming. I knowed a young fellow once up in the great north plains. He'd been across the Alkali Desert in a bad time, and had been choked with the heated dust and worried with the nasty salty stuff that had filled his eyes and ears, so that when he got to a branch of one of the rivers up there that was bubbling over rocks and stones just as this may be, and—Ah, stoopid! Missed him!" cried Jose, after making a tremendous stab at a salmon.

"Well, Jose?"

"Well! no, it wasn't well. He thought he must have a good swim, and so he took off his clothes, laid his rifle up against the trunk of a big pine-tree, and in he went, and began splashing about in the beautiful cool clear water, which seemed to soften his skin, and melt off quite a nasty salt crust that had made him itchy and almost mad for days."

"Well, this was so good that he swam farther and farther, till he swam right across to where the stream ran fast right under the steep rock, not so big as this, but still so big and steep that a man could not have climbed up it at the best of times, and—Got him, my lad?" he exclaimed, as he saw Bart make a vigorous thrust with his spear.

"Yes, I have him!" cried Bart, excitedly, as he struggled with the vigorous fish—a large one of fourteen or fifteen pounds' weight, one which he successfully drew upon the rocks, and, after gloating over its silvery beauty, carried to the shore, returning just in time to see Jose strike down his fish-spear and drag out a fish a little larger than the first one caught.

"That's a fine one, Master Bart," growled Jose, as he set off to step from stone to stone to the bank, while Bart, eager and excited, stood with poised spear, gazing intently down into the clear depths for the next beauty that should come within his reach.

Just then one came up stream, saw the danger impending, and went off like a flash through the water, turning slightly on his side and showing his great silvery scales.

"Too late for him, Jose," cried Bart.

"Ah, you must be sharp with them, my lad, I can tell you," cried his companion. "Well, as I was telling of you, the rock on the opposite side of the river rose up like a wall, and there was just a shelf of stone big enough for a man to land on before he tried to swim back. Those stones, too, were right in the sunshine, and the wall behind them was just the same, and they'd be nice and warm."

"How do you know, Jose?"

"How do I know? because I've swum across that river often, and it's very cold—so cold that you're glad to get out and have a good warm on the rocks before you try to swim back. Got him again?"

"Yes," replied Bart, who had made a successful thrust. "Only a small one, though."

"Not so bad, my lad; not so bad. He's a good eight or nine pounds. Well, as I was telling you, this young man got out on the bit of a shelf, and was warming himself, when his eyes nearly jumped out of his head, for he saw half a dozen Injuns come from among the pine-trees, and one of them, when he saw that young man there, ran loping towards where the gun stood, caught it up, and took a quick aim at him. Now, then—Ah, I've got you this time," cried Jose, spearing the largest fish yet caught, dragging it out of the water, and taking it ashore.

"Fine one, Jose?" cried Bart.

"Yes; he's a pretty good one. Ah, you missed him again. It wants a sharp poke, my lad. Well, now then," he added, as Bart recovered himself after an ineffectual thrust, "what ought that young man to have done, Master Bart?"

"Taken a header into the river, dived, and swum for his life."

"Right, boy; but he was so scared and surprised that he sat there staring at the Injun, and gave him a chance to fire at him, being so near that the shot whistled by his ear and flattened on the rock behind, and fell on the shelf where he was sitting."

"That woke him up, I suppose?" said Bart.

"It just did, my lad; and before the Indians knew where he was, he went plop into the river and disappeared, and the Injun ran down to catch him as he came up again."

"And," said Bart, quickly, "they didn't catch sight of his head when he came above the water, because he swam up with the eddy into a dark pool among some rocks, and squatted there, with only his nose above the water, till they thought he was drowned and went, and then he crept out."

"Why, how did you know?" growled Jose.

"Because you've told me half a dozen times before. I recollect now," said Bart, "only you began it in a different way, so that I thought it was a new story; and you were that young man, Jose."

"Course I was," growled the other; "but see if I tell you a story again."

"Never mind, Jose; here's another," cried Bart, laughing.

"And here's a bigger one, Master Bart," said Jose, chuckling.

"What splendid sport!" cried Bart, as he followed Jose ashore with his prize, and added it to the silvery heap.

"Ay, it ain't amiss. We shall give them a reg'lar treat in the camp, that we shall."

"Look, Jose, the Beaver's got a monster. He has let it go. What's he bounding ashore for like that?"

"Quick, Master Bart—danger!" cried Jose, excitedly, as a warning cry rang along the river. "Look out! This way!"

"What's the danger?" cried Bart, leaping ashore and unslinging his rifle.

"Injun, my lad; don't you see 'em? they're coming down the cañon. This way. Never mind the fish; make straight for the chimney. We can hold that agin 'em anyhow."

Crack—crack! went a couple of rifles from some distance up the river, and the bullets cut the boughs of the trees above their heads.

Bart's immediate idea was to sink down amongst the herbage for cover and return the shot, but the Beaver made a rush at him, shouting, "No, no, no!" and, taking his place, began to return the fire of the approaching Indians, bidding Bart escape.

"I don't like leaving all that fish after all, Master Bart," said Jose; "they'd be so uncommon good up yonder. Go it, you skunks! fire away, and waste your powder! Yah! What bad shots your savages are! I don't believe they could hit our mountain upstairs there! Hadn't we better stop and drive them back, Beaver, and let the greasers carry away the fish?"

Crack—crack—crack! rattled the rifles; and as the faint puffs of smoke could be seen rising above the bushes and rocks high up the cañon, the sounds of the firing echoed to and from the rocky sides till they died away in the distance, and it seemed at last, as the firing grew a little hotter, and was replied to briskly by Jose and the Indians, that fifty or sixty people were firing on either side.

The attack was so fairly responded to that the Apaches were checked for the time, and Jose raised himself from the place he had made his rifle pit, and called to the Mexican greasers to run and pick up the fish while he and the Indians covered them; but, though he called several times, not one responded.

"What's come of all them chaps, Master Bart?" he cried.

"I think they all got to the chimney, and began to climb up," replied Bart.

"Just like 'em," growled Jose. "My word, what a brave set o' fellows they are! I don't wonder at the Injun looking down upon 'em and making faeces, as if they was an inferior kind of beast. Ah, would you?"

Jose lowered himself down again, for a bullet had whizzed by in unpleasant proximity to his head.

"Are you hurt, Jose?" cried Bart, half rising to join him.

"Keep down, will you, Master Bart! Hurt me? No. They might hit you. I say, have you fired yet?"

"Yes, three times," replied Bart; "but I fired over their heads to frighten them."

"Hark at that!" cried Jose; "just as if that would frighten an Injun. It would make him laugh and come close because you were such a bad shot. It does more harm than good, my lad."

Crack!

Jose's rifle uttered its sharp report just then, and the firing ceased from a spot whence shot after shot had been coming with the greatest regularity, and the rough fellow turned grimly to his young companion.

"I don't like telling you to do it, Master Bart, because you're such a young one, and it seems, of course, shocking to say shoot men. But then you see these ain't hardly like men; they're more like rattlesnakes. We haven't done them no harm, and we don't want to do them no harm, but all the same they will come, and they'll kill the lot of us if they can; so the time has come when you must help us, for you're a good shot, my lad, and every bullet you put into the Injun means one more chance for us to save our scalps, and help the doctor with his plans."

"Must I fire at them, then, Jose?" said Bart, sadly.

"Yes, my lad, you must. They're five or six times as many as we are, and they're coming slowly on, creeping from bush to bush, so as to get a closer shot at us. There, I tell you what you do; fire at their chests, aim right at the painted skull they have there. That'll knock 'em down and stop 'em, and it'll comfort you to think that they may get better again."

"Don't talk foolery, Joscs," cried Bart, angrily. "Do you think I'm a child?"

Joscs chuckled, and took aim at a bush that stood above a clump of rocks, one from which another Indian was firing regularly; but just then the Beaver's rifle sent forth its bullet, and Bart saw an Indian spring up on to the rocks, utter a fierce yell, shake his rifle in the air, and then fall headlong into the river.

"Saved my charge," said Joscs, grimly. "There, I won't fool about with you, Master Bart, but tell you the plain truth. It's struggle for life out here; kill or be killed; and you must fight for yourself and your friends like a man. For it isn't only to serve yourself, lad, but others. It's stand by one another out here, man by man, and make enemies feel that you are strong, or else make up your mind to go under the grass."

Bart sighed and shuddered, for he more than once realised the truth of what his companion said. But he hesitated no longer, for these savages were as dangerous as the rattlesnakes of the plains, and he felt that, however painful to his feelings, however dreadful to have to shed human blood, the time had come when he must either stand by his friends like a man or slink off like a cur.

Bart accepted the stern necessity, and watching the approach of the Indians, determined only to fire when he saw pressing need.

The consequence was that a couple of minutes later he saw an Indian dart from some bushes, and run a dozen yards to a rock by the edge of the swift river, disappear behind it, and then suddenly his head and shoulders appeared full in Bart's view; the Indian took quick aim, and as the smoke rose from his rifle the Beaver uttered a low hissing sound, and Bart knew that he was hit.

Not seriously, apparently, for there was a shot from his hiding-place directly after, and then Bart saw the Indian slowly draw himself up into position again, partly over the top of the rock, from whence he was evidently this time taking a long and careful aim at the brave chief, who was risking his life for the sake of his English friends.

Bart hesitated no longer. Joscs had said that he was a good shot. He was, and a quick one; and never was his prowess more needed than at that moment, when, with trembling hands, he brought his rifle to bear upon the shoulders of the savage. Then for a moment his muscles felt like iron; he drew the trigger, and almost simultaneously the rifle of the savage rang out. Then, as the smoke cleared away, Bart saw him standing erect upon the rock, clutching at vacancy, before falling backwards into the river with a tremendous splash; and as Bart reloaded, his eyes involuntarily turned towards the rushing stream, and he saw the inanimate body swept swiftly by.

"What have I done?" he gasped, as the cold sweat broke out upon his brow. "Horrible! What a deed to do!" and his eyes seemed fixed upon the river in the vain expectation of seeing the wretched savage come into sight again.

Just then he felt a touch upon his arm, and, turning sharply, found himself face to face with the Beaver, whose shoulder was scored by a bullet wound, from which the blood trickled slowly down over his chest.

As Bart faced him he smiled and grasped the lad's hand, pressing it between his.

"Saved Beaver's life," he said, softly.

"Beaver never forgets. Bart is brave chief."

Bart felt better now, and he had no time for further thought, the peril in which they were suddenly appearing too great.

For the Beaver pointed back to where the chimney offered the way of escape.

"Time to go," the Beaver said. "Come."

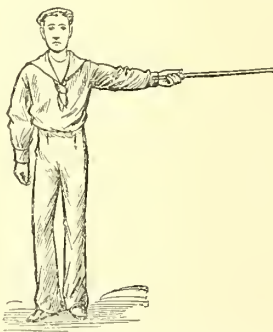
And, setting the example, he began to creep from cover to cover, after uttering a low cry, to which his followers responded by imitating their leader's actions.

"Keep down low, Master Bart," whispered Joscs. "That's the way. The chimney's only about three hundred yards back. We shall soon be there, and then we can laugh at these chaps once we get a good start up. We must leave the fish, though, worse luck! There won't be so many of 'em to eat it, though, as there was at first! Hallo! How's that?"

(To be continued.)

SIGNALS AND SIGNALLING.

(Continued from page 438.)



IN 5 we signal with the left hand. With the exception of the "demand" this is the only left-handed position, and it differs from it in being given with the hat on.



In 6 we have the first of the group with the left arm extended.

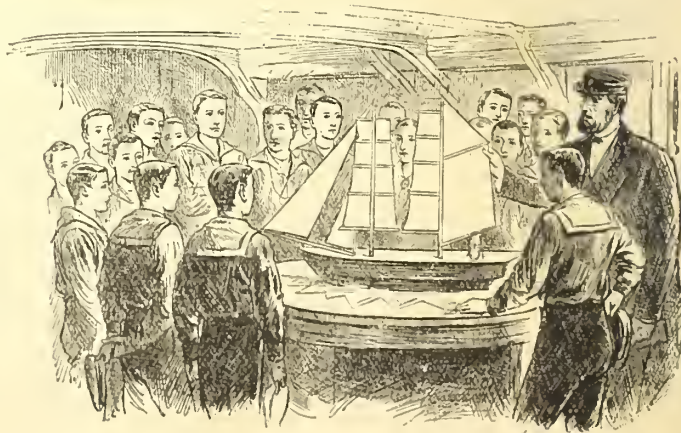


Just as 6 differs from 1 only in the extension of the left arm, so does 7 differ from 2.



In 8 we get the complement of 3, both arms being held straight out.

(To be continued.)



Sail Drill on a Training Ship.

CHESS.

(Continued from page 766, vol. v.)

[* * At the request of many of our readers we for the future purpose publishing our Chess in the Old Notation. The International system has many advantages, but it has not yet become sufficiently popular to induce chess-players generally to adopt it.—ED.]

The International Notation.

K



English Names. K—King.

L



Q—Queen.

M



R—Rook.

N



B—Bishop.

O



Kt—Knight.

P



P—Pawn.

The black pieces, when written on a diagram, are distinguished by these six letters with a ring marked round each.

THE QUEEN AGAINST THE PAWN.

It is stated that the K and Q (having the move) win against the K and P, unless the P (being black) stands on the second line, when a draw occurs under the following circumstances:—

1. When the P stands on either of the R's or B's seventh, the black K near the P, and the white K at an inactive distance, as for instance:

White, K at K R 5, Q at K 2.

Black, K at K Kt 8, P at K B 7.

If 1, Q to Kt 4 check, K to R 7. 2, Q to B 3, K to Kt 8. 3, Q to Kt 3 (ch.), K to R 8, and

White cannot take the P on account of stalemate. If 1, Q to K 3, K to R sq., etc.

With the K on K R 4, white would win by 1, K to Kt 3; and with the black K on black's K Kt 7, white would play 1, K to Kt 4, and win.—Second example:—

White, K at K 6, Q at Q 3.

Black, K at K B 7, P at K R 7.

1, Q to K R 3, K to Kt 8.

2, Q to K Kt 3 (ch.), K to R 8, and the white K cannot approach on account of stalemate. With the K on K 5, white would win thus: 1, Q to Q sq., K to Kt 7. 2, K to B 4, P queens. 3, Q to K 2 (ch.), K to Kt 8. 4, K to Kt 3, and mate in three more moves.

2. When the P stands on K 7th, Q 7th, or either of the Kt 7th, the black K next the P, and the Q is not able to check safely or to pin the P; as for instance:—

White, K at K 4, Q at Q 7.

Black, K at K 8, P at Q 7.

Or, by W. Mitcheson:—

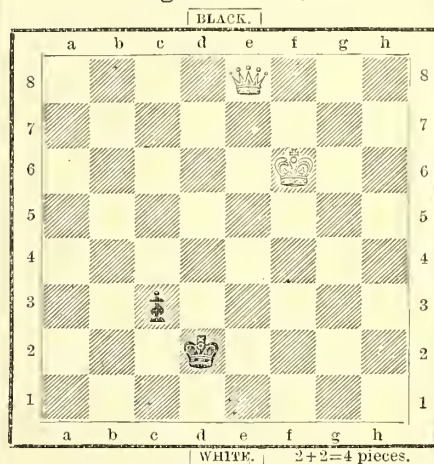
White, K at K 5, Q at K B 8.

Black, K at K 7, P at Q 7.

There are, however, several positions (hitherto not mentioned in books on Chess), in which the Q can only draw when the P is on Q B 6 or on K B 6, as:—

POSITION No. 1.

Diagram No. 76.



White to play, and draw.

POSITION No. 2.

WHITE.

BLACK.

K-K Kt 7, Q-K R sq. K-Q Kt 7, P-Q B 6.

POSITION No. 3.

K-K R 6, Q-K R 7. K-Q 7, P-Q B 6.

POSITION No. 4.

K-Q Kt 6, Q-Q R 7. K-Q Kt 8, P-Q B 6.

POSITION No. 5.

K-K B 6, Q-Q B 8. K-Q 7, P-Q B 6.

POSITION No. 6.

K-K Kt 7, Q-K Kt 8. K-Q B 8, P-Q B 6.

POSITION No. 7.

K-K B 6, Q-K R 7. K-Q B 8, P-Q B 6.

POSITION No. 8.

K-K R 2, Q-Q 7. K-Q B 8, P-Q B 6.

POSITION No. 9.

K-K 5, Q-K R 3. K-Q Kt 7, P-Q B 6.

The decisive moves to these nine positions will be published with the solutions under No. 76.

THE CRICKET SEASON OF 1883 AND 1884.

(Continued from page 447.)

COMING to cricket of a different class, we find that the Universities meet at Lord's on the 30th of June, the trial match of the M.C.C. with the Cantabs taking place on the previous Monday, that with the Oxonians on the Thursday. Lancashire meets Oxford at Old Trafford on June 16th, and Surrey meets Cambridge at the Oval on June 19th. Last year's University match ended in an easy victory for Cambridge, and gave them 25 as against the Oxonians' 22; only two of these matches have been drawn, those in 1827 and 1844, in each of which years the play was stopped by rain. The chief feature of the 1883 match was Mr. Wright's 102 and not out 29, the largest aggregate compiled in the list. During the last twelve years nearly two hundred and seventy thousand people have paid

for admission to Lord's to witness the struggle between the rival blues, a result only approached by the Eton and Harrow series, which has attracted nearly two hundred thousand paying spectators through the turnstiles.

The M.C.C. fixtures exceed in number those of 1883, when no less than 130 were played, resulting in 49 wins and 64 draws. The mission of the M.C.C. being mainly to develop the game of cricket, and the teams being selected so as to score a narrow win or make a draw, this result must be very gratifying to the executive. An M.C.C. eleven may mean anything as far as strength is concerned, but its opponents are always sure of a good match and of perfect cricket properly played. In their last match of the year, that at Nottingham on September 13th,

the Club succeeded in disposing of their opponents for 23 runs, the smallest score in a first-class match in 1883, the largest being the 537 in the Middlesex and Gloucestershire meeting in the middle of August. The 1 Zingari played twenty-eight matches, and lost but one. In one match, that against Suffolk, they succeeded in disposing of their antagonists for a run apiece, and on only two occasions among the draws and solitary loss did the chief of the wandering clubs fail to score three figures.

And now for individual performances. Of the scorers of over a thousand runs the list is headed by Mr. W. W. Read, with 1,573, and a splendid average, the best of the year, of 47. Ulyett comes second on the list, with 1,572, and then, in order, come Dr. W. G. Grace, Barnes, Mr. C. T. Studd, Hall, Flowers, Shrewsbury, and Bates. Mr. C. T. Studd comes second in the averages, with 41; then follow Dr. W. G. Grace with 34, Hall with 33, and Ulyett with 30. Of the batsmen with totals below a thousand we have Lord Harris with 30, Mr. A. P. Lucas with 33, Mr. Roller with 25, Mr. Shuter with 25, and Mr. 1. D. Walker with 32; and among the others over 600 we have Abel with 22, Barlow with 22, Mr. W. R. Gilbert with 23, Dr. E. M. Grace with 24, Gunn with 22, Hearne with 22, Mr. Hornby with 21, Lockwood with 22, and Maurice Read with 22.

Of scores in any match in 1883 there were twenty-one over 200, the only first-class one being Lockwood's 208 against Kent. The highest score of the year was Mr. Blackman's 277 for Ardingley against M.C.C. Dr. E. M. Grace appears in the list for two two-hundreds and six single hundreds—eight innings, three not out, for 1,467 runs! Among those scoring not less than four centuries we have Mr. M. P. Bowden with four, Mr. J. Dunn with five, Dr. W. G. Grace with four (one in a first-class match), Mr. Hayhurst with five, Mr. A. P. Lucas with five, Messrs. McSweeney and W. G. Mills with four apiece, Mr. W. W. Read with four (one in a first-class match), Mr. H. Ross with four, Mr. S. W. Scott with six, and Underwood with four (two of them for H.M.S. Britannia).

Amateur bowling was not brilliant in 1883, Mr. C. T. Studd with 112 wickets for 17 each having the best return. Of the professional bowlers, Watson and Shaw with 11 and 12 have the best averages, Watson taking 96 wickets and Shaw 67; Harrison, the most promising bowler of the year, took 100 wickets for 13 runs apiece, Barlow took 106 for 15 apiece, Peate took 120 for 14 apiece, and Barrett took 146 with 16 apiece.

The greatest "curiosity" of the year was Ardingley's 672 without giving the M.C.C. a chance to go in, but with school cricket we must deal in another article.

(THE END.)

King Cricket.

THERE, let out the wind, put the shrivelled case by,

To rest on the shelf till next season comes round.

Just oil it to keep it from growing too dry,
For Football is done, and King Cricket is crowned.

He's driven his rival right out of the field,
And bids all his subjects prepare for his reign,
And once more the cane-handled willow to wield,
And Shooters and Forkers to "trundle" again.

So get out your bats, give them plenty of oil,
And look up the wickets, the gloves, and the pads,
And shake out the practice-net's dust-covered coil;
Get ready to welcome King Cricket, my lads.

[A right

A right jovial monarch you'll find him to be ;
His subjects he works, but 'tis labour with fun ;
He hates lazy fielders and batsmen to see,
And "Loafers" his closely-mown kingdom must shun.

He loves a quick eye, and a wrist that is strong,
A nerve that is steady, and pluck that won't fail ;
Clear judgment, and tempers that, when things go wrong,
Won't sulk, but try hard o'er the ills to prevail.

The season 's before you, you've matches to play,
Your school's ancient honour must *not* be brought low ;
So practise, for practice you'll find will repay
Your efforts, and practice makes perfect, you know.

Above all, "play up," don't get careless or slack,
There's many a match lost through nothing but that ;
Take care of a bowler who makes you "play back,"
And never forget you must keep a straight bat.

In bowling, don't sacrifice all things to pace,
But *pitch* and *direction* strive after instead ;
The batsman watch closely in every case,
And always remember to bowl "with your head."

In fielding be sharp, do not fumble the ball,
But bang it in straight at the top of the bails ;
A bad shy-in never caused wicket to fall,
And poor is the team that in quick fielding fails.

There, be off, my lads, to King Cricket's domain,
And don't let me mutter and prose any more ;
I hope you'll get wickets again and again,
And, slogging half volleys, make runs by the score.

SOMERVILLE GIENEY.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

WORDS OF CHEER FROM NEW SOUTH WALES.

The head master (J. David Sly, M.A., LL.D.) of Hurstville College, Goulburn, New South Wales, Australia, writes under date of January 12th :—"It may be gratifying to you to learn that the B. O. P. is read with great interest by Australian boys, as you will gather from the enclosure which I venture to send for your perusal. You will perceive that I gave my pupils the choice of any magazine for the school library, and that their unanimous choice was the B. O. P." The enclosure in question is a lengthy report from the Goulburn "Evening Post" of the annual distribution of prizes, under the presidency of the Bishop of Goulburn, who was supported by the Venerable Archdeacon Puddicombe and many other visitors. Dr. Sly, in his address, said : "The last discussion engaged in by the Debating Society in connection with the college was on the subject of the library. Wishing to obtain an expression of opinion from the whole school on the question, I chose for discussion the subject, 'Which is the best magazine to be added to the school library?' I was pleased to see the interest manifested in a discussion of this character. We had twelve speeches on the occasion—two from masters, and ten from boys. They were unanimous in recommending the BOY'S OWN PAPER. On putting the question to the whole school the same unanimity prevailed. I find that the demand for its pages is so great that I shall have to add two or more copies to the library to meet this demand."

Correspondence.



E. O. PAYNE.—1. You might find a little vinegar in the water you wash your hands in do them some good. 2. Oatmeal drink is made by sprinkling a little oatmeal in cold water.

S. P. A.—The rule of the road in this country is the exact opposite to what it is on the Continent. There you keep to the right hand ; here

The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
If you keep to the left you are sure to be right.

ST. NICHOLAS.—Yes, the patron saint of boys and girls, and you might add of parish clerks, sailors, and thieves as well.

PUER PUBESCO.—1. Get Sir William Siemens' new work on the Sun. 2. Why should the ice melt ? The rays fall on the ice lens, are bent as they pass through it, and are brought to a focus some distance off. The single ray is of no avail ; it is the concentration of rays that gives sufficient heat.

MAZEPPA.—1. The next eclipse will not be visible in England. 2. You can buy Edgar Poe's "Gold Beetle" in a shilling edition at almost every bookseller's. 3. There is a good deal too much "character in your writing," and the sooner it disappears the better. 4. Balloons are usually inflated with ordinary coal gas.

GREAT BRITAIN.—You want a cheap gazetteer. Try Rosser's, published by Warne and Co. It costs eightpence. There are many others, but this is the cheapest and fullest that would suit you.

2ND DRAGOON.—There are now no such regiments. The 16th is the Bedfordshire, and bears "Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet," the 94th is the Connaught Rangers, and bears "Seringapatam, Egypt, Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, Orthes, Toulouse, Peninsula, Alma, Inkerman, Sevastopol, Central India, South Africa, 1877, s. 9." Besides, it is merely a popular delusion that the "honours" are to be taken as complete lists of the occasions on which the regiment has been under fire.

ENTOMOLOGIST.—There are several collectors' shops in the neighbourhood of the British Museum. Your best plan would be to get a copy of "Science Gossip," "Science Monthly," "Knowledge," or "Nature."

BLACK WATCH.—Quite correct—if you mean the banjo. We will have a turn at the banjo in the good time coming.

H. E., who sends us from Tasmania, as a "mark of high appreciation of the B. O. P., and as showing what the colony produces," a capital selection of autumn leaves, carefully dried and mounted, is heartily thanked. Many of our correspondents in different parts of the world send us mementoes from time to time, such as snakes, birds, seeds, etc., and we fully appreciate their courtesy, and reciprocate all their good wishes.

JUNIUS (South Africa).—The lines you ask for from Bishop Ken's "Midnight Hymn" are as follows :—

"My God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take,
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

"Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice :
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout."

D. R. DANGAR.—It will be news to a good many of our readers that the "Babes in the Wood" were born at Griston, near Thetford, in Norfolk, and that they were lost in the wood now belonging to Lord Walsingham. We thank you for your letter, but are quite unable to comply with your suggestion.

A. T. C.—The Bible must be without notes and references, and printed at one of the University presses. You have probably discovered a mare's nest. Make sure you are right before you waste your time.

A. B. C.—For thick letters use a brush, a quill, or an audascrip pen. As to lodgings, we cannot help you, but the Y. M. C. A. at Exeter Hall would probably inform you if you were to apply to them.

T. T. SKINNER.—Get the number containing "How to make a Perpetual Calendar," and work it out for yourself. We can do nothing with "the poetry that might come in useful somewhere." Did you ever read Gray's Elegy on the same subject ?

W. P.—There is an illustrated book on coins in Bohn's Libraries, published by G. Bell and Son. Cheap manuals are being issued at 170, Strand, but they are not complete in themselves. For silver coins refer to Hawkins's "Silver Coins of England."

MUSTARD.—Or perhaps not at all ? The loin of beef is said to have been knighted by Charles II., on the authority of the Barleycorn ballad ; and by James I. on the strength of a brass plate let into an oak table at Friday Hill House, Chingford, Essex, which says, "All lovers of roast beef will like to know that on this table a loin was knighted by King James the First on his return from hunting in Epping Forest"—date of hunting not given, date of table not given, date of plate not given.

HILBRE.—You could perhaps get a nomination from the Secretary of State through the influence of your Parliamentary representative. In the higher division the competition is very keen. As the examination is simply to test your general culture, the more you know the better.

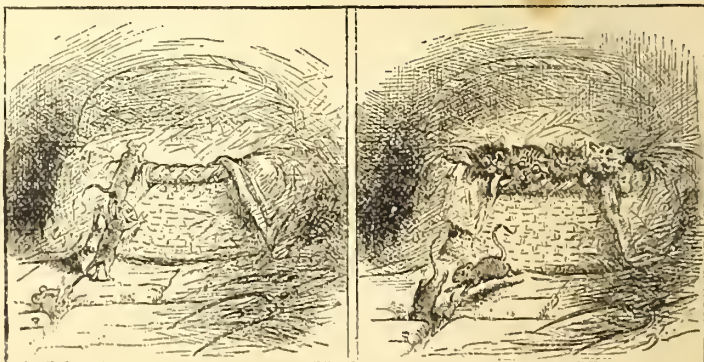
FRED PRINCE.—Directions how to make the kind of model yacht you have very judiciously chosen were given by Mr. Ashworth in three articles in our second volume.

A. STEWARD.—A book to tell you all the names and properties of every tree and plant in any part of the world would be, even in the smallest possible type on the thinnest possible paper, of such size and weight that you could not carry it about with you. There are books on the Amazons by Bates and Edwards that would give you the information you require.

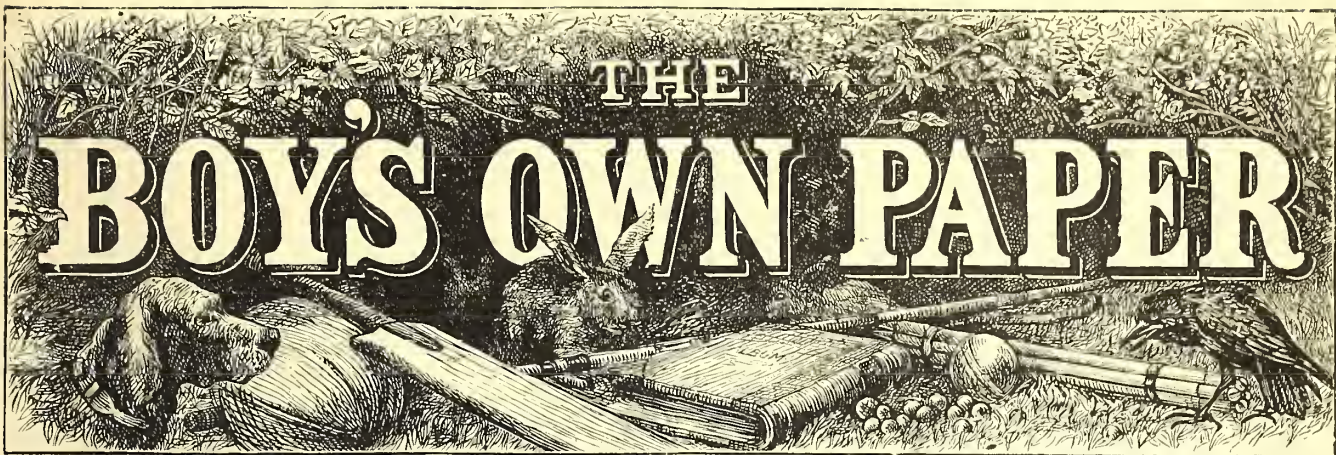
T. J. PURSEY.—In the hat trick all three wickets need not necessarily be bowled. As long as the men are out the "hat" holds good.

SEVEN WONDER.—Better have them, then, in Dr. Brewer's version :—

"The Pyramids first which in Egypt were laid,
Then Babylon's Garden for Anytis made,
Then Mausolo's tomb of affection and guilt,
Then the temple of Dian in Ephesus built,
The Colossus of Rhodes, cast in brass, to the sun,
Sixth Jupiter's statue by Phidias done,
The Pharos of Egypt last wonder of old,
Or the Palace of Cyrus cemented with gold."



"Anything to eat?"



No. 276.—Vol. VI.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1884.

Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

HAROLD, THE BOY-EARL: A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor to the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science, etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.—THE DRUID GLEN.

WHEN the Romans came and conquered Britain, in the first century of the Christian era, they were pagans, believ-

ing in that system with which we have oddly enough been made more familiar than with that whose teachings were the guide and hope of our own forefathers. We have heard much about Jupiter, Mars,

Mercury, Vulcan, Neptune, and other gods of Olympus, together with the goddesses, such as Juno, Ceres, Minerva, Venus, and the rest, but very little about Odin, Thor, Baldur, Volund, and the goddesses Frigga,



"The javelin sank deep in the side of the mettlesome animal."

Freya, Rana, Nanua, etc.; and yet these have survived in the names of our days (from which, indeed, the Romans first learnt to name theirs), and in many of our observances which have lived on into Christianity.

Julius Cæsar in his Commentaries gives a very revolting account of the quarrelsome savages living on the island when he came to add it to the Roman Empire. They were not much better when we came from Scandinavia, and again cut Britain off from Rome. The difference was that the Britons had first become drilled into a sort of rustic Roman militia, and had subsequently been Christianised in the same superficial and half-hearted way. They were savages under the Toga, and pagans under the Cross! Of the old Druid *culte* little remained when the English came over in the fifth century, for the Druids had never written their tenets in books. Their teachings were considered too sacred for the vulgar to scan, and so were kept to the priesthood, who only answered certain questions in an oracular way, most likely making use of ventriloquism in giving their answers, which were by this means made to proceed apparently from the oak-tree, which played an important part in their rites. It is not to be expected that the new faith should have entirely upset and destroyed the old, nor did it. Certain new observances were introduced, but the ancient creed was never really extinct among the Britons, chiefly on account of the numberless weird and wild superstitions that clung like ivy round the heart of the nation. Side by side with Christian rites, with monastery, priest, and church, lived many of the customs of a revolting heathendom more cruel, more inhuman than any savagery in any portion of the globe. The learned class had been divided into three in the old pre-Roman times. These were the Druids proper, the priests and sacrificers; then the Vates or seers, who told the fortunes of the people like the gipsies now; and lastly came the Bards, to whose mystic triads, or verses of triple form and meaning, the British owed what little national energy they possessed. To a descendant of the ancient Druid race, but of the class of Vates, we must now introduce our reader.

About three miles from the ruined villa which we visited in the last chapter there was a most romantic glen, situated between two almost perpendicular hills. The road, if the indistinct pathway among the grass and ferns may be dignified by the name, descended for about a hundred yards, when it was intersected by what had been the bed of a stream, whose waters had been deflected from their original course by Roman engineers. It was now perfectly dry, and offered no impediment to the wayfarer. From this spot the path rose and became broader until it reached a sort of platform made by the hand of nature of nearly level ground in the midst of which stood the remains of a once majestic oak, which, having been struck by lightning, presented a jagged fragment to the view, and added greatly to the unearthly beauty of the scene. Near this shattered trunk was a fissure in the rocky wall, serving as a background to the picture. This rent in the solid stone seemed as though it had been made by the same dreadful force that had blasted the king of trees, and left it a blackened token of the war in nature. At the entrance to this cleft stood a man already past the prime of life, whose white beard gave him a singu-

larly venerable appearance. His head was bald, and without any covering than a wreath of oak-leaves, among which acorns were set at regular intervals. He was clad in a long deep-green robe fastened round the waist by a leathern girdle. The borders of this robe were edged with purple cloth, his feet and arms were bare, and round his neck he wore a torque, or necklace, much affected by the British, and probably imitated by them from the Scandinavian merchants and pirates who visited the coast either for commerce or plunder. This person was standing at the cleft in the rock before alluded to as forming the entrance to a large cavern only partially illuminated by the fitful rays of a small Roman lamp, which stood upon a block of wood that served as pedestal.

"Come here, Urgan," said the seer. "If all go well Llewellyn must appear by noon. Is all arranged?"

"Ay, Myrdhyn ap Morthor," said a youth, emerging from the cave and going towards the oak. "But shall we, thiukest thou, work upon his mind to do the deed we wot of? Lyrach Hen derided in his heart thy prophecy."

"Tush, boy!" exclaimed the Briton. "Never fear. Old Lyrach is a bard, and in his veins must run some Druid blood. What though this Christian lore has banned the priests or Druids from our shores, the Bards and Vates will never die. The English have their scalds and valas too, but they shall pass away, and for a time the bard shall sound his harp again. The scald will reappear, the bard shall then be mute, but still among all British-born the vates shall never die!"

"I wonder often," said the boy, "that as thou seest into future things, what need thou hast of art to make men think thy knowledge greater than it is, seeing how much thou knowest."

"The vulgar," replied the seer, "require more than truth. Some of the olden gift of prophecy lives on among us; but the gods are not appeased, as in the grand time of old, by glorious piles of human victims thrown into vast baskets of huge wicker-work, burnt living to their honour! Seldom do we now receive a victim worthy of the name. No wonder that the gods refuse their aid to make their servants dreaded and revered when we withhold their tribute! Thus have we less of skill than formerly; and so, to keep the vulgar herd in awe, we needs must practise tricks like these. But, Urgan, 'tis a holy cause, and thou in after years wilt thank me for the secrets I have taught thee."

Here the conversation was brought to a sudden close by a tremendous howl, as a huge wolf burst up the glen, rushed into the cavern, overturned the Roman lamp, and caused the most complete darkness in that dreary retreat. Close on the wolf followed two grand wolf-hounds, who dashed into the cavern in pursuit. The wolf had gained a distant corner of the dark cave, where he turned at bay. Hot in pursuit, the dogs soon reached him. And now a battle royal ensued. The dogs, scarcely less savage than the wolf, fought furiously, and he, struggling for bare life, by a fortunate bite at the throat of one of his assailants, reduced the number of his foes to one. The contest now raged high. As the two monsters fought they overturned some cumbrous machine hidden from the sight. In falling, a vessel in which was a preparation now forgotten, but resembling Greek fire in its properties, was upset, and the contents, ignited by the con-

cussion, fell blazing in portentous glare, illuminating every creek and cranny in the spacious cave. Some of this terrible preparation fell upon the wolf, who, maddened by the pain and startled by the sudden blaze, uttered a most unearthly howl, and fled closely pursued by the not less frightened hound.

At the commencement of the fray, the boy instincts of Urgan had overcome the awe of his master and the results of many years' training. With a wild cry of delight he rushed into the cavern, and, guided by the hideous howls of the wolf and his assailants, sought that part of the cavern, and after groping for a few moments in the dark, had succeeded in finding a sharpened stick of dried wood, fitted into a hole in a small board, which hole was surrounded by dried and highly inflammable fungus. By rapidly twirling the stick in his hands he had just succeeded in igniting the fungus, when the accident happened which caused the sudden illumination of the cave. The unexpected blaze caused no less alarm in the mind of the boy than it would have done in that of any person less acquainted with Druidic secrets. He howled in fear, but before he could turn to fly was thrown violently to the ground by the rush of the two infuriated, frightened, but still fighting animals.

When the wolf, followed by the dogs, had rushed into the cavern, Myrdhyn ap Morthor never stirred. His gaze was fixed on two figures slowly approaching the platform where he stood, and which were now emerging from the darksome glen. One of these was a tall, handsome, noble-looking man, dressed in a short Roman tunic of white cloth bordered with a thick band of gold. Over his tunic he wore a mantle fastened at the right shoulder with a fibula or brooch of gold. On his head was a cap, not unlike the glengarry of the present day, also bound with gold. At his side he wore the ensis or battle-sword of the Romans, not unlike that now worn by the Prussian infantry. In his right hand he bore a hunting-spear and in his left a javelin. The strong, proud, haughty Llewellyn had placed the hand of Lyrach Hen within his left arm, while his hand grasped the javelin. No nurse could be more tender of a favourite child than this brawny man-at-arms was of the blind bard whom he so carefully led. As the two came upon the platform before the mouth of the cavern, the sound of the battle within met their ears. Llewellyn had just dashed away a piece of a fallen tree which lay right in the path of the old blind bard with his boar-spear, when the blaze of light streaming from the mouth of the cavern startled him. It was a gloomy day; it wanted four hours of noon, but was such a gloomy morning as only Britain can boast, and when the ruddy glare shot forth Llewellyn gazed in mute surprise at this unexpected flood of light darting out upon him as the flash leaps from the mouth of a cannon in modern warfare. Scarcely had the momentary brilliancy died away, when the frightened wolf rushed from the cave closely pursued by the hound. Letting go his hold of the bard, Llewellyn in a moment shifted the boar-spear to his left hand and discharged the javelin with his right. Unfortunately, however, for the faithful hound, the shaft flew past the wolf to find a sheath in his panting side. Enraged at this mischance, Llewellyn advanced upon the creature, which, maddened with pain and dazzled by the terrific glare so quickly succeeded by comparative

darkness, charged full upon the British prince, who coolly met him with the formidable hunting-spear, and with one powerful thrust laid him low. Quickly advancing to the dog, he carefully withdrew the javelin from his side and tried to staunch the blood which issued from the wound. In vain; the faithful wolf-hound just had strength to turn his head to lick his master's hand before, with a spasmodic action, he stretched himself dead at his feet.

"All the saints in heaven are against me," cried Llewellyn, greatly moved. "I had rather lost my own right hand than thee, my faithful friend."

Such was the dog's brief epitaph, for now the seer approached, and with a slight obeisance exclaimed, "All hail to King Llewellyn!"

"Ha! sayest thou so?" exclaimed the warrior. "For that good greeting, if it mean but truth, your guerdon shall be high. But tell me, have the saints looked down on earth, or was yon glare the work of fiends, Merydhn?"

The seer drew himself up proudly before the prince, and it were hard to say which was the noblest form. A moment he regarded him in silence, and then uttered, in a tone of great solemnity, but extreme sweetness, the following verses, chanting the words with peculiar distinctness:

"The light that has luridly shone on Llewellyn,
Is augury welcome as victim could show
Though offered at midnight on mighty Helvellyn,
And writhing in death from the Arch-Druid's
blow.

"But the death of thy dog by the hand of his master
Is an omen of evil for thee and the land,
It warns thee in time of a dreadful disaster,
To avert which the gods call for blood at thy hand.

"The wolf thou hast slain points to discord and battle,
Thy second wound killed—to reverses in war!
And it clangs in the air, the wild tumult and rattle,
Of merciless foemen that throng from afar."

"Tell me, Myrdhn—" said Llewellyn.

"Stay, king!" interrupted the sage.

"Three questions I may answer thee, and no more. One answer is already given; weigh well the two remaining questions ere thou ask."

After a short pause, in which Llewellyn showed alternately marked dislike of the somewhat haughty tone assumed by the seer, confidence in his powers as a prophet, and a weak distrust of himself which seemed strangely at variance with his stalwart frame and soldierlike bearing, he commenced as follows:

"Tell me of the future state of Britain."

This was a clever question, because it involved, as he supposed, his own fate and that of all belonging to him. The answer came from the seer, but during the chanting of the mystic triad the lips never appeared to move. Strangely sounded the weird notes in British bardic lay, and it is impossible to give their force in any foreign tongue:

"The future of Britain, the blood of her kings,
The fate of the stranger, depend on three things—
The sword, and the cross, and the helmet with
wings."

"Ha!" cried Llewellyn, while a smile of most unpleasant meaning flashed across his features, totally at variance with their usual bold, frank, and soldierlike expression. "I see it all. The future of Britain requires the blood of her royal race, and for the end that such blood should flow the sword of the wearer of the cross must cleave the helmet that wears the wings of the eagle! Is it not thus, Lyrach Hen?"

Scarcely were the words well out of

Llewellyn's mouth when a voice from the blasted oak repeated the three last words like an echo, "Thus, Lyrach Hen," and this was answered from the cavern's mouth, "Thus, Lyrach Hen."

Llewellyn paused. Clearly under the impression that something was wrong, still urged to the very point on which he most wished to consult the seer, he asked his third question, thus:

"Now tell me, seer, what is the way to avoid the danger that threatens me so imminently in my home and on my throne."

Without a pause, without a movement of the lips on the part of the apparently inspired seer, the following verse poured, so to speak, from his half-open mouth:

"The gods of the Britons, by field and by flood,
In wrath with their children, and bitter of mood,
Demand of Llewellyn—fire, torture, and blood."

Immediately from the oak a voice shrieked, "Fire, torture, and blood!" and the cavern replied, "Fire, torture, and blood!"

"Ha, Lyrach!" cried Llewellyn, fearfully excited. "What thinkest thou? Do not the gods demand a sacrifice? and must not I perform it?"

"Of a truth," replied the old blind bard, "it seems to bear the meaning thou hast put on it. But still, thou art a Christian soldier, and these gods are either idle fable or fell demons. I was to blame to bring thee hither, but some of the olden fire still lives in me, I fear. This is not holy teaching, and yet it has a fascination for me that I cannot resist. Saints above us! pardon this my fault, and help Llewellyn at his need!"

"His need!" was echoed from the oak; "his need!" shrieked forth the cave.

Again the undecided, irresolute expression passed over the countenance of the British prince, and he turned to Lyrach Hen, saying, "What thou sayest is true. Let us go hence!"

Scarcely had Llewellyn turned to leave the platform—which he did by the opposite road to that which had brought him thither—when the seer flung himself on a low moss-covered bank near the mouth of the cave, over which a thick wolfskin had been flung, and lay for a time perfectly motionless. The exertion of ventriloquism is said to be fatiguing, but his fatigue was rather the reaction of overstrained excitement, for of course the incident of the struggle between the wolf and the dogs was unforeseen, and much that had been prepared for the mystification of the prince had to be left undone, while nearly all that really happened had made it necessary to improvise the triads to fit the circumstances. Fortunately for the seer, his instructions to Urgan had been simply to repeat what he, by his wonderful powers as a ventriloquist, had thrown into the oak, so that the cleverly extemporised verses required no other assistance to his ready wit than that already taught to the boy.

At this time there were many creeds in existence. Rome was Christian, and had—as far as external forms go—Christianised the Britons, as she had previously taught them her earlier Olympian cultus. The Romans had long since withdrawn, and the Britons, left to themselves, found their surface polish wearing off and the old barbaric stock coming through. They had failed to resist their outward enemies, the Scots and Picts, and were now driven from the best part of the island by those whom they had sent for as protectors. So as to their religion, which, having no deep root,

they were constantly relapsing into some kind of paganism or other. The horrible custom of offering up human sacrifices seemed to have entered into their very nature, like an insidious poison, and the fearful amount of bloodshed among the British at this period, caused by their sept feuds, or clan quarrels, can hardly be imagined at the present day; and this reckless waste of human life was caused not only by the numbers killed on the field, but by the desire of the victors to appease the forces of nature—formerly regarded as gods, but at the time we write of as devils—by the sacrifice of victims carried off from their own nation as prisoners in these dreadful civil wars. The English thoroughly despised them and hunted them down as the Boers in South Africa hunt down the Bushmen. The pagan creed of the English taught them to seek their wives in their own race only, so that intermarriages with the natives never took place, besides which the Celtic women were greatly inferior in number to the men, and they hated as they feared the English. That the gods of the ancient Britons were not at once abolished by the Christians, but were said to be evil spirits, is a well-known fact in history, so the weak-minded Britons sought to appease them in various ways in secret. And when they were thrown among the pagan English they would no more have thought of converting them to Christianity than they would of asking to be taught the creed of Valhalla and the faith in Odin.

Thus their Christianity, consisting in the external forms of Roman observance, had no deep root; their courage was not of the English kind, it was subtle and stealthy rather than bold and brave. The secret assassin was no criminal in their eyes, while even the pagan Englishman despised him as much as he adored the brave warrior who showed the way to Valhalla.

This digression is necessary to explain the apparent inconsistency of Llewellyn's conduct. At one moment a brave and warlike chief, at another little better than a coward. He was a Christian prince, firmly believing in the teachings of the church as presented to his mind by Rome, where saints had taken the place of the gods of old, who were imagined to be waging a sort of war upon them. Thus he could invoke St. Peter and St. Paul, or bribe a Druid to make his peace with the older gods of the former creed. Of course, there were many good and great men among the Britons, as among the "Scots," as the people of Ireland were called down to very nearly the time of which we speak. But Llewellyn is a fair type of the British chief of the period. Perhaps a little farther on in our story we may meet some more Christianlike professors of the creed of "Peace on earth and good will to men" so little understood by the majority.

The seer reclined exhausted on his couch, when Urgan, seeing his condition, rushed into the cavern, whence, after the lapse of some moments, he reappeared, holding in his hand a curious glass vessel of Roman shape, containing about a quart of a rich-coloured wine. Close behind him followed a girl of some thirteen winters, habited in Roman taste, and in garments of dazzling whiteness. Her hair was black as jet and her skin as white as ivory. She bore a wooden trencher, on which most luscious fruit was piled. She came hastily forward, and, kneeling down by Myrdhn's side, mutely offered her tempting display of choice refreshment to the seer.

Urgan approached, and said in a low tone, "I bring you here a cup of pure Falernian wine."

The seer rose, and, taking the cup from the boy, drank off the contents of the vessel without a word. Becoming aware of the presence of the damsel, he rose from his couch in great wrath, exclaiming, "Who gave thee leave to quit the hold? Return instantly to thy fellows and complete the work. Woe betide such of you as dare to stray to this side the cave without my orders! Instantly away!"

Slowly and abashed the child withdrew, and Urgan watched her departure with undisguised satisfaction. Myrdhyn flung himself down on the couch again and was soon sunk in slumber.

Meanwhile, Llewellyn and Lyrach Hen pursued their way by the path leading in the opposite direction to that which had brought them to the wizard's cave. In fact it seemed as though they were about to take a longer journey rather than to return to the villa. The reason was that, being deprived of his two noble hounds and having the blind bard to take care of, Llewellyn thought it better to return by a very circuitous path, but one less difficult to follow and less open to the attacks of wolves, which had already begun to make themselves heard and seen in the neighbourhood, and to the unlucky meeting with one of which dread scourges of the country he owed the loss of his two favourite hounds. The new path lay for about two miles through the open country, with a fine view of distant hills. After this a forest had to be passed, and then a steep hill to be climbed, descending which and turning to the right the travellers entered a wild tract of moor and underwood. Another forest somewhat more extensive than the last had to be traversed before the path could be reached which should at last conduct the wayfarers to the villa. This round-about journey was some fourteen of our modern English miles in length, while the route which had been adopted in leaving the villa was at the utmost little over three. Still in those days men were accustomed to more exercise than now, and this distance did not appear either to prince or bard a great matter.

Llewellyn was evidently puzzled by the doubtful meaning of the answers to his questions; Lyrach Hen was also lost in thought, so that neither was inclined for conversation. But as they were leaving the second forest just referred to, and the prince had relaxed his constant watch over the footsteps of the bard, and had relapsed into a deeper reverie, he was suddenly roused by an exclamation from Lyrach Hen, who had stumbled and would have fallen but for rapid movement on the part of Llewellyn, who caught him just in time to prevent his fall.

Greatly surprised that anything should be found in that particular spot, which he thought must be clear, Llewellyn stooped to see what the object really was, and found, to his unmingled astonishment, that it was a boy in the dress of an Englishman!

Awakened by the unceremonious thrust of the butt-end of the shaft of Llewellyn's spear, Beorn sprang to his feet in a moment, and in another instant he had flown like a bull-dog at the throat of the British prince. Lyrach Hen, hearing the scuffle, and detecting, with the wonderful acuteness of hearing for which he was celebrated, the position of the assailant, was in the act of

dealing a mighty blow, when he was suddenly tripped up and thrown to the ground.

"Hold to him, Beorn; mine was an easy victory. Now, boys, down with the Briton!" Stout and strong though Llewellyn was, the charge of the three boys was so impetuous that down he went like some tall column undermined exposed to the sudden fury of a gale.

"Now yield thee, my prisoner!" cried Harold, in high glee. "My father will give me a coloured shield for this! Who art thou? What is thy wergeld?" To give his prisoner time and breath to speak, the noble boy, with true English instincts, left the prostrate man to himself, and was standing by his side waiting for an answer. The other boys, like him, stood looking at the fallen enemy, who answered never a word, but all the time gained breath, and by a sudden movement, known to many of my readers, was on his feet without touching the ground with his hands. The tables were now turned on the boys, for Lyrach Hen had joined the group with his tremendous staff, by which he felt his way, on seeing which Harold the earl exclaimed,

"I shame me that I struck a blind man; but, indeed, I knew not he was such. Still, of right you ought to be my prisoner," continued he, addressing Llewellyn, whose fiery anger had evaporated, and now he was laughing at the boys. This greatly chafed the boy-earl's mood. "Why do you stand laughing there like a churl? Knowest thou to whom thou art prisoner?"

"Canst thou speak Latin, youth?" inquired Lyrach Hen; "for in that case I can converse with thee better than in your barbarous English."

"Barbarous! quotha," was the indignant reply of the high-souled English boy. "Latin, forsooth! Not a word. It suits the canting dogs of Christians, who feign to be so full of love and goodness, while all the time they nix the deadly cup and stab with poisoned weapons those they seem to cherish. No; I am English, English to the backbone, and before I speak a word of British or foul priest-Latin from the tyrant Rome I will have my tongue torn from its roots with red-hot pincers, that I will!"

"The young cock crows boldly," said Llewellyn, who understood some portion of this speech. "I dare swear the old bird is a brave knight and a noble. Tell him, Lyrach, for thou canst, that he and the other boys must come with us, that they shall be well cared for and have honourable treatment."

Lyrach Hen proceeded to explain this new view of the case to the boys, but Harold, somewhat cooled by the critical position in which he found himself, demanded, still haughtily, a short time to consult with his friends.

The reader must not suppose that this was the same wood at the skirt of which our young pagans had encamped when we left them all four soundly sleeping. They had now been three days from home, the falcons were lost, and the youngsters, very weary, had again taken up their quarters much as they had done at the end of the first chapter. The unwonted excitement and fatigue consequent upon their adventures had prolonged their slumbers, and perhaps they would have slept still later but for the rude awakening to fresh adventure.

"Well," said Beorn, "this comes of sloth and laziness. What a sleep we must

have had! I feel bewildered yet. But softly, boys! Yonder must be the ponies. A bold dash for them, a bold leap to the saddle, and then good-bye to British chief and his blind henchman! What say ye, boys? Who shall be first to reach the horses? I bet a new bronze arm-ring it is I who do it."

All this was uttered in too low a tone to reach the ears of even Lyrach Hen, who, to do him justice, was straining every nerve to catch as much as possible of the conference, but the few words which reached him were nearly all unintelligible, as his knowledge of English was far from profound.

"Good," said the boy-earl. "I give the word. One—two—three—and away!" Before Llewellyn could know what was meant the boys were off. No arrow from any bow, no stone from any sling, ever flew so fast, and, as good luck would have it, they reached the spot where the little horses were standing together in an affectionate and picturesque group with the dogs. In less time than it takes us to relate, the boys were mounted, and the willing nags, glad to feel their masters and playfellows on their backs, bounded lightly forward, but the dogs, seeing the hot pursuit of Llewellyn, turned round and flew at him with dire ferocity. In an instant the javelin which so short a time before had drunk the blood of his own noble wolfhound, was launched in the direction of the boy-earl, who, fortunately for our story, just then turned to see what service the dogs would render, so the shaft whirled whizzing by, to sink deep in the side of the mettlesome animal which Beorn bestrode. With a terrible bound forward, and that piercing cry of the horse in agony which he who has once heard can never forget, the brave little creature fell to the earth, rolled over on his side, and was almost instantly out of his pain. Beorn had sprung down with the agility of long practice, and, drawing his seaxe, stood on the defensive, waving his left hand to the other boys as a sign to fly. But, true to the English feeling of honour which animated our ancestors at that early time, the other boys with one accord pulled in their willing little steeds, and turned to aid their fallen friend. Meanwhile Llewellyn had been closely occupied with the dogs. One of these had already fallen by his hunting-spear, and the other was bleeding from severe wounds in his side made by the same fearful weapon, but he himself was in no enviable plight. His bright apparel was hanging in rags, and he was bleeding from several ugly wounds inflicted by the dogs with their sharp teeth. The boys stood gazing at this strange combat uncertain what to do. To leave their comrade to his fate never occurred to them. To call off the dog and so to soothe Llewellyn's chafed mood was the wisest thing to attempt, but all their whistling was unavailing now; the noble hound was fighting for life, and although weakened from loss of blood, was attacking Llewellyn like a lion. At last the boy-earl turned his horse in the direction of the two oddly matched combatants and exclaimed in English, "Enough. Give us shelter as guests, and not as prisoners, and I call off my dog."

At this moment Lyrach Hen approached, and understanding the situation at once, exclaimed,

"Agreed! call off thy dog."

Instantly the boy rode up to where the men were engaged with the infuriated animal, and laying his hand on his collar

with great difficulty succeeded in forcing him away. The dog turned as if in remonstrance with his young lord, from whom he still struggled to get free, but Harold knew how to curb him, and felt that everything depended now on his address.

"Tell the Briton," said he to Llyrach Hen, "that I was loth to see his life rent because he handled his boar-spear so well. He need fear nothing from the hound as long as I am with him, and I claim thy promise for entertainment for myself and friends and guidance to the British chief Llewellyn ap Caltraeth!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the prince. "The braggart knows me, does he? and yet he dares to brave me thus? It shall go hard with him. Llyrach, were not this a fitting sacrifice for Myrdhyn? Speak."

"The boy is noble," said the bard, "caution is wanted here. In our weak state and want of fighting men the truce must be kept up. And this I tell thee, if thou harm the boy ruin will surely follow."

Not a word of this conversation could the boy understand, nor did he comprehend the words which Llewellyn addressed to him, although he could observe a change

in his manner and in the tones of his voice as the prince spoke to him in words which were translated into English by Llyrach Hen to the following effect.

"You have shown yourself bold and daring, worthy of the confidence of a prince of Britain, and the king, Llewellyn, now invites you to his home. No harm shall befall you. What your wishes are in Britain you shall state; and if it agree with the good of the land and ye are no spies or traitors—"

The boy-earl fired up on this. "How darest thou use such words to me? If? quotha! I am an English boy, and such words suit not our race! But thou art old and blind, my anger is lost on thee; but tell thy king that, boy as I am, I brook not insult! If my father had been here yon king of thine would never dare to use such words to him. Shame on him to use them thus to me, whether his guest or prisoner."

Llyrach had too much tact to translate this to Llewellyn, so he calmed the boy by saying that all he meant was that it was so evident that he and his comrades were not base in any way, that Llewellyn heartily welcomed them as friends, and that he would give them a new horse for

the one just slain, and further that as they were not more than an English mile from the villa they should hasten thither, where they would find the midday meal prepared.

This was argument enough to a frank, simple-hearted, brave boy—hungry withal! So he unaffectedly leaped from his little nag and, advancing to Llewellyn with his right hand outstretched, exclaimed,

"I take your offer, as 'tis kindly meant, and confide my safety to the care of a king."

This being duly interpreted to Llewellyn, produced a marked result in his mind in the boy's favour, and the party set off towards the villa, Beorn and the other boys riding, and Harold gaily marching on between Llyrach Hen and Llewellyn.

In about twenty minutes they had reached the villa, but their reception and adventures there are subjects of too great import in the scheme of this chronicle to permit of relation at the far-end of a chapter. We shall therefore reserve them for a new one.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH ORCHIDS.

(See also page 479.)

IN our August part for 1879 we gave an article on orchis-hunting in which many of the ordinary species of British orchids were concisely described, and in the August part for 1883 we resumed the subject in one of our "Holiday Ramble" series, entitled, "A Pond in Surrey," in which the mode of their insect fertilisation was more specially dwelt on. In further illustration of one of the most fascinating groups in our native flora, we this month present our readers with our first botanical plate.

In Madagascar grows *Angreecum sesquipedale*, an orchis with its nectary at the base of a horn-like pouch nearly a foot long. It owes the perpetuation of its species to a peculiarly gigantic moth, with a proboscis kept coiled up like a rope when not in use, and just of sufficient length to reach honey at the bottom of what is the deepest cavern of the floral world. We have not in Britain anything so singular as this, but our forms are quite as strange, and the morphology quite as wonderful.

Orchids come second in number of the great groups of the botanist. The first place is filled by the composite, the daisy family, with eight thousand species; then come the orchids with six thousand; then come the legumes or pea-flowers, with four thousand five hundred. In these days orchids hold the position that the tulips did of yore, and though the fabulous sums paid by the Dutch for their special fancy have not been exceeded—*Scimper Augustus*, at £500 per specimen, still heading the list—yet the competition among collectors is gradually improving the prices, until only last year two specimens of *Cattleya triaria* were knocked down for £420 by a well-known London natural history auctioneer. Plant-hunters are at work all over the world in search of rarities for our leading nurserymen, and the orchid mania is growing apace. One amateur is said to have over twelve thousand plants of one variety—*Odontoglossum alexandri*.

It is with our own countrymen, however, that we have here to deal, and of them we give thirty-eight species—all that are known. A few minor varieties have been advisedly omitted for the sake of clearness, and to these we will allude as we rapidly run through our list. Of the type genus *Orchis* we have the spotted palmate species *O. maculata*, so common in Kent—the great orchid county of England—in the Selborne

district so dear to Gilbert White, and on many a heath and hedge-bank. The early purple *O. mascula*, so plentiful in pastures, the source of the mysterious "saloop," comes next. Then we have *O. ustulata*, the purplish-white dwarf of our chalk districts; *O. simia*, the monkey, which is now almost confined to Oxfordshire; *O. militaris*, the military, or soldier, of the downs and combs; *O. purpurea* or *fusca*, the great brown-winged species seldom seen out of Kent; *O. laxiflora*, the loose-flowered species from the Channel Islands; *O. latifolia*, the marsh orchis, differing from its variety *O. incarnata* by the leaf-tips and the presence of spots; *O. hircina*, the anything but fragrant lizard orchis that in days gone by we used to find in Darenth Wood; *O. morio*, the green-winged meadow orchis; and *O. pyramidalis*, which grows in such quantities along the cliff road from Freshwater to Brook, in the Isle of Wight, and is found on almost all our chalky meadow lands.

Of *Ophrys*, the insect genus, we have *O. muscifera*, the fly; *O. araneifera*, the spider, with the smooth petal, thereby distinguished from the omitted *O. fucifera*; and *O. apifera*, the bee, plentiful at Egypt on the north, and Headon on the west, of the garden isle, and fairly distributed along the chalk of the mainland. Differing from it but in its deltoid petal is the Kentish variety *O. arachnites*, the later spider.

Of the pinkish *Neotinea*, "the man for Galway," better known perhaps as *Timea*, the name having been changed to prevent confusion with the small moths of the entomologist, we have the only species native to these islands, *N. intacta*. The bog orchis, *Malaxis*, another single-species genus, but from the northern kingdom, is also given, as is the greasy East Anglian *Liparis loeselii*, the Fen or two-leaved representative, and the Scottish spurless coral root, *Corallorhiza innata*. *Gymnadenia conopsea*, the fragrant orchis with the sweet perfume of the carnation, is another sole survivor, like the man orchis, *Aceras anthropophora*, so called for its want of spur; the musk orchis, *Hermium monorchis*, so called from *ernin*, the Greek for the foot of a bedpost; the *Epipogium gmelini*, or *aphyllum*, our sole sample of the *Arethusa*idæ from which we get vanilla; *Goodyera repens*, from the Scottish fir-woods; the beautiful lady-slipper, *Cypri-*

pedium calceolus, the Venus's shoe, from the north of the Trent; and the curious *Neottia nidusavis*, whose bird-nest root grows among the rotting beech-leaves.

Of the butterfly group we have *Habenaria chlorantha*, the greater butterfly, and *H. viridis*, the frog. *H. albidula* is not given; like those of *H. bifolia*, its differences from our selected specimens are but trivial. In fact, here, as everywhere else, we are met with the puzzle, What is a species? What is a variety? Where can the line be drawn? And here, as elsewhere, the answer is that generalisations depend not upon the plants that exist, but upon the specimens that happen to have been collected by the species-maker.

Both the tway-blades are given—*Listera cordata*, the heart-leaved one, and the commoner yellowish green *L. ovata*. Of the helleborines we have the narrow-leaved one, *Epipactis media*, differing from the omitted *E. latifolia* in having the leaves longer and narrower and the lower lobe of the lip as long as the lanceolate sepal; and *E. ovatis* or *atro-rubens*, differing but in a few details from the *E. purpurata*, which it has not been thought worth while to include. The white marsh helleborine, *E. palustris*, forms a conspicuous object in the plate. Of the *Cephalanthera* group of helleborines we have the *C. rubra*, with its rosy purple, that so often dots the northern uplands; the white *C. ensifolia*, with its long and narrow leaves; and *C. rubra*, the large red or purple from Somerset, which at first sight looks so much unlike its fellows.

The drooping lady's tresses, *Spiranthes gemmipara*, is not shown. It was originally only reported from county Cork, and in the opinion of most people is now somewhat mythical as a British plant. Its rarity may, however, be due to the fact that of late years botanising in county Cork has had to be conducted under difficulties, the elucidation of the flora having few charms for the peasantry. The other ladies' tresses, *S. autumnalis* and *S. astivalis*, have their plaited blossoms very characteristically shown.

The orchids of Britain are neither so large nor so brilliant as those of foreign climes; but the remembrance of many a breezy day spent in their search is far more pleasant than that of the few spent under glass in admiring their foreign rela-

tions. For those who prefer the glass method we may conclude this article by informing them that there are excellent collections in Kew, in Edinburgh Botanic Gardens, in Glasgow Botanic Gardens, in the Dublin College Gardens, and in the Old Trafford Gardens at Manchester.

THE ABBEYS OF BRITAIN.

PART II.

By the side of Glastonbury on our plate comes Whitby, the oldest of the Yorkshire abbeys. Penda the Mercian was defeated on the Aire by Oswin on the 15th November, 655; and in honour of his victory the Northumbrian king vowed to build twelve houses for the Lord, and to devote his daughter Ellfeda, then two years old, to His service. She was sent to the St. Hilda of "Marmion," then at Hartlepool, and Whitby Priory was immediately founded. In 658 Hilda became its first chief. Here Cædmon was first taught by Hilda the truths of Christianity, and here he paraphrased the Bible into English verse. St. Hilda died in 680, and it

was not till the reign of Henry I. that her famous priory became an abbey.

Below Whitby we give Kirkstall, whose ruins, with the exception of those at Fountains, are the most perfect in Yorkshire. Years before this abbey was thought of hermits had lived in the caves on the banks of the Aire, and it was from Selet and his fellow-anchors that the land was bought on which, in 1153, from the stone in the neighbouring quarry, these new buildings arose. By the side of Kirkstall we give the newly restored minster at Beverley, whose boast is the famous Percy Shrine; and adjoining the Beverley oval we have the picturesque group of Bayham, close to Tunbridge Wells.

Above Beverley we have the pale red ruins of Lancastrian Furness, one of the richest of monastic establishments. In the reign of Edward I. it had a revenue of £18,000 per year, and no less than sixty-five acres of land were enclosed within its walls. It was of royal foundation, built in Beckang's Gill, the vale of the deadly nightshade; and the effigies of its founders, Stephen, and Maud—the first queen regnant since the Conquest—are on either side of its great east window.

Next to Furness we have Fountains, which, thanks to careful excavation, affords the best example in England for the study of the arrangements of a great monastery. By the side of Fountains we have the triumph of Gothic architecture at Rievaulx, founded by Walter Espee, the hero of the Battle of the Standard on Luton Moor, that terrible fight in which, with the English arrows stuck into them, and standing out from them "like quills upon the porcupine," the gallant Scots struggled on till they died. Rievaulx was the first Cistercian house in Yorkshire; the first in England was that at Waverley, near Farnham, from whose chronicles came the name of the Waverley novels. The meagre ruins at Halesowen are flanked on our plate by the modern house at Stoneleigh; and then we have Byland, near Thirsk, whence Edward II. was hurried out so briskly by the Douglas that he left his treasure chest behind him; and then we have lovely Tintern, on the winding Wye, marking the spot where the pagan English completely crushed Theodoric, King of Glamorgan, in the year 600.

(To be continued.)

THE TIGERSKIN: A STORY OF CENTRAL INDIA.

BY LOUIS ROUSSELET,

Author of "The Two Cabin Boys," "The Drummer Boy," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.—THE ARRIVAL.

THE magnificent fleet of the Messageries has no speedier craft than the Houghy. On the morning of the eighteenth day after leaving Marseilles the mail boat sighted the coast of India.

At the first cry of "Land ho!" the passengers had tumbled up out of their cabins. Grouped on the deck, they directed

the chain with which he is linked to the lowest living form, and on his brow engraved the lofty thoughts of metempsychosis. Is it not beautiful?" said he, turning to Everest.

"It may be beautiful close to, but it is very ugly from a distance," said the young Englishman, phlegmatically.

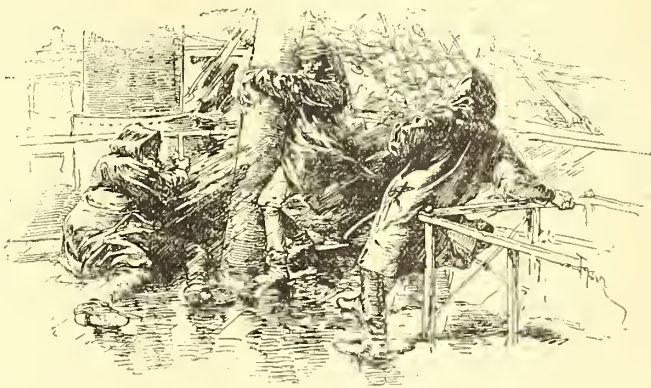
in Bombay harbour before the evening. See how those clouds are piling up; we shall soon be in the thick of it, and very lucky we shall be if we find the Kanheri. I must leave you, gentlemen, and keep an eye on the squall."

The captain had hardly gone before large drops of rain fell on the deck. A shiver seemed to run over the sea, the waves rose threateningly, and the ship began to pitch.

The passengers hurried into the saloon. Holbeck alone refusing to retire, his two friends remained with him, and wrapped in their macintoshes, which John had been sent for, they prepared to watch the raging sea.

The storm grew with a rapidity and intensity terrible to contemplate. Assailed by the furious surge, the vessel drove forward in huge leaps. At every bound her iron frame creaked ominously. The sea every now and then dashed on to the deck, and washed about the seats and benches.

Holbeck refused to quit his post. Holding



"Will you listen to my advice?" said Barbarou.

their greedy gaze towards a low monotonous coast partly hidden from them by heavy clouds. Opinions as to the first look of the country so rich in legendary lore were interchanged. Some did not conceal their disappointment; others, of easier disposition, or perhaps afflicted with incurable shortsightedness, went into ecstasies over the view in all good faith, or admired it without seeing it.

Doctor Holbeck, as one of the shortsighted, threw in his lot with the enthusiastic group, although his famous gold spectacles might have made him more cautious.

"And there," said he, in quite a lyrical tone, "is the sacred soil of India, the cradle of all our science and civilisation, that favoured land where man first found

"There you are!" interrupted the illustrious Barbarou. "Beautiful! Ugly! For my part, I see nothing but clouds, which, you may depend upon it, will give us a drenching in a minute or two."

The captain, who was passing at the moment, heard what he said, and observed,

"You are right, sir; those clouds bode us no good."

"We are unlucky," said the doctor. "Seventeen days under a scorching sun for our passage and the bad weather when we arrive! Happily we shall be at Bombay in an hour or so; shall we not, captain?"

"In an hour!" exclaimed the captain. "You cannot have given it a thought. I shall be only too glad to come to an anchor



on for support, he tried to pierce the gloom and discover this coast of India, which seemed to be but a deceitful apparition. In vain the water swept round his little legs, trickled down his gold spectacles,

and, worse than all, saturated the lovely green veil with which he had ornamented his helmet. But the good doctor had lost all his philosophy and was indulging in bitter regrets.

"To be shipwrecked in sight of port!" he murmured.

"Well, is not that the image of life?" asked Everest, who impassively watched the furious sea. "Man fights against his fate, he seems to come victorious from the strife, and death strikes him just as he is going to enjoy his triumph; happy is he who never knows the bitterness of him who is always beaten and strives in vain for deliverance."

"Ta, ta, ta; you soon shut us up, my lord," quickly answered Holbeck. "I believe it was understood, once for all, that you gave us a year to work your cure in, and that till then you were to leave off those dismal invocations to Proserpine. For my part, I beg to say that it will be no consolation to me to die on those reefs that I see away there, or to furnish a meal to one of the sharks that have been following us for the last week; for, in the first place, I want to see you cured of that abominable malady of yours, which is unworthy of a good-hearted, brave, intelligent lad like you; and, in the second, because I would leave incomplete the great work of my life, my monograph on ants, which I know no other man in Europe is capable of finishing."

"Will you listen to my advice?" said Barbarou, who was stooping down on the deck and sheltering from the shower. "You are only wasting your time in arguing like that; the squall is not worth the honour you are paying it. There is nothing in it to be alarmed at. What do you say to my telling you what happened to me when I went round the Cape in the Crocodile? The first wave that came aboard swept the deck as clean as a dining-table, and the ship, just like a cork, was seized by the waves, which seemed mountains high, and pitched—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Holbeck, with a sigh. "Your shipwreck, Barbarou, is the most pathetic I ever heard of, but that does not make our present position any more satisfactory. You see we have now got the cape round on the south-west, that is to say we have turned our backs on India. We shall not reach Bombay before morning, if we ever reach it. There is no good in stopping here to be drenched in this way. Let us go and have a cup of coffee to warm us up, and perhaps make us take a more lively view of the future."

"Agreed!" exclaimed Barbarou, with enthusiasm, and the three friends went below.

And the term friends which we have applied to our heroes must not be taken as a mere matter of form. Holbeck, Barbarou, and Everest had really and truly become most excellent friends since we saw them leave the Boulevard Or together. A friendship of eighteen days, you say? Well, the friendship was genuine, all the same.

Everest had not been slow to unbosom himself to his new companions. He had told them of his troubles, his griefs, his dismal anticipations. Holbeck had been deeply moved at the recital, and had made up his mind to undertake the cure of this wounded spirit. Barbarou, with a less sensitive temperament, but unaffectedly good-natured, had promised to second the doctor's efforts. While Holbeck, as a scientific man and a naturalist, hoped to give his patient a desire for life by awakening

in him a love for the secrets of entomology, the sailor hoped to save Everest by some dramatic adventure, which would result in the Englishman, from sheer gratitude, resolving to live his life in peace or continue to share their adventurous career.

The young man had quickly discovered the conspiracy between his companions, and recognising its disinterestedness, had allowed the trial to be made. He had besides welcomed it with so much good will that the short voyage had appeared much shorter, and he was already dreading the moment when he would leave the ship and again have to mix in society with other men.

The mail boat continued to drive along at full steam away from the Indian coast. About the middle of the day the wind fell and the sky cleared up a little. The Hougly again headed towards the land, and was soon hailed by one of the pilot brigs on the station, which had sighted her in the morning and come off in search.

The waves were too rough to allow the pilot to board, and so the steamer had to follow the brig as she showed the way in.

The passengers were again on deck. The sight of the little brig by the side of the imposing mass of the Hougly in the still angry sea was well worthy of their admiration. Rising with a leap to the crests of the waves, and plunging till she was half hidden in their furrows of foam, she led the colossus through the labyrinth of reefs which render the approach to Bombay so dangerous. On each side of her the surges broke with fury on to the rocks that lay just at the water level. A ship attempting the narrow channel without a guide would, it was obvious, have inevitably been lost.

Holbeck, who followed the proceedings of the pilot with much interest, could not help exclaiming,

"There, my lord, are gallant fellows who every day risk their lives—but only to save those of others."

The young man slightly frowned at this remark, for its meaning was unmistakable; but to atone for the doctor's thoughtlessness Barbarou immediately broke in with,

"Those fellows do not do anything so very extraordinary, for they are covered with cork from head to foot. What do you say to the pilots at the mouth of the Senegal, who in taking you over the bar are pleased to capsize their boat in order that they may fish you out from the foaming waves, and carry you to land on their shoulders? That's the sort of man for me!"

Everest was obliged to laugh. Barbarou was content. The cloud had fled.

Meanwhile the Hougly had come through the channel and entered the calm water. The roadstead, one of the finest in the world, presented itself to the travellers under an aspect of deep gloom; the heavy grey sky, the torrential rain, and the shipping and the banks hidden in a thick mist, formed a very unattractive spectacle. Notwithstanding Holbeck's enthusiasm at reaching the long-wished-for land, he had considerable difficulty in expressing his admiration.

Scarcely had the steamer cast anchor at about a hundred yards from the shore than she was surrounded by a crowd of little boats, loaded with natives, who in the twinkling of an eye jumped out of them, swarmed up to the assault along the ladders, and stormed the deck. The gallant

boatmen feared the rain more for their skins than their clothes, for they were all as naked as Polynesians. Seeing themselves surrounded by this crowd of yelling, capering savages, the passengers might well think that the captain of the Hougly had made a mistake, and instead of bringing them to Bombay, the capital of the western presidency of British India, had delivered them over to some cannibal tribe of the South Seas.

The alarm of the timid changed into terror when they found the savages precipitating themselves on to them, and snatching from them their umbrellas, bags, and portmanteaus, and indulging in the most incomprehensible vociferations.

Holbeck, attacked in this way, defended himself gallantly with his umbrella, and kept his aggressors at a distance, but he would infallibly have succumbed had it not been for the opportune arrival of Everest and Barbarou, who came up from the saloon with their bags and rushed to their friend's help.

At the sight of this reinforcement the savages fell back, and the doctor, purple with anger, at length found sufficient voice to shout to them,

"The first man that touches my bag, I will impale him!"

At this terrible threat one of the savages bowed his face to the ground, and in a humble voice said, in broken English,

"We want take you hotel."

"I know," answered Holbeck, "but you must not lay hands on me or on my bag."

And the storm ended in the travellers coming to an understanding with the terrible savages, who were only excessively zealous of a tel touts, and the doctor handed over to one of them the care of himself and friends. The three left the ship, and, with their luggage, installed themselves in a narrow canoe. There was still a considerable swell on the sea, notwithstanding the sheltered roadstead, and Barbarou, finding himself seated in this nutshell, could not help thinking of the Senegal boatmen, who half drown their passengers in order to have the merit of saving them.

However, the boat, in spite of its heavy load, flew through the water, and in a few minutes reached the end of the Apollo Bandar, a long embankment of stone which runs well out in front of the harbour.

But here came another difficulty. It was necessary to leave the boat and step on to the stairs that led to the quay—an operation that looked simple enough, but which the agitation of the waves rendered somewhat dangerous. Barbarou, active as a monkey, made one jump from the boat to the steps, and was up them in an instant. Everest, with more calmness, waited his opportunity, put his foot on the lowest step as the wave retired, and, without hurrying himself, walked up the two or three above it before the wave returned. Holbeck, who was watching him, resolved to imitate this manoeuvre, and lightly jumped on to the lowest step; but before he had set foot on the second the wave came back, covered him up to the waist, and would assuredly have swept him off had not Everest seized him in his arms and snatched him out of danger.

"I owe you one, my friend," said the doctor, warmly, as he reached the level of the quay. "Without you I should really have been shipwrecked in harbour!"

Meanwhile the porters had brought the luggage and put it on the now deserted quay; for the rain was falling in torrents; and the other passengers, more experienced than our three friends, had as soon as they

ficial examination, and, without opening a box, passed to the examination of the travellers themselves.

Everest, Barbarou, and the unobtrusive John seemed to inspire the scrupulous

very coldly, "It is well, sir; the article is not subject to duty. You can put it back. But you ought to know that it is not permitted to play jokes on men in authority."

"What, sir?" said Holbeck, quite astounded.

"Know," continued the customs officer, "that I am quite aware that what you call a microscope is nothing but a revolver. Go, gentlemen; you can pass."

And with great majesty the officer regained his sentry-box, leaving the doctor completely overwhelmed at having discovered a British functionary ignorant enough to mistake a microscope for a six-shooter.

The rain continued to descend in torrents. The travellers remained alone on the quay, looking out for some vehicle to take them into the town, the first houses of which appeared through the mist about a mile off on the other side of a vast esplanade. But the quay and the esplanade were deserted. They decided then to walk to their promised lodgings, and to let the porters follow on with the luggage.

Drenched with the rain, and wading through liquid mud, they at last reached the neighbourhood of the fort, and by dark and narrow streets gained the Royal Hotel, to which their guide led them.

The hotel-keeper, a large Parsee, clothed in a long robe of black cloth bordered with red, and wearing a cardboard cap very like a mitre, received them obsequiously.

"What do these gentlemen desire?" asked he.

"What do we desire?" said Holbeck, who was getting impatient. "Your eyesight must be good! We desire three rooms where we can dry ourselves and rest a little after our promenade through the swamp."

"I am indeed sorry that I cannot oblige you," answered the Parsee.

"You have no rooms for us?"

"My hotel is full. I have only one room left, but we might put three beds in that."

"But that is all I have been asking for for the last hour!" exclaimed Holbeck, in a paroxysm of anger. "Are the people of this country going to drive me mad?"

And, frantically waving his umbrella, he entered the Royal Hotel as if he had carried the position at the point of the bayonet.

In a minute or two the three friends found themselves in their room.

"What a beginning!" exclaimed Holbeck, dropping on to a chair.

Everest said nothing; all this had diverted him more than he could express.

As for Barbarou, he walked up and down the room. Suddenly he raised his arms and his eyes to the ceiling, which consisted merely of a calico sheet that hid the roof, and exclaimed, with fervid emphasis,

"Oh! dream of my childhood! Oh! gorgeous sky of India, at last I behold you!"



(To be continued.)



"Holbeck defended himself with his umbrella."

arrived chartered the vehicles in attendance and gone off into the town.

A solitary Indian, with a face the colour of soot, wearing a green uniform and an immense turban, was taking shelter in a sentry-box and gloomily contemplating the grey sky pouring down its unceasing deluge. At the sight of the travellers he resolved, with much apparent regret, to leave his shelter and advance to meet them, and then, pointing with his finger to the luggage, he said, with the tone of an automaton, "Anything to declare?"

"No, sir; nothing that I know of," answered Holbeck, who was the spokesman of the party.

The Indian continued to examine the baggage with that inquisitorial eye which is characteristic of custom-house officers in every part of the world; but, favoured doubtless with the gift of double vision, he seemed satisfied with this merely super-

functionary with no suspicion; but not so Holbeck.

"What have you got there?" asked he at length.

"There?" said Holbeck, in rather an alarmed tone; "nothing—at least, nothing to declare; it is only a microscope."

"A microscope?" said the questioner, becoming defiant. "Let me see it."

"But I would remark, sir," said the doctor humbly, "that it is raining hard, and that the rain may damage the delicate instrument."

"Open your umbrella!" said the officer, impatiently.

Holbeck understood that he must obey. He opened his umbrella, drew the microscope out of his bag, and, after taking it out of its case, showed it to the Indian.

The custom-house officer frowned as he examined the instrument, and then said,

CHAPTER XXX.

NEW LIGHTS ON OLD QUESTIONS.

FAIRBAIRN was startled next morning while engaged over his toilet by a sudden visit from the captain.

What could be wrong, to bring him there at this hour, with a face full of anxiety and a voice full of concern, as he inquired,

The Willoughby Captains—

A School Story—By
TALBOT BAKER REED.



"In due time the preliminaries were all got through."

"Will you do me a favour, old man?"

Fairbairn knew his friend had been in trouble for some time past, and was sore beset on many hands. He had not attempted to intrude into his secrets or to volunteer any aid. For he knew Riddell would ask it if he wanted it. In proof of which here he was.

"Of course I will," replied he, "if I can."

"Do you happen to have a pot of jam you could lend me?"

Fairbairn fairly staggered at this unexpected request. He had imagined he was to be asked at the very least to accompany his friend on some matter of moment to the Doctor's study, or to share some tremendous secret affecting the honour of

Willoughby. And to be asked now for the loan of a pot of jam was too great a shock for his gravity, and he burst out laughing.

"A pot of jam!" he exclaimed. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Oh, any sort you've got," said the captain, eagerly; "and I suppose you haven't got a pie of any kind, or some muffins?"

Fairbairn gaped at his visitor with something like apprehension as he came out with this extraordinary request. The captain's voice was grave and no suspicion of a jest lurked in his face. Could he possibly have succumbed to the mental strain of the past term and taken leave of his wits?

"What are you talking about, Riddell," asked Fairbairn, in tones almost of pity. "Has anything happened to you?"

Riddell looked at the speaker inquisitively for a moment, then broke out into a laugh.

"What an ass I am! I forgot to tell you what I wanted them for. The fact is, I asked two kids to break-

fast this morning, and I just remembered I had nothing but tea and toast to offer them—and it's too early to get anything in. I'd be awfully obliged if you could help me out with it."

Fairbairn's merriment broke out afresh as the truth revealed itself, and it was some time before he could attend to business. He then offered Riddell anything he could find in his cupboard, and the captain thereupon gratefully availed himself of the offer to secure a pot of red-currant jam, a small jar of potted meat, two or three apples, and a considerable section of a plum cake. All these he promised to replace without delay, and triumphantly hurried back with them in his pockets and under his jacket, in time to deposit them

on his table before the bell began to ring for chapel. He also sent Cusack round to the school larder to order three new-laid eggs and some extra butter to be delivered at once.

These grand preparations being duly made, he breathed again, and went hopefully to chapel.

As it happened, he had been very near reckoning without his host, or I should say his guests. For Parson and Telson had been some time before they could make up their minds to accept the hurried invitation of the previous evening.

"It's a row," Telson had said, as the captain disappeared.

"Of course it is. I'm not going," said Parson.

"Wonder what about?"

"Oh, that skyrocket affair, I suppose."

"Do you think he'll give us impots if we don't go?"

"Don't know—most likely."

"Rum, his asking us to breakfast, though," said Telson.

"All a dodge, I expect," said Parson. "By the way, what sort of breakfasts does he go in for?"

"Not bad when he likes," said Telson, with the authority of an old fag.

"Bacon?" asked Parson.

"Sometimes," said Telson.

"Jam?" inquired Parson.

"Generally," replied Telson.

There was a pause. Then Parson said, "Fancy we'd better turn up. It's only civil, when he asked us."

"All serene," said Telson; "if it is a row, of course it will come off in any case. And we may as well get our breakfast somewhere."

With which philosophical resolve the matter had been settled, and the amiable pair parted to meet next morning after chapel.

Riddell spared himself the embarrassment of waiting to escort his guests to the festive board, and hurried off in advance to see that the preparations were duly made in their honour.

He caught Cusack wistfully eyeing the unwonted array of good things on the table, and evidently speculating as to who the favoured guests were to be. It was with some difficulty that the captain got him sent off to his own breakfast in the big hall, half bribed thereto by the promise of a reversion of the coming feast.

Then, feeling quite exhausted by his morning's excitement, he sat down and awaited his visitors.

They arrived in due time—still, to judge of their leisurely approach and their languid knock, a little suspicious of the whole affair. But the moment the door opened, and their eyes fell on the table, their manner changed to one of the most amiable briskness.

"Good morning," said Riddell, who, in the presence of the greater attractions on the table, ran considerable risk of being overlooked altogether.

"Good morning," cried the boys, suddenly roused by his voice to a sense of their social duty.

"Awfully brickish of you to ask us round," said Telson.

"Rather," chimed in Parson.

"I'm glad you came," said the captain. "We may as well have breakfast. Telson, have you forgotten how to boil eggs?"

Telson said emphatically he had not, and proceeded forthwith to give practical proof of his cunning, while Parson volun-

teered his aid in cutting up the bread and buttering the toast.

In due time the preliminaries were all got through and the trio sat down to partake of the reward of their toil.

Riddell could not thank his stars sufficiently that he had thought of embellishing his feast with the few luxuries from Fairbairn's cupboard. Nothing could exceed the good-humour of the two juniors as one delicacy after another unfolded its charms and invited their attention. They accompanied their exertions with a running fire of chat and chaff, which left Riddell very little to do except gently to steer the conversation round towards the point for which this merry meeting was designed.

"Frightful job to get old Parson to turn up," said Telson, taking his fourth go-in of potted meat; "he thought you were going to row him about that shindy in the Parliament!"

"No I didn't," rejoined Parson, pushing up his cup for more tea. "It was you said that about blowing up us sky-rockets."

"What a howling cram," said Telson. "I never make bad jokes. You know, Riddell, it was Parson stuck us up to that business. He's always at the bottom of the rows."

Parson laughed at this compliment. "You mean I always get into the rows," said he.

"Anyhow, I don't suppose the sky-rockets will show up again this term," said Telson.

"They certainly did not get much encouragement last time," said Riddell, laughing. "You know I don't think you fellows do yourselves justice in things like that. Fellows get to think the only thing you're good at is a row."

"Fact is," said Parson, "Telson thought we'd been so frightfully snubbed this term, we kids, that he said we ought to stick up for ourselves."

"I said that?" cried Telson. "Why, you know it was you said it!"

"By the way," said Parson, "wasn't there to be a special meeting of the House to-day, for something or other?"

Telson looked rather uncomfortable, and then said,

"Yes, I heard so. I fancy it's about you, somehow," added he, addressing Riddell.

"About me?" asked the captain.

"Yes—to kick you out, or something," said Telson; "but Parson and I mean to go and vote against it."

This was news to Riddell, and rather astonishing news too.

"To kick me out?" he asked. "What for?"

"Oh, you know," said Parson; "it's some bosh about that boatrace affair. Some of the chaps think you are mixed up in it, but of course it's all a cram. I've told them so more than once."

"It's all those Parrett's cads," said Telson, taking up the matter from a School House point of view. "They're riled about the race, and about the cricket-match, and everything else, and try to make out every one's cheating."

"Well, some one must have been cheating," said Parson, a trifle warmly, "when he cut my rudder-lines; and he's not likely to be one of our fellows—much more likely to be a School House cad!"

"I'll fight you, you know, Parson!" put in Telson.

Riddell saw it was time to interfere.

The conversation was drifting into an unprofitable channel, from which it would scarcely work its way out unassisted.

What he wanted was to find out whether there was any truth in the explanation which the diary afforded of young Wyndham's conduct, and he was a long way from that yet.

"Have some more cake, Telson," said he, by way of changing the subject.

Telson cheerfully accepted the invitation, while Parson, to spare his host the trouble of pressing him to take an apple, helped himself.

Then when they were well started once more the captain said, "Who's going to win the juniors' match, Parson? Our fellows quite think they are."

"Yes," said Parson, contemptuously; "I heard they had cheek enough to say so. But they'll be disappointed for once."

"Well," said Riddell, "they've been practising pretty steadily of late. They're not to be despised. Whatever has become of the juniors' eleven in the School House, Telson?"

"Can't make out," replied Telson; "they're an awful set of louts this year; only one or two good men in the lot. I don't think they can scrape up an eleven."

"Ah!" said the captain, seeing his chance; "you've lost a good many good fellows. Wyndham, for one, has got up into the second eleven, I hear."

"Yes," said Parson; "and jolly cocky he is about it, too!"

"He's not been down at the practices lately, though," said Telson, colouring slightly, and for no apparent reason.

"Why? Is he seedy?" said the captain.

"Eh? No; I don't think so. Wyndham's not seedy, is he, should you think, Parson?"

"No," said Parson, exchanging uncomfortable glances with his ally; "not exactly seedy."

"It'll be a pity if he doesn't get playing in the Templeford match," said Riddell.

Would the fish bite? If the diary had spoken true, these two boys were at present very full of Wyndham's affair, and a trifle indignant with the captain himself for his supposed intention of reporting that youth's transgression at headquarters. If that were so, Riddell considered it possible that, after their honest fashion, they might take upon themselves to give him a piece of their mind, which was exactly what he wanted.

"The fact is," said Telson, "Parson and I both think he's down in the month."

"Indeed?" asked the captain, busily buttering a fresh slice of toast.

"Yes. Haven't you seen it?" asked Parson.

"He's in a funk about something or other," said Telson.

It was getting near now!

"What about, do you know?" asked the captain.

"Why, you know," said Telson. "About being expelled, you know."

"Expelled! What for?" asked Riddell; and the boy's reply gave him a satisfaction quite out of proportion to its merits.

"About Beamish's, you know," said Telson, confidentially; "he thinks you're going to report him."

"And he's bound to get expelled if you do," said Parson.

"And how do you know about it?" asked the captain, quietly.

"Oh! you know, Parson and I spotted them—that is, Gilks and Silk and him—

that night of Brown's party. But we never told anybody, and don't mean to, so I don't know how it came out."

"Anyhow," said Parson, "if he's to be expelled, Silk and Gilks ought to catch it too. I bet anything they took him there. Thanks! a little piece."

This last sentence was in reply to an invitation to take some more cake.

Under cover of this diversion, Riddell, with thankful heart, continued to steer the talk out again into the main channel of school affairs, of which the affair of Wyndham junior was but one of many.

Before the meal was over it had got as far as Eutropius, and he fairly won his guests' hearts by announcing that he did not consider that historian's Latin nearly as good as Cæsar's, an opinion which they endorsed with considerable heat.

All good things come to an end at last, and so did this breakfast, the end of which found the boys in as great good-humour as at the beginning. They thanked the captain most profusely for his hospitality, which they never doubted was meant as a recognition of their own sterling merits, and of the few attempts they had lately made to behave themselves; and, after inviting him to come to a concert they were about to give on the evening of the juniors' match, took their departure.

"By the way," said Riddell, as they were going, "do either of you know to whom this book belongs? I found it in the playground yesterday."

A merry laugh greeted the appearance of Bosher's diary, which the pair recognised as a very old friend.

"It's old Bosher's diary," said Telson. "He's always dropping it about. I believe he does it on purpose. I say, isn't it frightful bosh?"

"It isn't very clear in parts," said the captain.

"Did he call you 'evil,' or 'gross,' or 'ugly in the face,' in the part you looked at?" asked Telson; "because, if so, we may as well lick him for you."

"No, don't do that," said Riddell; "you had better give it him back, though, and advise him from me not to drop it about more than he can help. Good-bye."

With a great weight off his mind, Riddell went down to first school that day a thankful though a humbled man.

What a narrow escape he had had of doing the boy he cared for most in Wyloughby a grievous injustice! Indeed, by suspecting him privately he had done him injustice enough as it was, for which he could not too soon atone.

In the midst of his relief about the boat-race he could scarcely bring himself to regard seriously the boy's real offence, bad as that had been; and, indeed, it was not until Wyndham himself referred to it that afternoon that its gravity occurred to him.

Just as the special meeting of the Parliament (convened by private invitation of Game and Ashley to a select few of their own way of thinking) was assembling, Wyndham, in compliance with a message from the captain, strolled out into the Big towards the very bench where yesterday he had had his memorable talk with Silk.

Riddell was waiting there for him, and as the boy approached, his wretched, haggard looks smote the captain's heart with remorse.

He had scarcely the spirit to return Riddell's salute as he seated himself beside him on the bench and waited for what was to come.

"Old fellow," said Riddell, "don't look so wretched. Things mayn't be as bad as you think."

"How could they be anything else?" said Wyndham, dolefully.

"If you'll listen to me, and not look so frightfully down," said the captain, "I'll tell you."

Wyndham made a feeble attempt to rouse himself, and turned to hear what the captain had to say.

"You wondered," said Riddell, "how I came to know about that visit to Beamish's. Would it astonish you to hear that till this time yesterday I never knew about it at all?"

"What!" exclaimed Wyndham, incredulously; "you were talking to me about it two or three days before."

"So you thought. You thought when I said it was my duty to report it, and that the honour of the school was involved in it, and all that, that I was talking about that scrape at Beamish's."

"Of course you were," said Wyndham. "What else could you have been talking about? I confessed it to you myself."

"And you couldn't see what the honour of the school had to do with your going to Beamish's, could you?" asked Riddell.

"Well, no. Perhaps it has, but I didn't see it at the time."

"Of course not," said the captain, "and if I had been thinking of Beamish's I should hardly have spoken in the way I did."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Wyndham, puzzled.

"Why, this. In all our talks you never once mentioned Beamish's. You concluded what I suspected you of was this, and I concluded that the wrong you were confessing was the one I suspected you of."

"What did you suspect me of, then," inquired Wyndham, "if it wasn't that?"

"I'm ashamed to say," said the captain, "I suspected you of having cut the lines of Parrett's rudder at the boatrace."

Wyndham, in the shock of this announcement, broke out into an almost hysterical laugh.

"Suspected me of cutting the rudder-lines!" he gasped.

"Yes," said Riddell, sorrowfully. "I'm ashamed to say it."

"Why, however could you?" exclaimed the boy, in strange bewilderment.

Riddell quietly told him the whole story. Of the mysterious letter, of his visit to Tom the boatboy, of the knife, of the recollection of Wyndham's movements on the night in question, and then of his supposed admission of his guilt.

Wyndham listened to it all with breathless attention and wonder, and when it was all done sighed as he replied,

"Why, Riddell, it's like a story, isn't it?"

"It is," said the captain, "and rather a pitiful story as far as I am concerned."

"Not a bit," replied the boy, as sympathetically as if Riddell was the person to be pitied and he was the person who had wronged him. "It was all a misunderstanding. How on earth could you have helped suspecting me? Any one would have done the same."

"But," added he, after a pause, "what ought I to do about Beamish's? Of course that was no end of a scrape, and the mischief is, I promised those two cads never to say a word about it. By the way, you saw me with Silk on this seat yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes," said Riddell; "you didn't seem to be enjoying yourself."

"I should think I wasn't. I'd been trying to get him to let me off that promise, and he had offered to do it for seven pounds, under conditions. I might have closed with him if you hadn't come past just then. He held me down to rile you, and I got so wild I rounded on him and made him in a frightful rage, and it's very likely now he may tell Paddy if you don't."

"Not he," said Riddell. "You're well out of his clutches, old man, and it strikes me the best way you can atone for that affair is by keeping out of it for the future, and having no more to do with fellows like that."

"What should I have done," said the boy, "without you to look after me? I'd have gone to the dogs, to a dead certainty."

"Thank God rather than me," said the captain, in his kindest tone. "Ah, there's Silk coming this way. We needn't stop here to give him a return match. Come on."

And the two friends rose and strolled off happily arm-in-arm.

(To be continued.)

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

A HINT FOR NATURALISTS, ETC.

MR. EDWARD COOKE, of T. Cooke and Sons, Naturalists, 30, Museum Street, London, W.C., writes:—"Having had your interesting chapters on 'Bird Stuffing' brought to my notice by some of your young readers, I venture to suggest a valuable addition to any museum, large or small. It is now well known that many young (and even old) taxidermists have had the mortification of seeing their stuffing work destroyed by that little plague, the moth, and for some years we have almost been inundated with letters asking us the best preventive against it. I have great pleasure in naming 'Naphthaline' in white crystals as the best thing possible, not only for Birds, but also to put in cabinet drawers of insects to prevent mite. I may claim to be among the first to try this valuable article, and in the course of the year use many pounds; and I think it only has to be mentioned in a widespread publication like the BOY'S OWN PAPER, and some thousands of people, who still use the comparatively useless camphor, would soon satisfy themselves as to which is best. I may say, till we used this, we were constantly troubled with moth and mite in our collections, notwithstanding a large supply of camphor. It can be obtained wholesale of Messrs. Hopkin and Williams, 16, Cross Street, Hatton Garden, London. Some twelve months ago I put a notice of this article in the 'Monthly Entomologist,' and am glad to say it has been appreciated by many entomologists."

KNIGHT'S TOUR (by J. C. H.).

S	A	E	E	S	E	W	I
R	D	I	E	R	T	S	M
L	A	O	T	F	H	U	I
F	E	O	P	S	N	A	E
E	L	I	E	G	S	C	I
V	A	L	Y	N	S	T	T
B	A	N	N	L	A	T	S
R	E	O	S	I	G	O	N

SIGNALS AND SIGNALLING.

(Continued from page 462.)



A Lesson in Homography.



THE right arm pointing downwards at half a right angle, and the left held horizontally, gives us 9.



Both arms held aloft, with the wand between them, gives us the cipher, which completes the numbers. It often happens, however, that two figures of the same value follow each other, and then "substitutes" have to be used, as in the old flag code.



The "affirmation," with the two sticks held aloft, is the first substitute.



The "negative," with the two sticks held apart, is the second.



The numeral and horary is given with the right hand extended horizontally, and the left arm held upright overhead. When a spread handkerchief is displayed it gives the "answer" or "geographical" signal.



When the right arm is waved over the head it signifies that a question has been asked; when each arm is waved over the head it signifies that the particular signal is finished, and

when the arms are placed akimbo, as if preparing for a hornpipe, it gives the "finish altogether," which furnishes such an appropriate tail-piece to this article.



[We have only to add that the subject of the large illustration at the head of this article is "A Lesson in Homography," as given on our training ships.]

NETTING MADE EASY.

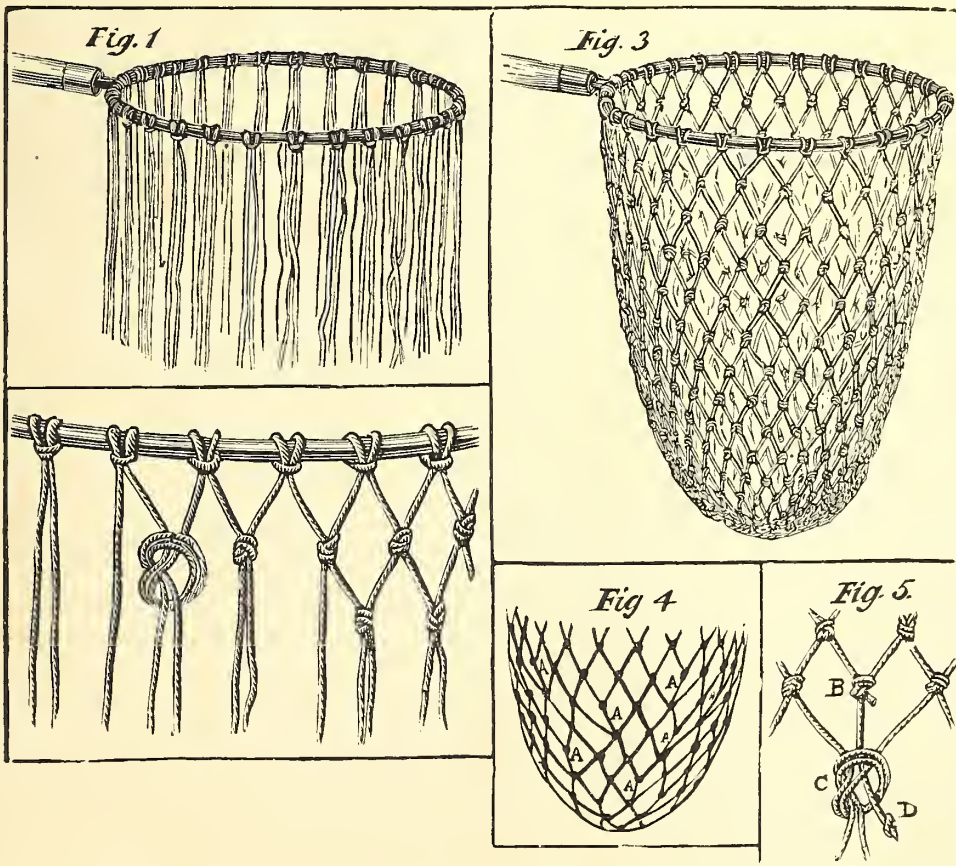
HERE, boys, is a simple way to make a "seap-net," or crab-net, without using a mesh-needle; and now would not be a bad time to set about it, in anticipation of the summer holidays. For the general subject of

which should be a ferrule to prevent splitting. Having all ready, fasten the pole at some convenient height, so that the ring will be out towards you, and on a level with your eyes. Take a ball of twine and cut it in pieces three or four

of them, as in Fig. 2. And so go once around the whole ring before beginning the next row. Very little care and judgment will keep them even and regular. After five or six rows, you can begin making the meshes smaller by knotting closer. Continue making them smaller until the knots become too crowded, when the opening at the bottom will be small enough to be tied across by the exercise of some home-made ingenuity. This will give a handsome-looking net, such as Fig. 3, which has the advantage of being strongest where the most wear-and-tear comes, and where other nets are weak.

But if you prefer to make the net lighter, and to narrow it like the regularly made nets, a method is suggested in Figs. 4 and 5.

When you have made the requisite number of even rows, as before, begin narrowing by clipping off one string of a pair (see B, Fig. 5) at four places equidistant on the same row. Then proceed to knot as before, excepting at these places, where you must take a string from the pair on each side of the single one, and knot them, allowing the single string to pass through the knot (C) before closing it. Be careful to make the tie long enough for the knot to come even with the others in the same row. Then pull down the single string, and tie a simple knot (D) in it, close up to the double knot. Then cut the string off close. Proceed in the same manner with the next row, avoiding as much as possible having the dropped meshes



netting, hammoek-making, etc., we would refer the reader to the exhaustive articles which have already appeared in our pages.

If there are no shops which keep such things, any blacksmith can make the ring, and a pole is easily provided. The ring must have a spike to drive into the end of the pole, around

times as long as you wish your net to be deep. Double these and loop them, about one inch and a half apart, around the ring, as in Fig. 1. Of course they will be much longer than here represented.

Then, beginning anywhere, take two strings, one from each adjoining pair, and make one knot

come under one another. As you get down you will have to increase the number of them in each succeeding row, in order to bring the net together at the bottom.

In this mode of finishing, the meshes towards the bottom need be made only a little smaller than those above.

THE SILVER CAÑON: A STORY OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY G. MANVILLE FENN,

Author of "In the King's Name," "Nat the Naturalist," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII. (continued.)

THE reason for the exclamation was a shot that whizzed by him—one fired from a long way down the cañon in the way they were retreating; and, to Bart's horror, a second and a third followed from the same direction, with the effect that the savages who had attacked first gave a triumphant yell, and began firing quicker than before.

"Taken between two fires, Master Bart," said Josés, coolly; "and if we don't look out they'll be up to the chimney before we can get there, and then—"

"We must sell our lives as dearly as we can, Josés!" cried Bart.

"Good lad! good lad!" replied Josés, taking deadly aim at one of the Indians up the river and firing; "but my life ain't for sale; I want it for some time to come."

"That's right; keep up the retreat. Well done, Beaver!"

This was on account of the action of the chief, who, calling upon three of his men to follow him, dashed down stream towards the chimney, regardless of risk, so as to hold the rear enemies in check, while Bart, Josés, and the other three Indians did the same by the party up stream, who, however, were rapidly approaching now.

"I want to know how those beggars managed to get down into the cañon behind us," growled Josés, as he kept on steadily firing whenever he had a chance. "They must have gone down somewhere many miles away. I say, you mustn't lose a chance, my lad. Now then, back behind those rocks. Let's run together."

Crack—crack—crack! went the Indians' rifles, and as the echoes ran down the cañon they yelled fiercely and pressed on, the Beaver's men yelling back a defiance and giving them shot for shot, one of which took deadly effect.

There was a fierce yelling from down below as the savages pressed upwards, and the perils of the whole party were rapidly increasing.

"Didn't touch you, did they, Master Bart?" cried Josés from his hiding-place.

"No."

"Keep cool, then. Now, Injuns! Another run for it—quick!"

A dash was made after the Beaver to a fresh patch of cover, and the firing from above and below became so fierce that the position grew one of dire extremity.

"Look out, my lads!" cried the frontierman, "they're getting together for a rush. You must each bring down your man."

There was no mistaking the plan of the Indians now, and Bart could see them clustering into some bushes just at the foot of the mountain where it ran perpendicularly down, forming part of the cañon wall. They seemed to be quite thirty strong, and a bold rush must have meant death to the little party, unless they could reach the chimney; and apparently the savages coming up from below had advanced so far that the Beaver had not been able to seize that stronger point.

"Keep cool, Master Bart. We must stand fast and give 'em such a sharp fire

as may check them. As soon as we've fired, you make a run for it, my lad, straight for the chimney. Never mind anybody else, but risk the firing and run in and climb up as fast as you can."

"And what about you, Josés?" asked Bart.

"I'll stop and cover your retreat, my lad; and if we don't meet again, tell the doctor I did my best; and now God bless you! Good-bye! Be ready to fire."

"I'm ready, Josés, and I shan't go," replied Bart, firmly.

"You won't go? But I order you to go, you young dog!" cried Josés, fiercely.

"How dare you order me, sir?" cried Bart, angrily. "You're one of the servants, and ought to take orders from me. I shall NOT GO!"

"Well, of all the—look-out, Beaver! Fire, Master Bart! Here they come!"

Quite a volley rang out as some five-and-twenty Indians came leaping forward, yelling like demons, and dashing down upon the little party. Two of this number fell, but this did not check them, and they were within fifty yards of Bart, who was rapidly recharging, when Josés roared out, "Knives—knives out! Don't run!"

The bravery of the Indians, of Josés and Bart, would have gone as nothing at such a time as this, for they were so terribly outnumbered that all they could have done would have been to sell their lives as dearly as they could. In fact their fates seemed to be sealed, when help came in a very unexpected way, and turned the tide of affairs.

The savage Apachés had reduced the distance to thirty yards now, and Bart felt quite dizzy with excitement as he fired his piece and brought down one of the enemy, whose ghastly painted breasts seemed to add to the horror of the situation.

Another moment or two, and then he knew that the struggle would come, and dropping his rifle, he wrenched his knife from its light sheath, when suddenly there was a fierce volley from on high—a fire that took the Indians in the rear. Six fell, and the rest, stunned by this terrible attack from a fresh quarter, turned on the instant and fled up the cañon, followed by a parting fire, from which a couple more fell.

"Hurray!" shouted Josés; "now for the chimney. Come, Master Bart! Now, Beaver—now's your time!"

They ran from cover to cover, meeting shot after shot from below, and in a minute were close up with the Beaver and his three men, who were hard pressed by the advancing party.

"Now, Beaver," cried Josés, finishing the reloading of his piece, "what do you say to a bold rush forward—right to the mouth of the chimney?"

"Yes," said the chief; "shoot much first."

"Good," cried Josés. "Now, Master Bart, fire three or four times wherever there's a chance, and then reload and forward."

These orders were carried out with so good an effect that the Apachés below were for the moment checked, and seemed staggered by this accession of strength, giving the little party an opportunity to make their bold advance, running from bush to bush and from rock to rock until they were well up to the mouth of the chimney, but now in terribly close quarters with their enemies, who held their fire, expecting that the advance would be continued right on to a hand-to-hand encounter.

Then there was a pause and a dead silence, during which, in obedience to signs made by the Beaver, first one and then another crept behind the bushes to the mouth of the chimney, entered it, and began to ascend. There was a bit of a fight between Bart and Josés as to which should be first, with the result that the latter went first, then Bart followed, and the Beaver came last.

So close was it, though, that as they climbed up the steep narrow rocky slope there was a fierce yell and a rush, and they saw the light slightly obscured as the Apachés dashed by the entrance in a fierce charge, meant to overwhelm them.

Directly after the cañon seemed to be filled with yells of disappointment and rage, as the Apachés found that their intended victims had eluded them just as they had vowed their destruction.

This gave a minute's grace, sufficient for the fugitives to get some little distance up the narrow rock passage, the Beaver and Bart pausing by the top of the steepest piece of rock about a hundred feet above the entrance, which, overshadowed as it was by trees, had a beautifully peaceful appearance as seen against the broad light of day.

All at once there was a loud yell, betokening the fact that the entrance to the chimney had been seen, and directly after a couple of Indians leaped in and began to climb.

Bart and the Beaver's rifles seemed to make but one report, when the narrow chasm was filled with the vapour of exploded gunpowder, and the two Indians fell back.

"Climb," whispered the Beaver; and Bart led the way, the chief keeping close behind him, till they were on the heels of the rest of the party, who had halted to see if they could be of use.

The entry was now hidden, and they stopped to listen, just as the successive reports of three rifles came echoing up in company with the curious pattering noise made by the bullets, which seemed as if they glanced here and there against the stones, sending fragments rattling down, but doing no further harm, for the fugitives were not in the line of the shooters' sight.

The retreat went on, with the Beaver and Josés taking it in turn to remain behind at a corner of the rift or some barrier of rock to keep the Apachés in check, for they kept coming fiercely on. Now and then they were checked by a shot, but in

that dark narrow pass there was but little opportunity for firing, and the chief thing aimed at was retreat.

The top was reached at last, and as they neared it, to Bart's great delight, he found that there was a strong party there, headed by the doctor, who had heard the firing, and came to his followers' relief.

The main thing to decide now was how to hold the Apachés in check while a retreat was made to the mountain, where all was right, the horses and cattle being in their strong places, and every one on the alert.

The Beaver decided the matter by undertaking, with one of his men, to keep the Apachés from getting to the top till their friends had reached the rock, where they were to be ready to cover his retreat.

The doctor made a little demur at first, but the chief insisted, and after an attempt on the part of the Apachés at fighting their way up had been met by a sharp volley, the whole party, saving the Beaver and one follower, retreated to the rock fortress, where they speedily manned all the points of defence, and waited eagerly for the coming of the chief. But to Bart's horror he did not come, while simultaneously there was a shout from the doctor and another from Jose, the one giving warning that a very strong body of mounted men was appearing over the plains, the other that the savages from the cañon had fought their way up the chimney, and were coming on to the attack.

(To be continued.)

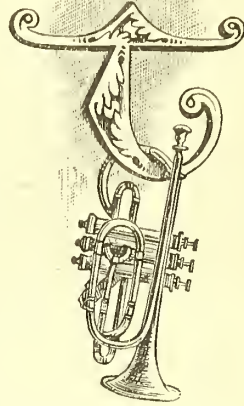


LIST OF BRITISH ORCHIDS.

(See Coloured Plate.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Spotted (<i>Orchis maculata</i>). | 20. Frog (<i>H. viridis</i>). |
| 2. Early Purple (<i>O. mascula</i>). | 21. Man (<i>Aceras anthropophora</i>). |
| 3. Dwarf (<i>O. ustulata</i>). | 22. Musk (<i>Hermium monorchis</i>). |
| 4. Monkey (<i>O. simia</i>). | 23. Meadow (<i>Orchis morio</i>). |
| 5. Soldier (<i>O. militaris</i>). | 24. Bird's Nest (<i>Neottia nidusavis</i>). |
| 6. Purple (<i>O. purpurea</i>). | 25. Tway-blade (<i>Listera ovata</i>). |
| 7. Loose-flowered (<i>O. laxiflora</i>). | 26. Lesser Tway-blade (<i>L. cordata</i>). |
| 8. Marsh (<i>O. latifolia</i>). | 27. Narrow-leaved Helleborine (<i>Epipactis media</i>). |
| 9. Lizard (<i>O. hircina</i>). | 28. Broad-leaved Helleborine (<i>E. atrorubens</i>). |
| 10. Pyramidal (<i>O. pyramidalis</i>). | 29. Marsh Helleborine (<i>E. palustris</i>). |
| 11. Fly (<i>Ophrys muscifera</i>). | 30. Red Helleborine (<i>Cephalanthera rubra</i>). |
| 12. Bee (<i>O. apifera</i>). | 31. White Helleborine (<i>O. grandiflora</i>). |
| 13. Spider (<i>O. aranifera</i>). | 32. Long-leaved Helleborine (<i>C. ensifolia</i>). |
| 14. Dense-spiked (<i>Neotinea intacta</i>). | 33. Leafless Epipogium (<i>Epipogium gmelini</i>). |
| 15. Bog (<i>Malaxis paludosa</i>). | 34. Autumnal Lady's Tresses (<i>Spiranthes autumnalis</i>). |
| 16. Fen (<i>Liparis loeselii</i>). | 35. Summer Lady's Tresses (<i>S. aestivalis</i>). |
| 17. Coral Root (<i>Corallorhiza innata</i>). | 36. Creeping Lady's Tresses (<i>Goodyera repens</i>). |
| 18. Fragrant (<i>Gymnadenia conopsea</i>). | 37. Lady Slipper (<i>Cypripedium calceolus</i>). |
| 19. Butterfly (<i>Habenaria chlorantha</i>). | 38. Small White (<i>Gymnadenia albida</i>). |

Correspondence.



BICYCLE TOUR.—You could estimate the cost of a tricycle tour under ordinary circumstances at ten shillings per day each, but you might do it for less.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—The only way to remedy the damage is to rebind the books. In the event of their being in cloth you could probably obtain the cases cheap from the publisher. Once damp gets well into a cover renovation is hopeless.

BARE BONES.—1. Almost the only satisfactory way of skeletonising birds, etc., is to leave them in soft water, and let them rot. It is a long process, and an odoriferous one, but it is effective. Insects have no bones. 2. To paint on glass mix your colours with varnish.

A. W. GERMAN.—Apply to any of the institutes for the deaf and dumb. From their leading officials you would very probably get valuable hints and help. Your going to sea is quite out of the question. In all such cases of affliction it is well to apply to the establishments that exist for their special treatment; they have patients of all incomes, and hence necessarily learn the various branches in which those that consult them can obtain employment.

AN ANXIOUS READER.—You can get the packet of plates for the third volume. It costs one shilling and eightpence.

PHONOGRAPHER.—There has been no separate publication of "A Life on the Ocean Wave." You must get it in the volume—the second.

SALT.—If you apply for a prospectus to the Captain, Conway Training Ship, Liverpool, you will receive the latest information by return.

GROAN-FOO.—There were articles on Ventriiloquism in our first and second volumes. Read them.

ANXIOUS (Sudbury).—It is not for us to be wise above what is written. Jesus Christ came into "the world to save sinners;" and God the Father "so loved the world" that He sent His Son.

CYCLIST.—A book called "Tricycles of the Year" is on sale at most cycle shops. It is published at 170, Strand.

APPRENTICE.—It seems to us that the attention of the medical officer of health or sanitary inspector should be called to the fact that the trade now carried on below you is prejudicial to health. It is simply abominable that an unhealthy trade should be carried on in a basement, so as to give all the floors above the benefit of the fumes.

A YOUNG CARPENTER.—Report the matter to St. Martin-le-Grand. No postmaster has a right to detain a letter. He must either deliver it or return it. If you were not a resident in the town, and were not sure of your address, you had a perfect right to have the letter sent "to be left till called for."

NAT RATS.—You should order your books through one of the local booksellers. None of the London houses will send them unless you prepay cost and carriage. Any of the publishers will forward books on those terms.

AMATEUR, A.—The articles on Bees were in the second volume. There were eleven of them in all, and they began in No. 67.

BEDA QUIST.—Canvas priming consists of equal parts of white lead and whiting, mixed with five parts of raw and one of boiled oil.

J. M. S.—You can get such books from any magical warehouse. A London Directory will give you addresses. There are a great many tricks described in "Hoffman's Modern Magic," published by Messrs. Routledge.

C. BARRON.—1. Answered. 2. A knot is a nautical mile, and that is, roughly speaking, a sixth longer than a statute mile. 3. You had better get the second volume. The articles on Knots and Cordage ran for some time in it.

ISIFUNDA (Pietermaritzburg).—So far from being surprised, we have had at least a dozen letters from your immediate neighbourhood. Apply to the Berthon Boat Company, Limited, Romsey, Hants. A nine-feet boat costs £14, but you could get a price-list on application. The premium payable for sailor apprentices, so far from decreasing, is sure to increase.

R. BIRKETT.—At almost every post-office you can procure information as to the nearest place at which you can volunteer for the Royal Navy.

WANDERER.—Get "Under the Red Ensign." It is the best book on the merchant service. It is written by Mr. Thomas Gray, the Assistant-Secretary of the Board of Trade, and the statements in it are based on official returns. It contains the full copies of the indentures of apprenticeship, and all the papers signed and wanted by the merchant seaman, whether before or abaft the mast. It costs one shilling, and can be got through any bookseller.

E. G. and VOLUNTEER.—The men in the Royal Naval Reserve receive an annual retainer of six pounds per year, payable quarterly; or if in the second class, an annual retainer of two pounds ten shillings, payable quarterly, in addition to their uniform. While at drill they are paid the regular wages payable to seamen of the fleet of the same rating, and, in addition, they are lodged and fed. Altogether a Reserve man receives each year about ten pounds in cash, besides lodging and food for twenty-eight days. The men are the pick of our merchant service. To join the Reserve you must be a sailor, and you inquire at the Mercantile Marine Office, which, when you are a sailor, you will know very well.

WILLIE.—The paint is a japan. Mix lampblack with any pale good quality varnish.

J. CRANE.—We have a depot in the Fiji Islands, and you will there find the BOY'S OWN PAPER as popular as it is here. There is no necessity for you to have it specially sent.

EBOR.—You must buy the parts, or the packet of plates at the close of the volume. Suspend the acorn by a wire so as to just touch the water, and keep the water up to the level by supplying what is lost by evaporation.

BOLETUS.—1. The smaller specimens of fungi can be dried on card as they are. The larger are best prepared by removing a slice from the centre by means of a vertical section through the middle from the top of the pileus to the base of the stem. Before you dry the sides separate the stem from the pileus, and if an agaric scrape out the fleshy lamellae and gills, and if a boletus scrape out the tubes. You thus have the fungus divided into two portions, a central thin slice, two nearly halves of the stem, and the sections of the pileus. Expose these to the air until they have parted with some of their moisture, but have not shrivelled, and then place them between dry blotting-paper and press in different papers, as you do other plants. When they are thoroughly dry arrange them on white paper as nearly as possible in their natural position. If there are insects on your specimen, pour oil of turpentine over it. Some of the distended fungi are best filled with cotton-wool before they are dried. Collections of fungi are not easy to keep, as the least damp will damage them. To preserve them against insects use a wash of corrosive sublimate in pyroligneous naphtha. You will find it a good plan on a walk to stick to your sandwiches, and leave your companions to sample the fungi. 2. To preserve the colours of flowers, paint the blossoms over with alum-water before you press them.

A QUEER BOY.—The Special Christmas Number will not be included in the Annual.

B. O. S. S.—The Shadow Show, for the benefit of those few who did not see how to work it, was fully described in No. 172, in the Fourth Volume.

TOM THUMB.—Buy all our Christmas Numbers and you will get quite a stock of dialogues and recitations. For recitations only, try A. H. Miles's sixpenny "A1 Reciter," published by Caldwell, Old Bailey.

A WOULD-BE SAILOR.—In every respect those born or living in the British Colonies are on the same footing with regard to admission to the services as those born or living in the mother country.

A. C. GAFFIKIN.—The Kingston Club publish "The Modern Yachtsman," price one penny, monthly. Glad to hear of the success of the Belfast Club; may the golden ball on the red ground have many to sail under it!

R. POLLARD.—The acid you use is too strong. You should dilute it with water, and then it would not burn the paper.

E. FARR.—In each case you are correct. A no-ball does not spoil a maiden over, because it is not part of that over; the ball that follows the no-ball takes its place in the analysis.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER cannot be so very old, or he would know that in our second volume we gave a long series of articles entitled "A Life on the Ocean Wave," in which the navy as a profession was exhaustively treated, and full details given as to examinations, admission, etc., etc.

J. H. R. S.—1. Your easiest plan would be to arrange the wire from your bell so that when the hour hand of the clock gets to the time you wish to awake it makes contact with it and gives the alarm. 2. Not yet, but one is coming. 3. The person who keeps the dog has to take out the licence. 4. A postman has to deliver letters to individuals, not to collect them from them. Put your letter in the box, and he will then take it with the rest. When a postman is delivering he is in the "retail" business, when he is collecting he is "wholesale only." Now do you understand?

J. M. (Sydney, N.S.W.)—You can get the quarterly parts cheapest and easiest from our depot in Sydney. A large stock is always kept there.

UN PETIT GARÇON.—Always go to headquarters. Write to the Secretary of the Bankers' Institute for the necessary forms.

W. R. N.—An advertisement in any of the natural-history papers, or in the "Exchange and Mart," is almost sure to find some one anxious to dispose of the book.

BESWICK.—1. The "Trip on the Thames," from Oxford down, was in Nos. 139 to 140. 2. You could make the bottom and corners of wood, and cover them with Portland cement. 3. Hopeless.

NAVIS.—1. The first screw steamer in the British Navy was the Mermaid, afterwards named the Dwarf, built in 1810, and purchased from Messrs. J. and G. Rennie by the Admiralty, in accordance with Sir George Cockburn's advice, and on condition that she steamed twelve knots an hour. She was tried on May 15th, 1813, and her mean speed out of sixteen runs was 12.142. 2. Add a sixth to the number of knots to get the miles. Thus—take six knots an hour as seven miles, twelve knots as fourteen miles, eighteen knots as twenty-one miles.

R. S.—1. Lay the glass down flat, and having cleaned it thoroughly, drop on it some quicksilver, and on that place a sheet of tinfoil. Put a piece of glass or metal on the top, and keep the whole under pressure for a little time. 2. Yes, but an amateur could not do so satisfactorily.

SCHOOLBOYS.—We do not know of any maker of boom-erangs in England, but you may get a specimen at most of the curiosity-shops. Try in the neighbourhood of the British Museum.

ROB ROY.—1. Mr. Pyeroff's "Cricket Field," costs half-a-crown, new edition, and is published by Messrs. Longman. 2. "Felix on the Bat" is out of print. 3. There is no book on the subject that is worth buying.

W. H. STEVENS.—Dog licences are obtainable from any post-office. There is no collector.



A Spring Idyll.

"Two's company and three none."

TRUSTWORTHY TESTIMONY

Prominent English Opinions upon an Important Subject of Great Value to Every Reader.

The day for pretenders has passed. Men are judged by what they can do not by what they say they can do. The reading public of to-day is too discriminating to be long deceived by the spurious. If an article have merit it will become popular; if it is unworthy it will sink into oblivion. For years the people of England and America have put to the severest tests a compound regarding which most ambitious claims have been made. Under such ordeals as it has been subjected to, nearly every known preparation would have failed, but this one did not. In England and the United States to-day, it is the most widely known and popular of all public preparations. In verification of which note the following:

In September last, one of the English resters of India returned to London, Eng., utterly broken down and debarred from further service by reason of what the examining physicians pronounced incurable kidney disorders and dropsy. He was comparatively a young man, and felt depressed over the situation. Incidentally learning, however, of the power of Warner's Safe Cure, which has attracted so much attention of late, he began its use. Within three months he was thoroughly restored to health, passed medical examination as a sound man, and is to-day discharging his duties as well as ever in the trying climate of India!

J. D. Henry, Esq., a near neighbor of the late Thos. Carlyle, Chelsea, S.W., London, Eng., became very much emaciated from long continued kidney and liver disorders, the treatment he had sought from the vast medical authorities working only temporary results. He then began the use of Warner's Safe Cure, and in May 15th last, declared, "I am now feeling physically a new creature. A friend of mine to whom I recommended the Safe Cure for kidney, liver and various diseases, also speaks of it in the highest terms."

R. C. Sowerby, Helensburg, N.B., was obliged to relinquish his professional duties because of a severe kidney and liver complaint. After using a dozen bottles of Warner's Safe Cure he says: "I am to-day better than I have been for twenty years, and I cheerfully recommend the Safe Cure to all who are suffering from these diseases."

Mr. Will am Jones, 16 Wellington Street, Camborne, Eng., says that he was thoroughly treated in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, Eng., for urinary disorders and weakness. He used Warner's Safe Cure and he says: "I am like a new man." It cured him of indigestion, troubles of the bowels, excessive urination and nervous prostration. He adds: "I was taking various medicines for over two years from the best doctors, and all in vain, but after taking Warner's Safe Cure for only four weeks, I was brought from death to life."

Mrs. E. Game, 125 Broad Street, London, W., Eng., suffered for years from female weakness, skin eruptions and impure blood, but after using Warner's Safe Cure, she says: "My health is better now than it has been for years."

H. F. West, Esq., 16 Burton Crescent, W. C., London, from his own experience "strongly recommends Warner's Safe Cure to all persons suffering from kidney and liver complaints, as the best remedy known."

Mr. Henry Macted, 1 Pennsbury Private Road, Wadsworth Road, London, Eng., was cured by Warner's Safe Cure of enlarged liver which produced numbness in his left leg, with a dead heavy feeling and dizziness of the right side of his head, "I have recommended it," he says, "to several of my friends, most of whom have derived great benefits from it."

Mr. W. Clarkson, Hartington, Villas, Spital, Chesterfield, Eng., used Warner's

Safe Cure for liver complaint, dyspepsia, flatulence, vomiting of bile, and mental depression. January 15, 1883, he writes: "After using the eighth bottle I feel better than for many years. It is an invaluable medicine."

Mr. J. Hiscock, station master, Taff Vale railway, Navigation station, was cured of abscess of the kidney, calculus or stone, discharge of pus, etc., by thirteen bottles of Warner's Safe Cure. "I had long and faithfully tried some of the ablest medical men in South Wales, in vain, one of them remarking that medical science has failed to find a remedy for confirmed kidney disease. The Safe Cure dissolved and brought away about two ounces of stone. I can never praise the Safe Cure too highly."

Mr. Robert Patten, New Delaval, Eng., was much overcome by severe inflammation of the bladder. "I had to urinate about every five or ten minutes with great pain and suffering. My water was full of matter and blood. Both kidneys and liver were affected, and in addition I had a bad cough and heart trouble, all presumably the secondary effect of the kidney and bladder disorder." He says that after curing his bladder, kidney and liver trouble by Warner's Safe Cure, his cough and palpitation are quite gone.

William Simpson, Esq., Daughtry Mill Kirkcaldy, N. B., suffered for years from Bright's disease of the kidneys and consequent dropsy. His body was dreadfully swollen. His appetite was fickle, he was full of rheumatic pains, his urine burned in passing and was full of mucous and brick dust sediment; his pulse was weak, his heart was irregular in its action, his breathing was very much impaired, in short he had all the painful symptoms of that dreadful disorder. He spent 17 weeks in the Royal Infirmary, of Edinburgh, under the skill of the best physicians who, having exhausted all agencies at their command, discharged him "as incurable." He says: "I passed water every hour, day and night, having great pain while doing so. It was nearly white as milk, with albumen, and when it stood for an hour, the deposit was a quarter of an inch thick in the bottom of the vessel." When in this desperate condition, he began to use Warner's Safe Cure—the only known specific for Bright's disease of the kidneys — "I have used twelve bottles," he says, and his health is so restored that he adds: "I bless the day when I read that Bright's disease was curable and for so little cost."

The following persons of quality in London and other parts of England, are a few of the thousands who have used and have commended Warner's Safe Cure, the great specific for kidney, liver, urinary, female and Bright's diseases:

Hon. Freeman H. Morse, 8 Park Villas East, Richmond.

Captain F. L. Norton, Glingall Villa, Lee Road, Blackheath, Kent.

Hon. S. B. Packard, 14 Alexandra Drive, Liverpool.

Hon. A. D. Shaw, United States Consul, Manchester.

The Rev. C. G. Squirrel, Stretton-under-Fosse, Rugby.

Such testimonials from such unquestionable sources prove the value of this remedy which is sold in every drug store, beyond the shadow of a doubt. They prove that it is the greatest of all modern medicines for these terrible kidney and liver diseases. What it has done for one it will unquestionably do for others, and as such it commends itself most warmly to public confidence.



THE ACCIDENT

Insurance Co. of North America

EDWD RAWLINGS, Esq., Managing Director

Accident Tickets for sale at all Railway Stations. \$3.00 Death, and \$15 Indemnity for 25c. per day.

The only Company on the Continent confining itself to the one business.

Head Office, 260 St. James Street, Montreal.

Agents Everywhere.

TEAS!

BOUGHT BEFORE THE

Late Rise in Prices

THUS BEING ABLE

To Give Our Friends

THE ADVANTAGE OF AT LEAST

10 Cents per Lb.

See February No. of this Magazine for Price List.

E. LAWSON,

93 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

A Choice Lot of RAW SUGARS at Low Prices.



BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our goods are still noted for their Fashionable Shapes and Superior Quality. Are in half-sizes and numerous widths, and are offered at moderate prices.

A large supply of our goods just opened.

79 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

Harpers' Bazar Pattern House.

All Cut Patterns published in Harper's Bazar, New York (weekly), sent to any address on receipt of price. Sent for Sheets and Catalogues.

A Choice Selection of

French and American Millinery.

Dresses and Mantles in the Latest Styles at reasonable rates. Dress Trimmings, Fancy Goods, etc.

MRS. I. THORNHILL,
374½ Yonge St., - Toronto.

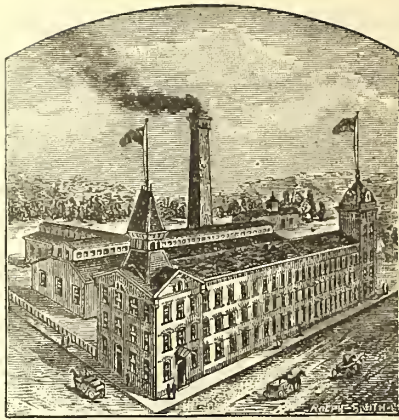


BICYCLES!

Royal Canadian, Howe, Premier, Columbia.

A number of good second-hand machines for sale. Send 3c. stamp for New Catalogue.

A. T. LANE,
P.O. Box 987, Montreal.



View of Factory in Hamilton, Ontario.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO'Y, —MANUFACTURERS OF STANDARD— **ELECTRO SILVER & GOLD PLATE**

THIS TRADE MARK



Is Stamped on Each Article made by us.

Persons desiring our Goods should see that inferior Articles of Similar Name and Trade Mark are not palmed off as our make.

THIS TRADE MARK

"1847 ROGERS BROS. A 1,"

OR,

"1847 ROGERS BROS. XII."

IS STAMPED ON THE GENUINE ROGERS' GOODS.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY,

LARGEST COMPANY.—BEST RECORD.—ALWAYS RELIABLE.

DO NOT MISTAKE THE NAME!

Rodger, MacLay & Co's

'LILY WHITE' SOAP

The Only Soap made in Canada which will
Stand the Test of Floating. Impure
Soap will Not Float.

IF YOU WOULD BUY THE

Best Article on the Market

—FOR—

Laundry, Bath or Toilet

Buy the Lily White Brand.

Sold by all Grocers.

BED-ROOM AND PARLOR SUITES.

IMMENSE VARIETY

—OF—

RELIABLE GOODS

—AT—

Your Own Prices

Almost at any rate, Very Low.

JOLLIFFE & COMPANY

467, 469 & 471 Queen St. West,

TORONTO.

CLAPPERTON'S
SPOOL COTTON
IS THE BEST MADE.
TRY IT AND BE SATISFIED

Delightful Roses!

Flowers New and Rare! MY SPECIALTIES.

HARDY AND SUCCESSFUL

Luscious Grapes

Choicest Fruit Trees,

Flowering Shrubs,

NORWAY SPRUCE,

Ornamental Trees.

All Orders filled with Select, Healthy Stock.

BEST and Cheapest Stock in Canada.

HENRY SLIGHT, Nurseryman, - 407 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

W.H. STOREY & SON - **ACTON, ONT.**
SOLE MANUFACTURERS IN CANADA.
WALKING AND DRIVING
PAT. "NAPA" BUCK GLOVES - JUST INTRODUCED
 THESE GOODS HAVE NO EQUAL FOR ELASTICITY, FINENESS OF MATERIAL, STRENGTH AND WEAR: ARE GUARANTEED FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT. AND WARRANTED TO GIVE FULL SATISFACTION. ASK YOUR MERCHANT FOR THEM. SEE THAT THEY BEAR THE IMPRESS OF OUR NAME AND TAKE NO OTHER.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY
GENUINE
CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE
 THE GREAT INVIGORATING TONIC OF THE DAY
 THE CURE OF ALL MALARIAL FEVER, DEBILITY, LOSS OF APPETITE, AND ALL SPIRITS & AGUE

B. LAURANCE'S SPECTACLES,



63 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

Chief Justice SIR WM. YOUNG, writes: They give a clearer and purer light under gas than any I have previously obtained here or elsewhere.

Lt. Gov. HAVILAND, P.E.I., writes: I never experienced any strain upon my eyes after using them.
 Toronto Agent, - C. SHEPPARD, Druggist, 67 King Street West, Toronto.

A. B. FLINT

Has removed from 35 Colborne St., to his New Store,

109 King Street East,

Opposite St. James Cathedral.

All New Goods, and will be sold at Wholesale Rates.

Silks, Satins, Dresses, Laces, Ribbons, &c.

5,000 Yards Dash Ribbons at 20c. worth 40c.

5,000 Yards at 25c. worth 95c.

Yard wide White Cotton at 8c. worth 11c.

Call and see our Goods and Prices at

109 King Street East,

3rd Door East of Church St.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS
 Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Deranged Stomach, or irregular action of the Bowels.

FRASER & SONS,

(Late Notman & Fraser)

Artistic Photographers.

Cabinets, \$3 per Doz.

41 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.



A. M. DENOVAN'S
Steam Dyeing & French Cleaning
Establishment.

(Successor to J. Eyres & Sons)

Gentlemen's Clothes cleaned, dyed and repaired.
 Ladies' and Children's Dresses cleaned and dyed without taking apart.

Ostrich Plumes dyed and curled in all shades.
 Kid Gloves, Boots and Slippers cleaned and dyed black.

329 Yonge Street, Toronto.

DOWN'S' ELIXIR
N. H. DOWN'S'
VEGETABLE BALSAMIC
ELIXIR
 Has stood the test for FIFTY-THREE YEARS, and has proved itself the best remedy known for the cure of **Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and all Lung Diseases** in young or old. SOLD EVERYWHERE.
 Price 25c. and \$1.00 per Bottle.
DOWN'S' ELIXIR

NEWCOMBE
PIANOFORTES

Have acquired an enviable reputation for excellence in material, workmanship, tone and action, which secures for them a constantly increasing sale.

OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO.

Warerooms: 107 and 109 Church St., Toronto

—USE ONLY—



THE FAVORITE OF THE PEOPLE OF CANADA.

Dominion Organ & Piano Company,
FACTORY: BOWMANVILLE, ONT.



—MANUFACTURERS OF—

Square and Upright Pianos, Parlor and Church Organs
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS!

SEND FOR PRICE LIST TO

W. McSPADDEN, General Agent,

64 KING STREET WEST. TORONTO.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

EPPS'S
(BREAKFAST)
COCOA.



JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists.

Use Only RECKITT'S BLUE—"The Best is the Cheapest."

Stylish SUMMER SUITS, \$1.50 and up.
\$2.50 up to \$7.50.

128 to 132 King St. East, Toronto.